ASIA MINOR IN RUINS

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ASIA MINOR IN RUINS

The Troad. Tumulus at the mouth of the Scamander.

Frontispiece.

ASIA MINOR IN RUINS

by

SATURNINO XIMINEZ

With a Preface by

M. B. HAUSSOULLIER, *Membre de l'Institut*

Translated by

ARTHUR CHAMBERS

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MADE IN ENGLAND

PREFACE

Two eminent Spaniards endowed in equal degree with refined culture and lofty tastes, possessed equally of a passion for Greek antiquity and for the places upon which it has stamped its imprint, both of indefatigably inquiring mind, have for some years been making quiet cruises in the waters of Asia Minor and Greece. One is a universally known statesman living temporarily aloof from politics. Knowing how to make use of his leisure, he finds pleasure in showing the colours of his yacht, the *Catalonia*, in a number of Greek and Turkish ports where cruising for pleasure has long ceased. Señor Cambo, by reason of his very name, the high functions he has exercised and the future which they assure to him, commands a deferential and eager welcome which has been expressed in the according to him of facilities which are especially appreciable in the present state of Asia Minor. His companion, Señor Ximenez, contributes by his personal qualities to the success of the expedition ; first of all by his experience, for he has made long stays in Turkey under the old régime, and these have taught him to know the people and conditions, upon which revolutions have little effect, and the language. He has seen a great deal, retained a great deal, and also read a great deal ; he is the librarian, the archæological pilot of the *Catalonia* ; he keeps the log, and the book he has signed with his name will reveal fully the sureness of his judgment, his shrewdness and clearness of vision in more spheres than one.

Why this book, conceived during the cruise of 1923, and why this title : " Asia Minor in Ruins " ? Returning to Asia Minor immediately after the disastrous war which had driven out the Greeks, our two travellers were particularly struck to find so many ruins and, in so many places, silence, desolation and death. This was the impression that was to haunt them throughout their journey, which soon obsessed them and finally forced upon them the title of the book. But their story began in almost joyous vein. They arrived at Brusa on the day when the town was celebrating the festival of its deliverance, due to Noureddin Pasha, and inaugurating an industrial fair, the first ever held in Turkey, in which silks and agricultural products took the chief place. But the hopes to which this first day's picture gave rise were to be quickly wiped out.

May I be permitted to pass direct from Bithynia to Ionia, from Brusa to Didymi, a large village which I know well from having more than once passed long months there. Our travellers landed in the little port of Panormos, in the solitude of which they had been long awaited by a Turkish official from Balat (Palatia, the old Miletus). The ascent to the small town of Hieronta, situated on the site of the Sanctuary of Apollo of Didymi began by the Sacred Way. There was not a living soul in field, garden or vineyard, nor in the very town itself, but everywhere evidence of hurried desertion, panic-stricken flight. As though the right of asylum still existed, many peasants had carried their boxes and furniture into the church of the Panaghia or on to the square between the church and the school. In Chapter XIII the reader will find the impression of desolation made upon Señor Ximenez, and his mind will immediately turn to some sudden pirate

raid, a repetition of those suffered by Didymi in antiquity. But the Greeks of the first century before our era, the peril once passed, used to return and set to work afresh. Those of to-day are not yet permitted to resume possession of all they have built or created : their houses, their churches, their schools, their fields. Here again we have the impression which has dominated the author and inspired his conclusion, very accurate and at the same time very soberly expressed : that Turkey cannot do without the Greeks, intelligent and active as they are, susceptible to every form of progress ; that the Greek colonies are indispensable to the Turks.

Let us understand Señor Ximenez's thought clearly. Amid the ruins, the sight of which overwhelmed him and by the memory of which he is haunted, he does not linger over the weighing of responsibility. His book is not to be added to the more or less official memoranda prompted, for example, by the fire of Smyrna. It contains none of that diplomatic literature which places no restrictions upon criticism. Indeed, how difficult it is to apportion the blame ! To speak only of Hieronda, I should cause Señor Ximenez considerable astonishment if I gave the name and nationality of the aviator who bombarded the house of the German archæologists and so contributed to the destruction of the village ; he was neither a Turk nor a Frenchman. The chief culprit was War, and Señor Ximenez and all of us with him pray with all our hearts for peace :

ἄλβαδότειρον Εἰρήναν, κουροτρόφον θεάν

(Euripides, *Bacchantes* 418), peace which shall restore to depopulated Asia Minor her κοῦροι, and more effectively protect the Greek beauty that this privileged country still harbours.

I shall now require only a few words to recommend Señor Ximenez's book. The journey is easy to follow. The first port of call is Moudania, for Brusa, whence begins the route through the Propontis and the Hellespont, then we follow the coast of Asia with excursions into the interior: Assos, Pergamum, Ephesus (after a brief halt amid the ashes of Smyrna), Hierapolis, Teos, Priene, the Mæander and Didymi, Halicarnassus. What famous names, owing their glory to Greece! The cruise comes to an end in Greek waters, at Thera, and the *Catalonia* heads for Piræus; from the last page of the book stands out the silhouette of the Acropolis.

Señor Ximenez does not write for professional archæologists; but archæologists will find pleasure and profit in such a "popular" work as this. Not to mention the fact that the author has carried out much research, handled many books, and on occasion thrown out ideas of his own, he gives us as it were a living picture of the Asia Minor to which all who have lived there remain attached in heart and mind. Now the war of 1922 has been epoch-making, and it is good that a disinterested witness, clear-sighted and unbiased, should note his impressions of the morrow of such a disaster. What makes Señor Ximenez's evidence all the more valuable is that, as I have already mentioned, he has known other times.

The illustrations, abundant and varied, testify to the same enquiring mind, the same culture, that I have already mentioned. Here again the archæologists will find something to glean. Such photographs of Didymi have been to me a revelation, for the German scholars have not yet published all the results of their last excavations.

Let us then accord a welcome to this book.

Who knows but that the disinterested passion of the two travellers for antiquity may one day bring forth the finest fruit, and Spain owe to them some foundation, perhaps a Spanish School of Athens or the East! Dilettantism often turns to serious and lasting work. Have not Señores Cambo and Ximenez in more than one place in Asia Minor come across the memory of the illustrious English Society of Dilettanti, who have done so much for Greek architecture?

BERNARD HAUSSOULLIER.

Saint-Prix,
June, 1925.

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TO SEÑOR F. CAMBO

THANKS to you I have once more passed through this Asiatic country which is bound by so many ties with the best days of my youth. I had a vague dream of one day revisiting it, and you made my dream a reality. I have passed the age when one risks uncertain adventures and can afford to be prodigal of energy. You beckoned me when I was least expecting it and I set out, for I knew what lay before me. We had already met in the East on two distinct occasions. The first time it was in 1911, in Constantinople, whence we ventured into Bithynia. The following year it was at Athens. I took you to the Acropolis and together we inspected all that was worthy of our attention. From Phalerum, my temporary headquarters, we followed the Sacred Way to Eleusis from end to end as the pilgrims to the Eleusinia did of old, and we did not omit to halt at Daphni, in the ruins of the old Cistercian monastery with its tomb bearing the arms of Brienne and recalling the battle of the Cephissus fought by the Catalans against the dukedom of Athens. At Eleusis we saw what remains of the sanctuary of the great goddesses, the Propylaea, the Well Callichorum, round which the women sang and danced in honour of Demeter, and the Plutonion, erected near the grotto through which Hades carried off Core to the infernal regions. Taking the road that connects Attica with Boeotia, we arrived at the

foot of the fortress of Eleutheræ, guarding the Cithaeron Pass; we passed the places made famous by the legend of Œdipus and by the Bacchantes, of whom Euripides tells, and, crossing the col of Dryos Kephalae, dropped into the plain watered by the Asopos, the battlefield of Plataea. Not without emotion did we tread the soil of Cadmea, on which stands modern Thebes. Do you remember the great square tower, the sole vestige of the Frankish castle of the St. Omers? Alexander of Macedon, when he razed the town of Thebes, respected Pindar's house. The Almogávares, when they destroyed from roof to foundation the castle of St. Omer, left one tower, dumb witness of the lordly town where courts of lové were held, art and poetry cultivated.

Our expedition of 1923 on board the yacht *Catalonia* was on a more ambitious scale than these. This cruise was to add itself to the list of those whose objective has been study of the Archipelago and the shores of Asia Minor; I will mention some of them. In 1874 the frigate *Anglicana* carried the Chandler Mission sent to the Levant by the London Society of Dilettanti. In 1810 Hobhouse and Lord Byron sailed in the *Salsette*. In 1816 the Hellenist Ambroise Firmin-Didot sailed the Aegean on board the *Galatée*, and the Propontis, Hellespont and Bosphorus in the troopship *Emulation*. In 1838 the brig *Surprise* took on board the remains from Assos which are in the Louvre Museum. The same year the corvette *Cléopâtre* was placed at the disposal of the Comte de Forbin, director of the royal museums of France, who was accompanied by the archæologist Huyot. In the spring of 1856, the *Medusa* sailed under the orders of Newton, of the British Museum, who discovered the remains of Halicarnassus. In November of the same year another English ship, the *Gorgon*, carried off the

lion of Cnidus. Four ships—*Caledonia*, *Growler*, *Ariadne* and *Swiftsure*—co-operated with the Englishman Wood who carried out the excavations at Ephesus. I have quoted only such ships as were specially fitted out for archæological expeditions. These were always state ships; private vessels used for the same purpose have been few. Personally I know of none but the *Catalonia*.[1]

Leaving Brindisi in the summer of 1923, we sailed to Corfu, the Gulf of Corinth, Athens, Cape Sunion, Eubœa, Mount Athos, the Dardanelles, Constantinople, where the yacht anchored opposite the Donna-Bagtche palace. From Therapia on the Bosphorus we headed direct for Moudania, and while we were exploring Brusa the *Catalonia* took shelter in the roads of Gemlik. Our itinerary in Asia Minor was as follows: The Troad, Assos, Dikeli (the port of Pergamum), Mytilene, Phocaea, Smyrna, Ephesus, Tralles, Laodicea (Hierapolis), Chios, Teos, Colophon, Scala Nova, Sokia, Priene, the Lower Maeander, Kovello (Didymi), Halicarnassus. The return was made via the island of Thera, Piræus, Itea (Delphi), Katakolon (Olympia), Corfu, Cattaro, Ragusa and Trieste. The cruise thus included the coast of Epirus, the Ionian Islands, the whole of the European and Anatolian shores of the Aegean, the Propontis, the Archipelago, the Asiatic Sporades and the coasts of Albania and Dalmatia.

[1] Since our cruise and while this book was in the press I have heard that Mlles. Oulié and Saussure carried through an archæological cruise to Greece in a seven-metre, motorless yacht, the *Perlette*, of which they formed the entire crew. These daring travellers spent five and a half months on board. In three months they explored the Cyclades, the islands of Asia Minor, the Aegean Sea, and some of the Dedecanesus, effecting an archæological exploration of these islands and finding some inscriptions. In the summer they excavated at Malia in Crete on the subject of which Mlle. Oulié read a very interesting paper to the *Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* on January 23rd, 1925. It gives me pleasure to pay my tribute to the courage and scholarship of these two young ladies, who moreover are to continue their explorations.

How could I do otherwise than set your name on the first page of this book, this description of a journey rich in the unforeseen and deep emotions of which you, after all, were the initiator? My work is in some degree the fruit of an intimate and uninterrupted collaboration with you. We have received the same impressions, viewed the same scenes, enjoyed the same beauty, shared the same ideas, evoked the same memories.

Asia Minor, so near to Europe, so closely bound by ancient history as well as by contemporary events with Western affairs, is but too little known. The information connected with it seems to be confined to the sphere of high erudition. Further, the routes of access into this country still bristle with obstacles. There are, indeed, the ancient historians and geographers to consult, and they are invaluable. But first and foremost there are ruins, and it is to these that we should turn.

The Middle Ages were somewhat barren of information. The Byzantine writers, in speaking of Asia, generally erred on the side of restraint. In the twelfth century a Spanish Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, left Saragossa for the East, via Barcelona, Montpellier, Genoa, Brindisi and Constantinople; but he only visited certain islands and Asiatic ports, only venturing into the interior from the Gulf of Alexandretta. The chronicle of Muntaner, of the fourteenth century, supplies useful hints concerning the itineraries of Western Asia between Cyzicus and the Taurus chain. The sixteenth century reveals nothing of value, unless it be the curious revelations published by Guichard in connection with the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. The first considerable work on Asia Minor appeared in 1676, forming part of Tavernier's account of his

travels.[1] To about the same period belong the travels of Wheler and Spon, Doctor Pickering's expedition from Smyrna to Caria, Phrygia, and Lydia, and the investigations of Grelot, painter and architect, in the Dardanelles and along the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

The ball was set rolling. Thenceforward Europeans began to interest themselves in Asia Minor. The eighteenth century saw a school of travellers and archæologists exploring in all directions the Taurus plateau and the districts colonised by the Dorians and Ionians, following the routes of the Pelasgians, Assyrians and Medes, in addition to those by which passed Alexander's Macedonians, the Roman legions and the hordes of Mongols and Turkomans. And so Asia Minor was discovered and her countless ruins ceased to be nameless and dumb. In the first year of the nineteenth century Tournefort initiated us into the botany of these regions. Paul Lucas and Delisle followed, the former bringing back a rich collection of medals, the latter his cartographical work and his contribution to the study of ancient geography. Pococke (1735), d'Anville (1745), de Peyronnet (1750) were followed by the Englishmen Chandler and Chishull (1784). Two years later the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier astonished the world with his *Voyage pittoresque en Grèce et en Turquie*. Abbot Sestini (1782), Le Chevallier (1785), Leroy (1789), Guillaume (1793), Olivier (1796), Robert Wood (1750), John Sibthorp, Morrit and Dalloway (1794), Leslie (1796), Cousinéry (1797), Lord Elgin, Franklin and Wittmann (1799), and others too numerous to mention co-operated in bringing Asia Minor into the light of day. Frenchmen and Englishmen vied with one another in daring, scholarship and perseverance.

[1] In three volumes, published after the death of the traveller, under the title of *Voyage en Turquie, Perse et aux Indes*. The first volume is devoted to Asia Minor.

The nineteenth century opens with Leake (1800). The bibliography of Asia Minor was being unceasingly enriched. We have Leake and Koehler (1800); Hunt, Henne and Gell (1801); Clarke and Browne (1802); Hamilton (1803); between 1803 and 1807 Domingo Badia and Leblich, under the pseudonym of *Ali Bey el Abbassi*, crossed part of Asia Minor, and in 1818 we come across him again following the route from Constantinople to Damascus, still disguised as a Musulman but now passing under the name of *Hadji Ali Abou-Othman*. In the first half of the nineteenth century I will also mention Hamilton and Seetzen (1803), von Hammer (1804), Hauteroche (1805), Jaubert (1806), Gropius (1807), Gardane and Tancoigne (1808), Morier (1809), Hobhouse (1810), Mauduit (1811), Cockerell (1812), Spohn (1814), Renosar, Firmin-Didot, Rotier (1817), d'Urville (1820), de Lesseps (1825), Alexandre and Léon de Laborde, Prokesh and Arundell (1826), Colville (1827), MacFarlane (1828), Wrontchenko and Armstrong (1829), de Besse, Smith and Dwight (1830), Michaud and Poujoulat (1831), Callier and Stamaty (1832), Texier (1834), Davidof (1835), Russeger (1836), Ainsworth and Chesney (1837), Fellows (1838), von Moltke (1839), etc. The bibliography of Asia Minor up to the close of last century would fill a large volume. I cannot, however, pass over in silence the authoritative work of Tchihatcheff—*Asia Minor*, in 8 volumes (1852-1869)—which it is impossible to avoid consulting as soon as one comes to the study, from whatever point of view, of the Anatolian peninsula.

About the second half of the nineteenth century we enter upon the period of archæological investigation which is still in progress. Up to then observation had been confined to the surface, the exploration of tumuli, the copying of inscriptions. From this

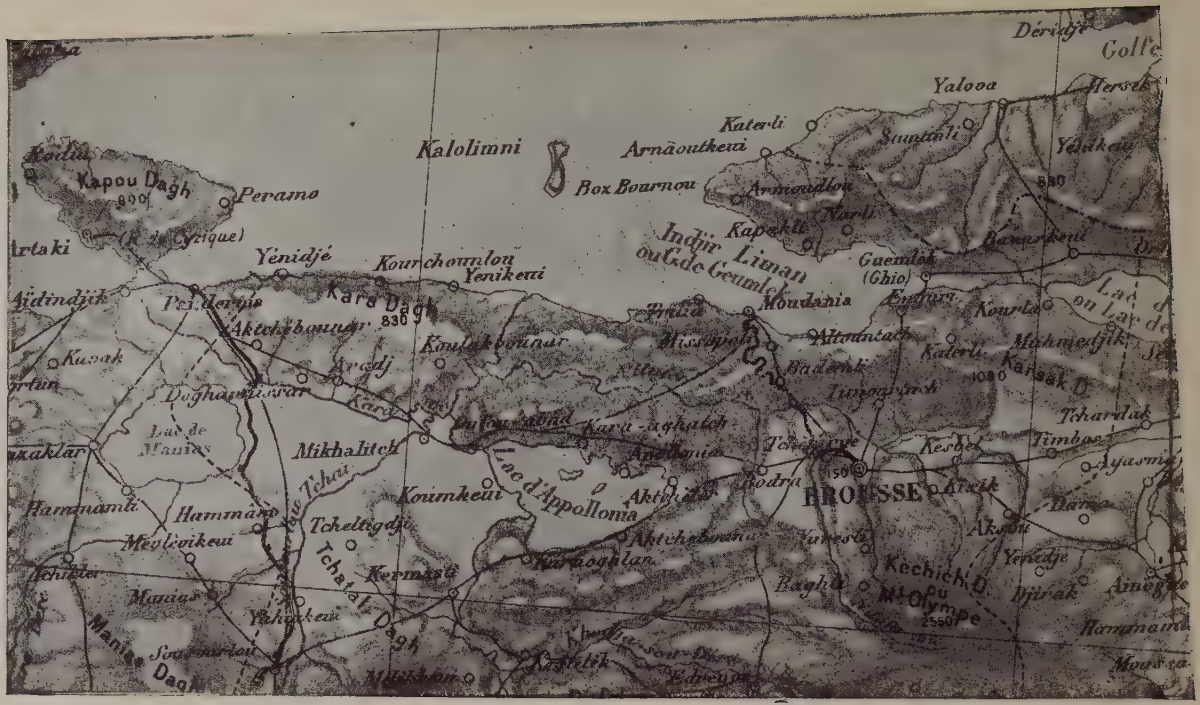
point the work undertaken has been exhaustive ; monuments and towns have been methodically exhumed, ruins buried under alluvium cleared, the archaic strata penetrated, and the museums of Europe and America enriched with wonderful prizes. In this way Newton at Cnidus and Halicarnassus, Schliemann in the Troad, Rajet and Thomas at Miletus, Wood at Ephesus, Clarke at Assos, Wiegand at Priene, Humann and Conze at Pergamum, Haussoullier at Didymi, restored to mankind treasures which barbarian invasion, earthquakes and other upheavals had buried centuries before.

Bibliographical activity on the subject of Asia Minor seems to have slackened in the twentieth century, although archæological activity has been more vigorous than ever. The best works, however, are still inaccessible. True, there is no lack of monographs, but these are in expensive editions, unhandy and restricted in numbers. This is one of the reasons that have driven me to publish this volume, in which my chief aim has been to produce a popular work. I have, however, found myself faced with a serious difficulty. The field is too wide, the themes to be treated too complex. Each of these chapters furnishes material for a volume, and I have been constantly overwhelmed by my subject. I have had to keep a tight rein on myself, sacrifice many things that I should have liked to include, devote a few pages to what deserved broad development, resort to compression often against my will.

However that may be I have, while writing these pages, re-lived the incidents of our journey—the disturbing charm of the deserted roads and solitary ruins, the delicious hours when we navigated the Archipelago, either on calm days under the sky

eternally blue or on serene, clear nights such as are only found beneath a Greek sky. Accept of my impressions and narrative the part which is your due. I am only offering to you what is yours already.

S. Ximenez.



Brusa and Mount Olympus.

(From French military map, 1/1,000,000.)

View of Brusa and Mount Olympus.

Asia Minor in Ruins

CHAPTER I

BRUSA

EMERGING from the Bosphorus, the yacht headed straight south-west towards the promontory of Poseidon, the western extremity of Mount Arganthonios, behind which the Gulf of Cianos opens. Having doubled this cape we sighted, close to the sea, a whole series of Turkish villages with descriptive names ; *e.g.*, Armoudli (the place of pear trees), Fistikli (the place of nuts), Kapakli (the village of the lid), Narly (the land of pomegranates), Karardja-Ali (name of an Osmanli chief), Koutchouk Koumla (the little sandy one), and, nestling at the inner end of the gulf, the little town of Gemlik, known also by the name of Indjirli Liman (the fig port), and identified with the ancient Cios of the Argonauts.

We anchored in the roadstead of Moudania after none too good a passage. Throughout the night we had been tossed about by the waves of the Propontis, where even in summer calm weather is rare. At dawn the sea quietened a little. The view that met our eyes immediately after casting anchor was anything but reassuring. On every side nothing was to be seen but wrecks. On the beach to the right, people were busy picking up the wreckage of a sailing vessel that had run aground the night before. Here and there masts of

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foundered craft stuck out of the water. Near the wharf a steamer which appeared recently to have fouled a mine was lying on her side.

A wharf of iron piles projected about twenty yards from the shore. Landing was something of an acrobatic feat. We were courteously received by the Naval Commandant, as also by the director of the Moudania-Brusa railway, whose station is a few yards from the quay. Moudania, which has played no part in history since the time of Alexander, enjoyed in 1922 its hour of notoriety as the meeting place of the Entente delegates who there drafted the protocol, preliminary to the Lausanne conference.

The day of our arrival was the first anniversary of the return of the Turks to Brusa after the defeat of the Greeks. On this subject we heard terrible details. Several thousand Greeks who had escaped from the capital of Bithynia fled along the Gemlik and Moudania roads in an attempt to reach the sea. On foot, in carts, on horseback, packed in motor wagons, they had set out, panic-stricken, abandoning all their belongings. The carriage road to Moudania was literally choked with luggage, conveyances of all sorts, ammunition boxes, corpses. The soldiers, obeying the order "every man for himself"—by whom given was not known—dragged off with them at the critical moment the women, children and old people; and peasants and townsfolk, terror-stricken, joined in a general stampede. Blinded by panic, some did not even halt when they reached the boundless sea, but threw themselves in, thinking they could reach the English ships silhouetted on the horizon. It is estimated that over three thousand persons met their death by drowning. A month later corpses were still floating about in hundreds at the mercy of the waves.

The director of the railway, who incidentally

was to accompany us and who proved the most agreeable and intelligent of guides, had placed an observation car at our service, a coach coupled to the rear of the train, half of it forming a verandah which offered a clear view of the landscape. This line, about forty-two kilometres long, belongs to a Belgian company, but at present the whole personnel is Turkish. After leaving Moudania, the permanent way follows the coast and then ascends gently amid hills planted with olives, interspersed with vineyards. Oil is the great product of the district. At one time the olive trees of the Ottoman empire were classed, for purposes of revenue, in two categories, the infidel and the Musulman, according as they belonged to Christian or Mohammedan. Now that the Greeks of Anatolia have emigrated *en masse*, the "Abandoned Property Commission" has Mohammedanised all the olives by transferring those that have lost their owners to the Turkish refugees from Thrace and Macedonia.

Panting heavily, the engine climbs at a speed of some twenty-five to thirty kilometres an hour, a speed which enables us from our travelling observation post to enjoy at our ease all the beauty of this Bithynian countryside with its wooded ravines and wide horizons. Among the green hills far to northward and looking like a blue lake, appears the Gulf of Cios, over which towers the great back of Arganthonios. Urchins scamper out of a village screaming "Zournal! Zournal! . . ." They are merely begging for newspapers. Anatolian villages are greedy of news.

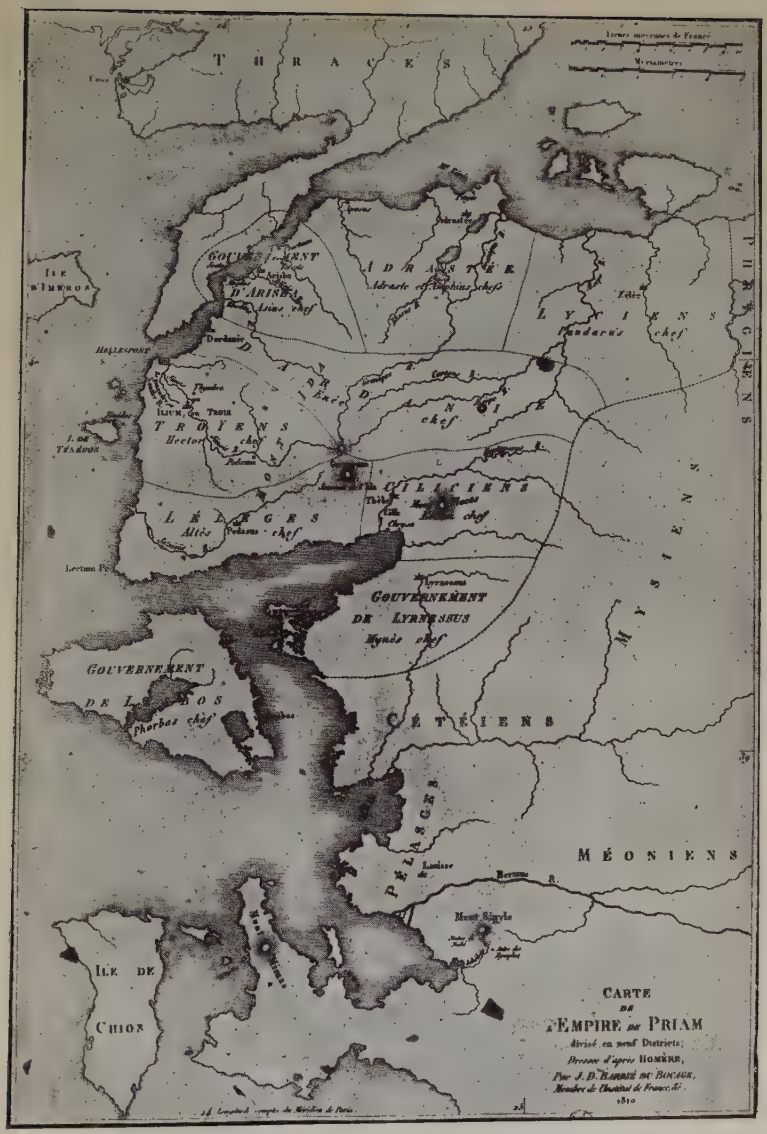
All at once the train ceases to labour, the engine begins to puff cheerfully; we are at a height of two hundred metres, in the high valley of the Niloufer, the ancient Odrysos. The gorges of the olive and vine zone give place to flat ploughed fields

and *tchifliks*, or farms. In an enormous field cleared of trees we see scattered at random over the ground countless objects that look like skulls; they are *carpous*, or water-melons, the famous water-melons of Yogourlou, so prized at Stamboul. On the stations of Yogourlou and Korou there are great heaps of them waiting to be loaded into trucks.

Our travelling companion asked us to look south, where a huge rounded summit stood out against the sky. It was the Olympus of antiquity, the *Keschik-Dagh* (Mountain of the Monk) of the Turks. From this point the mountain seemed to be moving round us. It was to be seen in all directions, now to the right, now to the left, now in front, now behind; it seemed impossible to get away from it. From time immemorial this mountain has had some connection with the divine. It has always been, and still is, for the people of Bithynia, the source of beauty, wealth and life.

Crossing the river which flows from the slopes of the mountain, we enter a vast garden. The train cuts its way through flowering plants and tree branches. Alongside the track is a border of lilies, hollyhocks and sunflowers. Under the shade of the mulberry and chestnut trees clumps of narcissus rise from the multi-coloured grasses. In the quickset hedges the wild rose blooms. Cattle graze in a meadow bordered by massive beeches. Fruit trees shot with every shade of green mingle with dark-hued cypress. It is a delight to the eye, this unbroken succession of meadows, orchards, copses, fields of maize and tobacco; one never tires of listening to the singing of the birds, the magic murmur of the spring, the hum of the bees hovering round the clumps of lavender and marjoram.

And now we are at the gates of the town, which



The Dardanelles and the Troad.

p. 30.

Brusa. Turkish National Demonstration.

is itself buried in verdure ; the garden of the plain stretches up the slopes of Olympus.

Brusa was celebrating the festival of its deliverance. The houses were decked with flags, the shops of the Bazaar were closed, while the booths of the coffee sellers, the only ones which were open were hung with garlands of foliage; the fruit sellers had decorated their open-air stalls with flowers. On the façades of the houses, even the lowliest, fluttered Turkish flags of all sizes made of calico and paper. The inhabitants in their best clothes strolled about the central streets. The blatant posters of a cinema in a square were drawing the crowd. It was advertising a Nationalist film made at Constantinople, an adaptation of a novel entitled *Ateschten ghemlik* ("The Blazing Shirt"), by a Turkish lady, Alide Edip Hanoum, the wife of Adnan Bey, delegate of the Angora Government at Constantinople. Alide Edip. . . . The name awakened memories. Indeed, this person held the office of Minister of Public Education in one of the first Cabinets of the Kemalist Revolution and was later one of the Turkish delegation at the London Conference, where she appeared dressed as a *Bashi-Bazouk*. Her novel deals with the events of that Revolution and had a considerable success.

On the way to the hotel our carriages were held up. A dense crowd thronged the pavements and a long procession commemorating the retaking of the town by Noureddin Pasha's division blocked the roadway. All the trade guilds with their banners, the boys and girls from the school, boy scouts, town corporations, religious orders, and the detachment of gendarmes marched past in perfect order to the sound of brass bands. Preceded by a great sacred standard came the *Hodjas*, *Oulemas*, *Muftis* and other personages in white or green

turbans. The band of the Janissaries brought up the rear and was not the least attraction of the festival. Grave, solemn-looking men who might have escaped from an historical museum, so vividly did their accoutrements recall the Turkish pictures of other days, were playing antiquated instruments—shrill clarionets, cymbals, tambourines, aged big drums, triangles and other percussion instruments. A single *motif* was reiterated over and over again with a violent, staccato rhythm, which sounded strangely to our ears. Its monotony was exasperating but stirring. Our companion, leaning towards me, said in my ear: "It was to those strains that we marched to the gates of Vienna! . . ."

A fresh surprise awaited us—the opening of the first industrial fair in Turkey. People had flocked from every part of the vilayet of Houdavenghiar. We were genuinely struck by the excellent organisation that marked every detail of this fair. As supreme industrial and agricultural centre, Brusa was in every way fitted for such an innovation. A spacious school building had been fitted out for the purpose. Two sections were especially interesting: the silks and agricultural products of the district so highly esteemed in the East. Forty-eight kinds of pear trees were to be counted. The apricots, peaches, cherries, chestnuts, quinces and grapes of Brusa enjoy a reputation which dates from very long ago, while the honey of Olympus vies with that of Hymettus. And who has not heard of Brusa silk? Worthy of note also were the wool and cotton stuffs, the linen, carpets, pottery, the Koutahia ware, the copper utensils. By a happy idea, precious, beautifully illuminated manuscripts on parchment were exhibited, wonderfully bound old copies of the Koran, curious specimens of decorative art dating back to the period of the Seljuks. Purchases were

paid for at a cash office near the exit. The cashier was a young Turkish woman with a charming, completely uncovered face, who performed her functions with perfect good humour.

The festival went on till night. From the most outlying quarters the population massed to the centre. Torchlight processions swarmed in every direction. The minarets were lit up with girdles of electric lamps. Everybody was in the street in response to the announcement that Mustapha Kemal was coming ; but this hope was thwarted. In a Musulman crowd the men invariably keep to one side, the women to the other ; the sexes never intermingle. This separation is effected in the most spontaneous manner. The silence of such a crowd is also striking. They watch attentively and seem to be easily satisfied. Mustapha Kemal did not appear, but what matter ? The crowd amused themselves just the same without relaxing their usual impassivity.

Two tributaries of the Odrysos which rise a short distance from the summit of Olympus flow through the town and divide it into three parts. It stands on an inclined plane in the form of an amphitheatre. The central quarter, surmounted by the Byzantine castle, corresponds to ancient Brusa ; here are the Great Mosque, the tombs of Osman, founder of the dynasty, and of his son Orkhan, the bazaar and the principal caravansaries. In the eastern quarter, on the other side of the torrent called *Geuk-Sou* (Blue Water), are the tombs of Mohamet I, Bayazid I, and Emir Sultan, as well as the Green Mosque. To the west, on the left bank of the other stream, is the Mouradieh Quarter, on the outskirts of which are the thermal springs, famous since the days of early antiquity.

Brusa is a city of splendid mosques and famous sarcophagi. The early Christians sought the solitude of Olympus to devote themselves to meditation and prayer. The mountain, from which they drove the Hellenic divinities, was populated under Byzantium with hermitages, convents and chapels. At the time of the Musulman conquest the Dervishes replaced the Anchorites and Christian monks. But if the latter remained unknown, having no other objective than the salvation of their souls, this was not the case with the Musulmans, who found the source of their inspiration and food for their minds beneath the cool shade and wild majesty of Olympus.[1]

There Mollah Cheiklou, the most esteemed of the Ottoman romantic poets, wrote his best poems; Wassi-Ali, the great observer of nature, adapted to the Turkish language the Indian fables of Bidpai; Deli Bou-Rader wrote his voluptuous stories and Sheikh Albestani and Cadi Alfendari composed their treatises on theology and jurisprudence. The list of all these eminent men who found a refuge on Olympus would be a long one. Many have their tombs on the mountain, others rest near the *tourbe* of their sovereigns who loved and protected them.[2]

Prince Orkhan, son of Osman, the father of the dynasty, one day planted the flag of Islam at Bounar Bashi (Fountain Head), at the foot of Olympus. The governor of the place capitulated at the order of the Emperor Andronicus II Palaeologus, and Brusa became the capital of the new empire. Osman, when he was dying at Isnik, desired that his remains should be buried in the town whose conquest had taken him ten years to prepare. He

[1] Hammer-Pragstalt, *Histoire de l'empire ottoman.* Trans. Hellert. Paris, Bellizart, 1843.

[2] *Umblick auf einer Reise von Constantinopel nach Brussa und dem Olympa.* Pesth, Hartleben, 1818.

was interred in the chapel of the Byzantine castle, called by the Turks *Goumouschli Koumbet* (Silvered Vault), for its cupola shone from the distance like pure silver. This was the first imperial tomb of Brusa. Seid Ismail, in his work *Gouldestei Riasi Irfan* (*Flowers from the Garden of Knowledge*), has enumerated all the men who have made the town illustrious and are buried within its walls. The list includes six sultans (Osman, Orkhan, Bayazid I, Mourad I, Mourad II, and Mohamed I), 26 princes, 10 viziers, 12 sheikhs, 48 priests or *santons*, 212 teachers, 32 men famed for their piety, 70 poets and 24 musicians.

Brusa has developed naturally in accordance with the undulation and windings of the site, which rises like an amphitheatre over the lower spurs of Olympus in natural terraces commanding wonderful views. Of the times of antiquity not a trace remains. The Byzantine Middle Ages did not leave a very deep impression upon it ; modern Europe has left it unharmed. The square of the Great Mosque, with its plane trees several centuries old, gives a strangely Oriental impression. There you see fruit sellers, cafés, the fountain, the strange costumes of the villagers, odd conveyances, pack animals with their saddles covered with gaily striped cloth. Three sultans, Mourad I, Bayazid I, and Mohamed I, collaborated in the building of this mosque, which is called Oulou Djami.

I draw upon an anonymous Musulman author for the description of this building. It covers 10,000 square yards and each side divides itself into five equal sections. The interior is formed of 25 compartments of equal size, each 20 yards square, 24 being surmounted by cupolas supported by massive pillars. The twenty-fifth compartment, which forms the centre, has no cupola, but its roof is of great height and is

pierced by a circular aperture 20 yards in diameter to admit light. Immediately below this window, in the centre of the mosque, is a huge square cistern of constantly flowing limpid water in which gold-fish swim. The pillars and walls are covered with Arabic characters, the work, so the Hodja told us, of a certain Izzet, the greatest calligrapher of his age.

The four walls have huge panels bearing the following inscriptions :

Ya Soubhan (O God worthy of praise).
Ya Djehan (O God worthy of faith).
Ya Mennan (O merciful God).
Ya Hlavonan ((O God upon Whom we call).

These inscriptions are surrounded by decorative designs of rare richness, in the form of foliage, fruit and flowers worked into complicated patterns which are prodigies of taste and ingenuity. Seven hundred lamps of wrought silver hang from the roof. Old Anatolian and Persian rugs cover the floor. The impressive silence of this house of prayer, which is flooded with light, is broken only by the murmur of the clear water from the heights of Olympus pouring into the cistern.

A whole treatise could be written upon the mosques and tombs of Brusa, for there is to be found Musulman art unalloyed.[1] No levy was made upon Byzantine architecture and, if we except the castle chapel, which, moreover, has been ruined by an earthquake, there was no need to transform the Christian into Musulman temples. The art of the monuments of Brusa, purely Asiatic in spirit, although made up of details of varied origin, is first and foremost an expression of the genius of the race which left its traces along the

[1] Wilde. Brussa. *Eine Entwickelungsstätte turkischer Architectur in Kleinasien unter den ersten Osmanen.* Berlin, Wasmush, 1909.

route of its wanderings through the Eastern world ; an art which began to define itself under the Seljuks and came to its maturity when the tribe became a nation and the Khan, chief of the warrior hordes, reached by conquest the rank of Padishah. Once the decline of Ottomanism set in, this art, born of conquest, had of necessity to remain stationary, with no further chance of development.

The famous Green Mosque of Brusa, called Yeshil Imaret, is unique of its kind. It is built on a single terrace of white Proconnesus marble. It is generally thought that it owes its name to the original colour of its exterior. This is a mistake. Before the earthquake of 1855 its façade was covered with a mosaic composed of large pieces of red, green, white, yellow, black and grey marble. It is in the interior that the eye is fascinated by the colour which gives the mosque its name.

Entering by the principal door, a marvel of carved wood in a framework of red marble decorated with stalactites and rising to the roof of the building, one finds oneself in a vestibule above which is the Sultan's gallery, and immediately the eye is dazzled by the strange light reflected from the green earthenware which covers the walls from the floor to about the height of a man. It is indescribable. These greens are like no other green ; they include every possible shade, reflect every light. One never tires of examining closely the details of these finely wrought enamels, whose secret seems to have been lost for ever. Persian art is to-day confined to the realm of archæology, and the workshops of Koutahia are a mere shadow of what they were.

The Hodja of the place told us that it was a certain Deli Mohamed (Mohamed the Mad) who devoted a great part of his life to the tracing of

these exquisitely delicate floral designs which, in combination with the calligraphic inscriptions, produce an incomparable decorative effect. Then, going up to a projecting corner of the central nave, he caused a small marble column to turn on its axis. "See," he said, "so long as this column can turn, the building is in equilibrium. When it sticks, the mosque will be in danger of ruin."

Mohamed I had the Yeshil Djami built on the site of the principal Byzantine church of Brusa, of which nothing survives except the foundations, and it was close to this mosque, in the middle of a delightful garden, that his tomb was built. Outside, the old earthenware which had deteriorated was replaced by modern, but that of the interior is exactly similar to the earthenware within the mosque. The building is octagonal and on the eight interior panels are inscribed in silver characters on a blue background the following sentences from the Koran :

1. In this world it is gold that makes the man ; in the next it is good works.
2. The world is carrion and they who persist in living in the world are dogs.
3. The earth is the prison of the faithful and the paradise of the infidel.
4. By reading the Koran man may hope to reach heaven.
5. A taste for knowledge is better than the reading of many books.
6. The best man is he who renders service to his fellows.
7. The man who teaches others to do good is worthy of like reward with him who does good.
8. The world lasts but a little while, and it is by intentions that actions must be judged.

While the buildings of which I have given this brief description belong to the Seljuk art, the superb mosque of Emir Sultan, situated in the same quarter as the Green Mosque, derives directly from Arab art and recalls the mosques of Medina and Kerbela. It is to some degree a Pantheon of illustrious men. Emir Sultan desired to have buried there, beside the tombs of the princes and saints, the clever ornamentalist El-Bostan, the great jurist, Khosrew Ihn-Kist, the poets Wassan Ali, Khali and Mollah Khosrew, and other notable men of his time.

We had to make an excursion to the thermal springs, but I will pass over the therapeutic properties of the waters [1] and dwell only on the splendour of these bathing establishments which, ranking as religious foundations, were the object of lavish gifts from the first Osmanli sultans. Thus, for example, Suleiman the Great, having to thank the waters of Yeni-Kaplidja for curing the gout with which he was afflicted, ordered his vizier, Roustem Pasha, to adorn and improve these springs regardless of cost. Roustem, drawing freely on the imperial treasury, carried out his mission so well that his name is inscribed on the rich faïence at the entrance to the monument as though he had been its sole creator. The great bath, into which a strong jet of hot water flows from a lion's mouth, has a diameter of not less than thirty metres. A splendid leaden cupola, twenty metres in diameter and pierced by six hundred panes of glass, covers the bath. The light coming through this roof and reflected by the enamelled walls and floor, produces wonderful colour effects on the surface of the limpid water. All the details of this work are of rare splendour. Nothing has been spared either of art or richness.

[1] Bonrowski, *Etude chimique sur les eaux thermales de Brousse.* Constantinople, 1870.

And here, without paying the smallest fee, the sick from among the richest and the poorest classes came to bathe. As evidence of this equality the inscription can still be read: "Take no pride from your garments, for what is life? An antechamber in which each leaves the garment of his body."

Beyond the baths, we inspected an old Musulman cemetery, on the side of Mount Kalabech. Our companion had the carriages stopped before a block of greyish granite, half buried in briars near a drooping *stele*, which bore no inscription. This humble, nameless sepulchre was held by popular belief to be the tomb of Karagheuz. The Turks of Brusa like to make pilgrimages to this somewhat melancholy place. Stunted old trees lean their trunks towards the ground. All round is a mass of bramble. An air of desolation reigns. Nevertheless Karagheuz is not forgotten, but is the object of a sort of posthumous cult. Who, then, was this Karagheuz (the man with the black eyes)?

The Turkoman tribes from the depths of Asia brought with them to the Near East the Chinese shadow theatre. At Brusa, at the very beginning of Ottomanism, this theatre assumed the characteristic form under which it persists to the present day. But here we are faced with a problem: what is the origin of the man Karagheuz, who gave his name to the Turkish theatre? Men of this name did exist. History tells us of a certain Karagheuz Pasha who played a part in the reign of Sultan Bayazid.[1] In the popular Turkish tales Ahmed Karagheuz is identified with the Prophet himself,

[1] "Caragor or Caragur, in Turkish 'black eyes,' the name given to a Beghlerberg of Natolia known in history as Ledragossa, who was impaled near Kutaige and Cara-Hisser by Chahculi in the year 915 of the Hegira under the reign of Bajazet, second emperor of the Turks."—D. Herbelot, *Bibliographie orientale*. La Haye, 1767.

whose deep black eyes were of irresistible power. In the shadow theatre the character who acts with Karagheuz is called Hadji-Aïwaz, or Hadji-Aïwav, the name of one of the bodyguard of Khosrew Pasha, grand vizier of Mourad II. Hadji-Aïwaz is still a nickname meaning "a man loyal and good, affirming all things, possessing all knowledge and yet easily duped."[1] Hadji-Aïwaz is a philosopher who has an apt word for every occasion. Karagheuz is a humorist extravagant and obscene. The other actors of the Turkish theatre, Loblod, Karajudje, Hodja Tchelebi, etc., are merely supers. Comparison has been attempted between Karagheuz and Hadji-Aïwaz on the one hand and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on the other, and analogies have been claimed between the Turkish theatre and the Italian comedy. The subject is far from being exhausted. The phallic character of Karagheuz, however, dates back to very old local traditions which might easily have persisted into modern times under various forms. The cult of Priapos, the principal centre of which was the Hellespont, originated in this region. Priapos, the son of Dionysos and a nymph, was the chief god of the Bebryces, one of the tribes inhabiting Mysia and Bithynia. In the western part of the peninsula of Cizycus and near the estuary of the Granicos flourished the town of Priapos.[2] The whole country from Lenusacus to Cizycus and further east was covered with vineyards, gardens and orchards. Chapels to the honour of Priapos, guardian of the fields (*custos hortorum rerum*), protector of the vine-growers, ploughmen, farmers and shepherds, existed in great numbers. Priapos drove away

[1] Hammer, *op. cit.*
[2] To-day Kara-Bigha. The modern name of the river Granicos is Bigha-Tchai.

robbers and birds.[1] There would be nothing surprising in the survival in changed form of the Priapic cult. The phenomenon is too common to need explanation. The striking similarity between the jests of Karagheuz and the essential characteristics of Priapos only go to confirm my hypothesis. Further, Byzantium, as a city on the Propontis, did not remain unaffected by the cult which the sanctuary of Priapos spread over the shores of that sea, and hastened to adopt the shadow theatre of Karagheuz under the name of Karakos as soon as it appeared in Brusa, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The persistence of the tradition might possibly furnish the key to the mystery contained within the strange tomb of Karagheuz. Perhaps there was once in this place an altar or chapel dedicated to this rural divinity ; it is a very likely site, lying as it does between pasturage for goats and hills planted with fruit trees.

The day was drawing to its close and it was time to go to the Mouradieh. The route lies along lanes bordered with *konaks* and gardens. Where side-roads turn off towards the plain there are cafés where the customers sit on straw-bottomed stools and smoke the *narghileh*, gazing meditatively at the splendid landscape. As we passed along the edge of the ravine where the vegetation has encroached upon the road, the carriage brushed against aloes and giant ferns, under a vault of willows and acacias in flower. At the end of a mysteriously winding street we halted near an enclosure hung with honeysuckle. We entered the truly imperial necropolis, in the centre of which rises the mosque of Mourad II.

[1] *Deus inde ego, furum aviumque,*
Maxima formido ; nam fures deretrae coercet,
Obscoenoque puber porrectus ab inguine palus.
—Her., *Sat.* VIII., 4 *et seq.*

A *khan*, or inn, and a *madresse* share its solitude. In a separate building is the *tourbe* of the Sultan, conqueror of Thessalonica, Janina, Semendria, Varna and Morea, ravager of Hungary, rival of Scanderbeg, and vanquisher of Hunyadi in the three days' battle of Kossovo. Mourad II was a proud monarch, a lover of luxury and good living. He found pleasure in building palaces, organising festivals, ostentatiously flaunting his wealth and power. Marvellous things are told of his seraglio in Magnesia. And to crown a life entirely devoted to glory, triumph, voluptuousness and pleasure, he died from the after-effects of a nuptial feast held on the island of Hebros, near Hadrianopolis.

He had, however, already decided that at the hour of his death he would renounce terrestrial vanities. "I want to be buried," he said, expressing his final wishes, "like a poor man, touching the earth that the rain may fall upon me." His wish was granted. He was buried in a coffin of white marble without a lid and filled with vegetable mould. An aperture in the top of the dome immediately above the sarcophagus allows the rain to water the soil over which green grass has spread, thin and pale for lack of sunlight. This burial-place is perhaps the most beautiful in all Islam. It contains, in addition, eleven *tourbes* which contain the remains of Mourad's wives, sons and daughters. We were shown the tomb of a Serbian princess captured at the overthrow of the kingdom of Serbia ; a sultana who had died a Christian lying among the Musulman sultanas in the Mouradieh. A deep poetry emanates from this refuge of silence and eternal peace, littered as it is with flowers and embowered in century-old trees. Facing the imperial *tourbe* a cool fountain shelters beneath the long protecting branches of a huge plane. The air is saturated with soothing

perfumes. The birds had already sought their nests. Save the murmur of the fountain, not a sound broke the silence. The twilight enwrapped this disturbing peace. We left, casting behind us a last look through the gilded gates which reveal the white marble *steles* on which verses from the Koran are carved in gold letters on a background of blue, and pushed our way through the clusters of jasmine and oleander.

CHAPTER II

MOUNT OLYMPUS

The Aryan thrust westward from the high plateau of Phrygia rapidly descended to the shores of the Ægean Sea through the valleys of Hermos and the Maeander and reached the Hellespont and Thrace through the defiles of the Ida and along the course of the Scamander ; but to the northward it broke upon the massive mountain rampart which runs along the Euxine littoral from the river Rhyndacus to the banks of the Halys, and can only be passed through the Sangarius gap. Between this chain and the sea was created a state called Bithynia, with natural frontiers, which for several centuries had an existence aloof from other Asiatic peoples and remained uninfluenced by the Hellenic civilisation until after the conquests of Alexander the Great.

At the eastern and western extremities of this chain rise the two highest summits in Asia Minor, both of which are called Olympus. The chief, in respect both of situation and the rôle it has played in legend, is the westerly, which reaches a height of 2,550 metres. On its northward side it is called the Bithynian, on the southward, the Mysian Olympus. The two countries contested the honour of its possession. Among the many mountains of Europe and Asia which bear the name, the Olympus at whose foot lies the town of Brusa is the most

ancient and has given its name to the different Olympuses which are scattered between the Taurus and the Pindus.

At the dawn of history the country known later as Bithynia was the home of legendary tribes. These were the Bebryces, Mariandynes, Mygdonians, Caucones, Dolians, etc., who were held to have originated in Thrace, where names similar to theirs were to be found. I will not dispute that at some undetermined period over-population may have led the inhabitants of Thrace to cross the Bosphorus, but everything points to the belief that Bithynia was peopled by tribes of Phrygian stock who had filtered through to the other side of Olympus by following the Sangarius or through the Rhyndacus valley.

It is a fundamental error, to which all the Greek historians and geographers have contributed, to suppose that the Thracian immigrations contributed to the colonisation of Asia Minor in prehistoric times, whereas in reality it was from Asia Minor that the primitive Thracians came. Strabo, however, notes the confusion that has always reigned with regard to this point. "It is difficult," he says, "to determine the frontiers of the Bithynians, Phrygians, Mysians, Dolians of the neighbourhood of Cyzicus, the Mygdonians and Trojans. . . . These do not occupy permanently the country they have invaded, for they have retained their nomadic habits." Then, ranging himself on the side of the generally accepted theory, he adds: "All these peoples may moreover be regarded as Thracian because they are found, with very slight differences, on both sides of the straits."[1] This reasoning will not stand and can very easily be turned to bear the opposite meaning.

[1] Strabo XII.

The first to put forward the theory of the European origin of the Phrygians was Herodotus. He claimed that they were descended from the Bryges of Macedonia, who changed their name after crossing to Asia. Strabo, Xanthus, Menescilas of Aelea, Pliny, and all who have studied the origin of ancient peoples, adopted the theory of Herodotus, which is manifestly false. According to them, not only the Phrygians, but also the Mysians, Lydians, Psidians, Cappadocians, Carians, and many others, came from Thrace, as though this country had been the cradle of mankind. Homer, more discreet and more sensible, does not face the question directly, but is content to attribute to all these peoples merely legendary origins.

Stephanus of Byzantium states that Mygdonia, a district of Macedonia, is the name of a district of Phrygia. Does it follow that the Mygdonians of Phrygia and Bithynia are of Macedonian origin? The ancient Hellenes thought that the Olympus of Thessaly, the Olympus sung by Homer, was the true, only, and authentic Olympus. Nevertheless it can hardly be denied that the gods dwelt in Asia before establishing themselves in Greece, and that the Olympus of Thessaly is merely named after the Bithynian Olympus. The Bebryces, who are regarded as the original inhabitants of Bithynia, bear a name which is one of the various forms of the word Phryges.[1] Now, the oldest name of Bithynia is Bebrycia. There were Bebryces in western Thrace on the banks of the Strymon. Nothing could be more logical than to regard this as evidence of Phrygian immigration. Great Phrygia poured over Thrace the flood of its population and it was the Thraco-Phrygians who suggested the frequently quoted passage of Herodotus: "The Thracians are

[1] These are: Bryges, Breuci, Bebrycia, Berecynthia.

at least, after the Indians, the most numerous people of the earth. If they were ruled by a single man, or if they were united among themselves, they would, in my opinion, be the most powerful of all peoples ; but this union is impracticable, and it is this very fact that makes them weak. They have all different names according to the canton they inhabit."[1] Substitute for Thrace the word Phrygia and the remark of Herodotus is equally accurate.

Moreover, it is claimed that the earliest times of history found the Phrygians established in the high valleys of the Rhyndacus and Sangarius and along the middle Halys, that is around the chain of Olympus, which would confirm the antiquity of the first Phrygian emigrations into Bithynia. These wandering tribes, unable to expand to the north of Olympus, stopped their thrust on the Mysian slope and occupied the territory called Phrygia Epictetus ("conquered later"), extending along the shores of the Hellespont, whence they passed into Thrace. Those who climbed the mountains to descend into Bithynia became sedentary. World events rolled by unknown to them. They had not even any clear idea of what was happening on the other side of Olympus. There were many conflicts between the Bithynians, the Lydians and the Persians, but that was only local history. The walls formed by Olympus, the Euxine, the Thracian Bosphorus and the Propontis isolated Bithynia from the rest of the world.

Alexander the Great awoke it from its sleep. Through all Asia was resounding a clash of arms to which the little kingdom could not remain deaf. A very old order was being overthrown. Triumphant Hellenism was widening its domain, breaking down

[1] Herodotus V., 3.

all barriers, and infusing a new vigour into the human mind. The Bithynians strove to maintain their independence. Bar, son of Boteiras, took up the struggle, on Olympus. His son Zopoetas held the mountain for more than forty years. Lysimachus did not succeed in uniting Bithynia to his domains. In the middle of the third century Nicomedes I, refusing to face the prospect of ultimate subjection as a mere barbarian, negotiated terms which allowed Bithynia to welcome the Hellenic culture. Great towns like Heraclea and Nicaea soared into splendour. Prusias I, the son of Nicomedes I, laid at the foot of Olympus the foundations of Prusa which was to become the metropolis of Bithynia. From that time the history of this kingdom is as full of movement as could be. It took part in all the wars which shook Asia.

During the second half of the third century (B.C.) a new element was introduced into Asia Minor. Leonorius and Lutarius, chiefs of the Tectosagians and Tolistoboians, who formed part of the expedition of Brennus, rose against the latter in Dardania and with 20,000 men pursued their way towards Thrace, subjugating by force Lysimachia and Chersonese. In vain they tried to cross the Hellespont ; the negotiations opened to this end with Antipater being of their nature interminable. But it was essential for them to cross to Asia, for there was nothing left for them to do in Europe. In despair they went to Byzantium. At that very time Nicomedes I, king of Bithynia, was looking for mercenaries to settle matters with his brother Zibeas, who was contesting his throne. The contract was quickly concluded on the Thracian shores of the Bosphorus. The Tectosagians and Tolistoboians lent him the support of their arms on condition that, in case of success, he should allocate territory to

them. Nicomedes I, with the aid of the new arrivals, triumphed over his brother and kept his word. He ceded to them part of the country bounded by the Sangarius. From this was born Galatia. "A fierce nation, after overrunning the face of the earth with its arms, has fixed its abode in the midst of a race of men the gentlest in the world. Their tall persons, their long red hair, their vast shields, and swords of enormous length; their songs also when they are advancing to action, their yells and dances and the horrid clanking of their armour, while they brandish their shields in a peculiar manner, practised in their original country: all these are circumstances calculated to strike terror," writes Titus Livy.[1] "The Greeks, Carians and Phrygians were terrified of them. Not so the Romans!"

These warrior bands preceded by sixteen centuries the Almogávares, who, as mercenaries, penetrated into Asia after passing through Byzantium. The Tolistoboians were an Alpine people, the Tectosagians were from the Pyrenees. The home of the latter was the northern slope of the Cevennes, Aude, Roussillon, and Ampurdan to the south of the eastern Pyrenees. Their radius of action stretched from Toulouse to Cadaquès. They were a Celtic race who, uniting with the aborigines occupying the two slopes of the Pyrenees, constituted the Celto-Ligurian group, the first nucleus of the Catalan nationality.

The mingling of the Celts and Ligures is beyond doubt. Here are the terms in which the Greek Posidonius (one century before Christ) describes the Ligurians: "A vigorous race, short of stature, spare and lithe of body, of great endurance, greedy of gain, valiant and cunning." Livy, describing the Tectosagians and Tolistoboians, speaks of "a man of tall

[1] Livy XXXVIII. (Baker's translation).

stature, with long red hair," basing this upon the Gauls he had seen in Rome, or perhaps even the Volscians. Probably the Tolistoboians approached this type, but the Tectosagians, though sprung from the same stock, possessed distinctive ethnographical characteristics as the result of their intermingling with the Ligurian aborigines.

Livy, moreover, frequently contradicts himself. For example, after referring to the " broad shields " of these barbarians, he relates how in the battle of Olympus they carried shields which were too narrow and covered their bodies inadequately. Compare these two descriptions, the Greek and the Roman, with the picture given of the Almogávares by the Byzantine authors and the chronicler Muntaner, and you will find features, both ethnographical and concerning their character and method of fighting, that are common to both. Both came from the same region and astonished the world by their adventurous spirit and intrepidity. They were lithe and tough, and knew how to exploit an opportunity; and they took with them on their campaigns their women, children and concubines. They were also as ready to fight for the cause of others as for their own. Both terrorised their enemies and accomplished their most famous exploits in Asia. By a singular coincidence the Tectosagians and Tolistoboians, after helping Nicomedes I of Bithynia out of his dilemma, were to declare war upon him, and the Almogávares, after serving loyally and bravely Andronicus II Palaeologus, found themselves obliged to fight him.

There is another point of resemblance between the two peoples. For three centuries the Tectosagians were under arms, engaged in war and pillage, sometimes on their own behalf, sometimes in the pay of the king. All at once they became Hellenised:

respected works of art, protected the monuments and behaved like a people of high culture. The Almogávares, men of war knowing no other calling than that of arms and having the reputation of wild untameable men, changed their nature in contact with the vestiges of Hellenic civilisation that remained in mediæval Athens. Having become lovers of art and beauty, they watched for eighty years over the preservation of the Athenian monuments, in fact, became *Hellenised*. Fourteenth-century Athens under the kings of Aragon enjoyed a sort of rebirth which was brought to an end by the Venetians and Turks.

There is no need for me to tell here the story of the Galatians. This name appears in Greek literature for the first time half-way through the third century. The Galatians had their home upon the eastern Olympus whence they gradually invaded Asia Minor. They are to be met with as far as Troad and Caria. Nearly all the tribes of Asia, and even the monarchs of Assyria, paid them tribute, and when the Romans occupied Asia Minor the Galatians alone refused to recognise the authority of Rome. They even succeeded in proving a danger to the Romans. Their alliance with Antiochus the Great led the consul, Cn. Manlius, to declare war upon them. But, regardless of what the result might be, they immediately combined for defence. The Tolistoboians with their chief Ortiagon took up their position on the Galatian Olympus. The Tectosagians, under the orders of Gaulotus, entrenched themselves on Mount Magaba adjoining Olympus. The Trocmians, commanded by Combolamarus, confided their women and children to the Tectosagians and went to join the Tolistoboians. Olympus and Magaba became huge fortresses. Broad deep trenches girdled the high peaks on which the Galatians had organised

their resistance. The latter paid no heed to their supplies of missiles, but relied on stones and the impregnability of their positions. The battle of Galatian Olympus was one of the culminating episodes of the Roman military operations in Asia. The army of Consul Cn. Manlius camped five miles from the mountain. The attacking forces were disposed as follows: 1. The consul, Cn. Manlius with the main army was to attempt the ascent of the mountain by the least precipitous side ; 2. L. Manlius, his brother, was ordered to make the assault from the steepest side ; 3. C. Helvius with the auxiliaries of Attalus and the third detachment was to turn the mountain from below. The army was abundantly provided with javelins, spears, arrows, balls of lead and small stones for the slings. The cavalry and elephants were posted on the plateau nearest the heights. All along the line the trumpets sounded the order for attack. A few yards in front of the eagles marched the Velites, the Cretan archers of Attalus, the slingers, the contingents from Tralles and Thrace. Then the infantry advanced slowly up the steep incline, protected by their shields. The battle began.

The Galatians had the advantage of position, the Romans of armament. Soon the deadlock relaxed in favour of the attackers. The long, but too narrow shields of the Galatians protected their bodies ineffectively. The Romans climbed boldly and the Galatians, having exhausted their projectiles, resorted to stones. They fought under a veritable hail of arrows, leaden balls and darts which fell upon them from every side. They had to give way before superior numbers and the enemy methods of attack. With reckless bravery they threw themselves upon the spears levelled at their breasts. The Velites carried their shield on the left arm, in their right hand the javelin, which they threw a considerable

distance, and at their belt the Spanish sword. In the hand-to-hand fighting they passed the spears into their left hands and seized their swords. The Galatians, pressed back to their last line of entrenchments, stood sword in hand with their backs to the rampart. Their camp was full of women, children and the aged. Corpses strewed the ground. The dying mingled their groans with the cries of the women and children. The darts of the legionaries pierced the shields of the Tolistoboians who, in their disordered flight, hurled themselves over precipices into the bottomless abyss. The two other divisions, those of Lucius Manlius and Caius Helvius, in succession pursued the vanquished enemy. The Roman eagles surmounted the crests of Olympus. Cn. Manlius was anxious to complete the victory by the annihilation of the Tectosagians, who had not been engaged, and by the final rout of such as had escaped the carnage of Olympus.[1]

During this second phase of the operations an incident occurred which the Roman historians have piously recorded, and the heroine of which was Chiomara, a woman of wonderful beauty, the wife of the Galatian chief Ortiagon. Chiomara had fallen prisoner into the hands of a centurion, "avaricious and lustful, as soldiers often are," who at once violated her. Then, to exploit his prize, he suggested to her the possibility of return to her people in consideration of a heavy ransom. He exacted one Attic talent and, to avoid taking his men into his confidence, he allowed his prisoner to choose among her companions in misfortune men who would undertake to carry the matter through. A parley was arranged on the bank of the river which separated the two camps. Two Galatian emissaries, carrying the sum

[1] Livy XXXVIII., (?) 18-23.

demanded, passed over to the Roman camp to effect the exchange. One of these two men was a former slave of Chiomara whose only thought was blind obedience. While the gold was being received and weighed, it only required two words in her own language from Chiomara for her ex-slave to cut off the head of the centurion as he was leaning over the scales. Chiomara wrapped the head in her robe and fled to the opposite bank with the two men. Reaching the opening of Ortiagon's tent, she threw the still bleeding head at her husband's feet. Ortiagon said to her: "Wife, it is a fine thing to keep faith!" "Yes," she replied, "but it is finer still to leave alive only one of the two men who have possessed me." [1] Valerius Maximus adds this comment: "Was anything but the body of this woman in the power of her enemies? Her soul was unconquerable, her chastity inviolable." [2] Polybius, who tells the story, knew Chiomara personally, and had conversed with her several times at Sardes. These conversations had inspired him with admiration for her "greatness of soul and wisdom." [3]

Let us return to the Roman attack on the Tectosagians. The latter, under pretext of a parley, drew the Consul into a trap which nearly proved fatal to the Romans. Cn. Manlius realised once again that the only way to subdue the Tectosagians was by force of arms and they, seeing what was going to happen, fell back on Mount Magaba. The Consul devoted two days to reconnoitring the mountain. On the third he launched the attack after dividing his troops into four corps. Two were to attack from the front, while two others would harass the Galatians on the flanks. The cavalry, which could not be used among the rocks and precipices, dismounted and placed themselves upon the right wing. The

[1] Livy XXXVIII., 24. [2] Val. Max. V., 1, § 2. [3] Polybius XXII., 21.

auxiliaries of Ariarathes, king of Cappadocia, formed the left wing. Following the tactics he had adopted on Olympus, the Consul placed his light troops in the van. The battle began. A cloud of missiles descended upon the Tectosagians and Trocmians who did not dare to break their ranks. Pressed one against the other, they faced the avalanche ; but the more compact their formation the better target they formed for the archers. The main body of the Roman forces swept forward like a whirlwind. The Galatians broke into a hurried retreat towards their camp, and the victors pursued them at the point of the sword, forcing them over the Halys. The booty amassed by the Romans in the Galatian camp was tremendous.

But had Cn. Manlius achieved his objective ? Out of the 50,000 Galatians who occupied the heights of Magaba, 8,000, according to the Roman historians, were killed, more than 40,000 succeeded in reaching unharmed the other bank of the Halys, whither the Romans were careful not to pursue them. On the contrary, Cn. Manlius consented to open fresh negotiations with them, fixing on Ephesus for the conference, and withdrew his army towards the coast, as with winter approaching it was not wise to remain on the Taurus plateau.

After the battles of Olympus and Magaba, we hear less and less of the Galatians. St. Paul still addresses them by their name, but the Galatians, or Gallico-Greeks, in the end completely forgot their own language. In the Middle Ages only Greek was spoken in Galatia. And those so-called Greek populations of the provinces of Angora, Kaikari and Yozghad who had to leave their homes in 1923, like all the other Christians of Anatolia, are the descendants of the Celto-Ligurian adventurers who, in the

third century before Christ, inhabited the valleys north and south of the eastern Pyrenees.

Each of the successive civilisations which have been superimposed one upon the other in Asia Minor has left behind it something of its poetry. The Brusa Olympus, pagan at first, became Christian and was then made Mohamedan by the Turks. It would be useless to search it for pagan or Christian traces, apart from a few stones near the summit. According to Byzantine tradition these are supposed to be the relics of an *askitirion* of the type of those of Mount Athos, and this is said to account for the Turkish name of *Keschich-Dagh* (Mountain of the Monk). But the Oriental imagination does not stop here ; it compares this mountain to a *dervisch*, or Musulman monk, wearing a white turban and cap and a green tunic—the green of the forests, the favourite colour of the Prophet—with a flowered carpet at his feet on which to pray.

Whether as dwelling of Zeus, hermitage of the *caloyers*, or allegorical representation of a *dervisch*, Olympus has always been the same. All who climb it—the ascent is comparatively easy—are struck dumb with astonishment. Few panoramas in the world are comparable with that commanded by its summit. On the Mysian side stands a chaos of mountains separated by deep, narrow valleys, a mass of extinct craters and inaccessible peaks, the dark mass of forests, with the high crests of Mesghia on the farthest horizon. On the Bithynian side are seen the waters of the Propontis with its isles and promontories, Lakes Appollarius and Nicaea, Constantinople, the Bosphorus and, on clear days, the Euxine. In the foreground lie the town of Brusa, garlanded with flowers, the rich fields watered by the rivers that flow down from the mountain: the Ak-Sou (White Water), the Ischairli-Sou (Meadow Water), the Geuek-Sou

(Blue Water), the Delitsch-Sou (Mad Water), the Aktsche-Sou (Silver Water), the Kirk-Bonnar (Forty Springs), the Papas-Bonnar (Spring of the Priest), tributaries of the Odrysos and the Niloufer-Sou (Water of the Lotus Flower), the name of the Greek beauty carried off by Osman just after she had wedded the lord of Belocoma and whose memory has been immortalised by this river which flows amid the flowers into the stream of the Rhyndacos, the great river of Mysia.

CHAPTER III

THE PROPONTIS

THE first explorers of this sea unknown to the Greeks were the Argonauts. Let us follow them before noting our own impressions. Their itinerary on the Asiatic side, according to Apollonius of Rhodes, is as accurate as a modern guide could be, but the modern guide could only describe for us deserted shores and a few inhabited places, whereas the Rhodian leads us through the realms of fable and regales us with delightful stories.

The vessel *Argo*, coming from the Hellespont, took to the open sea from the place where the Aesepus flows into the sea after crossing the plain of Adrastia. Beyond, a high mountain, known locally as the Mount of the Bear, rose over the waves. This was the home of the Sons of the Earth, fierce giants, each with six arms of prodigious strength, two emerging from the shoulders, four from the sides. At the foot of the mountain, on the Phrygian side, lived the Doliones whom Poseidon protected against the giants. Over them reigned the valiant Cyzicus, son of Aeneus and Aenete, daughter of Eusoros, king of the Thracians. Driven by the north-west wind, the *Argo* took shelter in a natural harbour. On the advice of Tiphys, the Argonauts cast off the stone which they used as an anchor and replaced it by a heavier one. (Later the Ionians, companions of Neleos, 1077 B.C., arriving at Cyzicus, in obedience to the Oracle of Delphi, consecrated this abandoned anchor in the temple of Athene.)

King Cyzicus and the Doliones, informed of the arrival of the Argonauts, ran to meet them and suggested that they should change their anchorage for that of Chytus, the harbour of the town which offered greater security.[1] The Argonauts proceeded there under oars and, after mooring their boat, erected on the spot an altar to Apollo, protector of disembarkation, and offered him a sacrifice for which Cyzicus supplied the wine and victims. Cyzicus was in the flower of his youth. He had just wedded the beautiful Clite (daughter of Merops, king of Pythia in the Troad), whose two brothers, Adrastus and Amphius, commanded a section of the Trojans at the siege of Troy.

The hospitable Cyzicus informed his new friends concerning the inhabitants of the shores of the Propontis, his knowledge hardly extending beyond. At dawn of the following day the Argonauts and Doliones climbed Mount Dindymus [2] to scan the course that the *Argo* was to follow. During this ascent the giants descended the opposite side to block up the entrance of the harbours with large stones. Happily Hercules had remained below with some of the younger men. He drew his bow and brought down several giants, who rolled on to the sand. Others, however, seized blocks of rock in their hands and hurled them at their adversaries. A stern fight began which constituted one of the labours of Hercules ordered by Hera. Meanwhile, those who were climbing the mountain, observing the attack of the giants, descended quickly and attacked them with arrows, exterminating them to the last man.

[1] Cyzicus actually had two harbours, one to the east and one to the west. To pass from one to the other it was only necessary to go through the narrow channel which separated the island from the mainland. Over this Alexander built a bridge. The passage has long been blocked by a sandy isthmus about a kilometre long.

[2] Another name for the mountain of Cyzicus, or Kapou-Dagh, 800 metres high.

The Argonauts proceeded on their way and throughout the day struggled against the waves. Towards evening, the violence of the wind forced them to put back to the harbour of Chytus. In the darkness the Doliones mistook them for a band of marauding Pelasges, and received them accordingly. Both sides fought with fury. Cyzicus was struck in the chest by a dart thrown by Jason. When they realised their mistake both Doliones and Argonauts mourned the death of Cyzicus for three days. Clite, not wishing to survive her husband, hanged herself. With their tears the nymphs made a fountain which was to bear the name of Clite.

For seventeen days the Argonauts were held up by the tempest. When they were ready to depart, Mopsus advised Jason to climb Dindymus to propitiate Rhea, the Mother of the Gods, by raising an altar to her and offering sacrifices, for " She it is who holds the abysses of the earth and the frozen summits of Olympus."

From the summit the Argonauts saw the Macrian mountains and all Thrace ; through the clouds they saw the entrance of the Bosphorus, the mountains of Mysia, the river Aesepus, and, amid the Nepeian fields, the Trojan town of Adrastia. They then raised an altar and invoked " the august Mother of the Gods, Goddess of Dindymus and dweller in Phrygia."

The Argonauts put out to sea again. Their task was not an easy one. In the currents of the Propontis constant perils lurk. They had to row with all their might, night and day. With difficulty they grounded their ship at the inner end of a gulf,[1] at the foot of Arganthonios. The people on the banks of the Cius [2] welcomed them heartily. They were simple men, little used to strangers, and

[1] The Gulf of Cianos or Gemlik.
[2] The water course connecting lake Nicaea (Isnik) with the sea.

interested in sailors bringing news from other parts of the world. They offered them victuals and wine as well as dry wood, and strewed the ground with green branches for a carpet.[1] They poured wine into their cups and helped them to cook their food.

Hercules went off into a neighbouring forest to cut a fir with which to replace an oar broken during the heavy crossing. Hylas, busily preparing his master's meal, took an urn of brass and went away to draw water from a stream. It was the hour at which the nymphs dwelling in that region are accustomed to meet to dance and sing praises to Artemis. The nymphs of the mountains and woods and those dwelling in the deep caves made their way towards the spring. Ephidate, a water nymph, emerging from the limpid stream, saw Hylas in the rays of the moon. She admired the splendour of his beauty, the grace of his countenance. Leaning over the water's edge, Hylas plunged in his urn and the water rushed splashing into the resonant brass. The nymph, eager to plant a kiss on the youth's delicate mouth, passed one arm round his neck and with the other drew him by the arm. Hylas was drawn down to the bottom of the stream and vanished, uttering piercing cries. Fearing that Hylas had been assailed by some wild beast, Polyphemus ran up, and on the way came upon Hercules returning from the forest. Greatly alarmed, they set out to search for Hylas, and in their sore anxiety they called him throughout the night.

The morning star had risen. A favourable wind was blowing. Tiphys hurried on the departure. Presently the absence of the three companions was perceived. A dispute arose ; but the bark, borne on by the wind, did not put about. The gods willed it

[1] This is exactly what is still done to-day by the Greek peasants and mountain folk.

thus. The nymph Ephidate wedded Hylas, and Polyphemus built near the estuary of the Cius a town which was to be famous. As for Hercules, he went on his way to continue the labours which had yet to be performed before he could rise to the ranks of the immortals.[1]

Two headlands jutting out from the coast of Asia dominate the Propontis : the Dindymus of the Argonauts and the Posideum guarding the entrance to the Bosphorus, as Mount Cyzicus protects that of the Hellespont. In classical antiquity there were temples on the summits. The gods worshipped at these altars, being custodians of the districts and arbiters of the destinies of their inhabitants. Towns flourished around this elliptical sea in which the currents of the Mediterranean meet those of the Euxine, the latter fed by the great Hyperborean rivers. Apart from Byzantium they are all to-day replaced by insignificant villages: Selymbria (Silivri) the populous, the birthplace of Prodicus, one of the best disciples of Hippocrates ; Astacus, in Asia ; the magnificent Nicomedia (Ismid) ; Chalcedon (Kadi-Keui), where Xenocrates was born ; Cios (Gemlik), the maritime warehouse of Bithynia and Phrygia ; Cyzicus, with its monuments. All that remains unchanged in the Propontis is the shifting of the winds, the capriciousness of the waves, the unremitting stress. The word Propontis is synonymous with storm. We crossed it twice, and twice we experienced its formidable vagaries.

Poor Gemlik still occupies its splendid situation, to which it owes its name *Prusias ad Mare*—at the mouth of the river which connects Lake Nicaea with the sea. But this situation by which it once achieved prosperity is no longer of much service. Under its dilapidated cottages and uncultivated

[1] Apol. Rh., Argaunautius.

fields lie the remains of ancient Cios, the haunt of nymphs ; the *konak* of the Turkish *Caïmacam* has been built on the site of the Hellenic acropolis, its tombs have been engulfed in the marshes, while its cyclopean walls are to be imagined rather than seen. Cios and Myrlea, colonised one by the Milesians and the other by the Ionians from Colophon, had existed for several centuries when Philip, son of Demetrius, king of Macedonia, the ally of Prusias, king of Bithynia, razed them to the ground. But Prusias immediately rebuilt them, and his wife's name, Apamea, was substituted for Myrlea. Every trace of this town had disappeared when in 1860 chance led to the discovery of the theatre, on the slope of a hill, four hundred metres from the sea—a theatre in a perfect state of preservation, with seats of white marble and an orchestra measuring twenty metres in diameter. As, however, the harbour authorities of Moudania had need of material to build a mole, they quite cheerfully took possession of the marbles of Apamea.

On the other side of Arganthonios, the fate of Nicomedia [1] was no better ; all the beauty left from antiquity has been destroyed. This town was built by Nicomedes I, king of Bithynia, on the site of the ancient Astacus, a colony of Athens and Megara which had been razed to the ground by Lysimachus. Nicomedes I made it the capital of his kingdom, enriched it, and dowered it with monuments of every sort. There were temples to Rhea and Isis, a senate-house, an agora, a gymnasium, porticoes, basilicas [2] and public gardens. Here Arrian, the historian of Alexander the Great, was born. Under Roman rule Nicomedia increased its importance. Pliny the

[1] Near the modern Ismid.

[2] The name given to large buildings in which business was conducted. A large number of small articles were sold there and justice was administered.

Younger stayed there after Trajan had appointed him Governor of Bithynia and Pontus. The correspondence which passed between him and the Emperor gives a curious insight into the customs of that time, which are very similar to those of to-day. "Remember," Trajan writes to Pliny, "that if you have been sent to this province it is especially because there are many abuses to be put down." Indeed administrative affairs were not in good order; the revenue of the treasury was being squandered, the collection of the taxes was being unjustly conducted. Pliny began by asking for an architect for public works to be put in hand in Nicomedia, and then proposed the building of a new bath. A fire broke out which destroyed the *Gerusion*,[1] the temple of Isis, and a large number of houses. The town had no organised service to contend with the flames. Pliny urged upon the Emperor the necessity of creating a corps of one hundred and fifty artisans who could be used to fight the scourge. Trajan was doubtful about such an organisation. "Let us not forget," he wrote, "how many of the towns of this province have been disturbed by bodies of this kind. By whatever name we call them, whatever reason we may have for forming a corps of several persons, there will become established, at least temporarily, a spirit of brotherhood." Pliny announced that the town of Nicomedia had an aqueduct which had cost 3,329,000 *sesterces* and that the work remained unsatisfactory; he added that another had since been built upon which another two millions had been spent. This aqueduct had in turn been abandoned, and it would be necessary to incur further expenditure if water was to be obtained. Trajan replied: "It is well to bring water to Nicomedia. I am convinced that you will conduct this undertaking with

[1] The building in which the Council of Old Men assembled.

all the necessary zeal ; but you should endeavour to discover by whose fault the inhabitants of Nicomedia have lost such great sums and whether these works begun and abandoned have not served as a pretext for some persons to arrange mutual benefits. You will let me know what you learn in this respect."

Diocletian, who was as fond of the shores, lakes and mountains of Bithynia as he was of the coast of Dalmatia where he was born, built at Nicomedia a splendid palace which was in no way inferior to that whose walls can still be seen at Spalato, the ancient Salona. Nicomedia was at that time the capital of the Roman east. Its pre-eminence was threatened at the time of the partition of the empire and founding of Constantinople. Byzantine Nicomedia was a town of the second rank. Its ruins were used for the building of Ismid, which is completely insignificant. The arrival of the Turks on the Propontis struck the deathblow of all the waterside towns, which indeed were already moribund.

At the opening of the fourteenth century there landed in Cyzicus the company of Almogávares hired by Andronicus II Palaeologus to fight the Turks who, as masters of Bithynia, were constantly attacking the shores of the Propontis. The situation in Asia Minor was very critical for the Greeks. Pachymeres gives a striking picture of the flight of the Christians from Asia Minor. Constantinople and other towns of the Thracian coast were filled with refugees. Every day—just as in 1922-23—saw an influx of Greeks from Anatolia, driven out and harried by the Turks. They deserted their homes, their land, and all their belongings to seek shelter either in the towns and fortresses of the Empire or in the Archipelago. Famine and all the calamities and maladies that result from destitution raged at Constantinople and indeed everywhere.

In September 1303 the Catalans occupied Artaki in the south-west of Cyzicus, the place chosen by the Byzantines as the base of their operations against the Turks in Mysia. On learning of the departure, for Asia, of the Almogávares from Constantinople, Michael Palaeologus, who had no liking for them, evacuated Cyzicus with his whole force, numbering 12,000 horsemen and 10,000 foot. The Byzantine authors place their own construction upon this retreat, but Ramon Muntaner, the Catalan chronicler, found only one explanation : Michael's fear of the Turks, whom he dared not engage, whereas the Almogávares, numerically much weaker, paid little heed to the importance of the enemy with whom they had to deal. On their arrival at Artaki, they learned that the Turks were encamped two leagues away. Without any hesitation or delay, they prepared for battle. The cavalry flew the banner of Roger de Flor, in command of the expedition, and that of the Emperor ; the Almogávares carried the pennon bearing the arms of Aragon ; the advance guard displayed the arms of King Frederick of Sicily. Let us leave Ramon Muntaner to take up the tale :

" In the morning, eagerly and with great joy, they rose so early that at dawn they reached the torrent along which the Turks were camped with their wives and children. There they fell upon them with such impetuosity that the Turks were amazed at these people who with their bolts inflicted such blows that nothing could resist them. How shall I tell it ? As soon as the Turks had taken up their arms the battle was terrible, but what did their courage avail ? The Great Duke with his troop of horse and foot had thrown himself upon them so fiercely that they could not resist. Yet they refused to flee because of the women and children who were there. This struck anguish into their hearts, and

they preferred to die, so much so that never were men seen to perform such deeds of bravery. In the end all were taken prisoner. They lost more than 3,000 horsemen and 2,000 foot. The Great Duke and his troops took possession of the camp and left no male alive who was more than ten years old ; then they returned to Artaki. They set on board the galleys the male and female slaves, and many precious objects, the great part of which were given to the Emperor. The Empress and her son, as also the wife of the Great Duke, had their share ; and each of the rich men, Adalilas and Almogávares also, sent presents to the mother of the Great Duke's wife."

This occurred on the eighth day after the departure of the Catalans from Constantinople. The company took up its winter quarters at Artaki, "a delightful place in every way," according to Muntaner, without the slightest molestation from the Turks, of whom nothing more was seen ; so much so that, in April 1304 when the campaign was resumed, it was necessary to proceed as far as the walls of Philadelphia to attack them, and again they were beaten. The victorious march of the Almogávares was only arrested at the foot of Taurus, after the bloody battle of the Iron Gates, and if they did not advance further it was because all that part of Anatolia was evacuated and they did not know where to find the enemy.

Half a century later the Catalans are found in the Propontis again. It was no longer the Almogávares who now dominated Greece, but the sailors of King Peter of Arragon's fleet, the ally of the Venetian republic and the Byzantine empire against the Genoese. The hatred between the Genoese and the Catalans was old-standing, and the rivalry between Venice and Genoa for the mastery of the Mediterranean was keener than ever. King Cantacuzenus,

the successor of Palaeologus, to whom moreover the Catalans had become intolerable, concluded a treaty in 1352 with Doge Contarini and King Peter, with a view to common action in expelling the Genoese from the waters and markets of the Levant. The Venetian and Catalan galleys crossed the Hellespont, hotly pursued by the Genoese fleet. In the Propontis a violent storm was raging. The Genoese had to take refuge, first in Heraclea and then in Silivria. The Venetians and Catalans were manœuvring in the latitude of the Princes Islands, trying to effect a junction with the galleys of Byzantium. To prevent the enemy ships from concentrating, Doria took up a position between Zozopoli and the Bosphorus entrance. But once more the last word was with the Propontis. It was the south wind which hampered the manœuvre of the Genoese and favoured the movements of the Venetians and Catalans who advanced under full sail towards Constantinople, leaving the Genoese behind them. Doria, struggling against the fury of the waves, managed to reach the shore of Asia at the place called Barcofago, bristling with small shoals, *latenti sott'al mare.* This manœuvre was directed, not against the Venetians and Greeks who knew the shores well but against the Catalans who were navigating these waters for the first time.

As a rule great battles take place between dawn and sunset. The naval battle of Constantinople was fought out between sunset and dawn. The forces engaged were as follows : 60 Genoese galleys under the command of Paganino Doria, 49 Venetian and 26 Catalan galleys under the orders of Nicholas Pisani, and 14 Byzantine galleys. The battle opened, without any order being given, in the darkness and at the height of a furious storm. The two sides came to grips under the impulsion of mysterious forces.

Never was so tremendous a *mêlée* seen. The hurricane, the lightning, the thunder, the raging seas, all the elements seemed to have agreed to reinforce the bloodthirsty hatred and madness of the men. The combatants could not distinguish friend from foe. The Venetians, Catalans, and Genoese struck at random in this infernal tumult, delivering and suffering blows with frenzied valour. After midnight a calm set in, the wind gradually dropped. The men, having reached the limit of endurance, ceased fighting. The galleys, adrift, were carried away by the waves to the port of Santa-Foca, on the European side of the entrance to the Bosphorus.

The first light of day revealed an appalling spectacle. The sea was covered with wreckage and floating corpses, and on every hand nothing was to be seen save broken masts, tattered sails, ammunition chests, oars and rigging ; while cries of distress rose from the wounded and the shipwrecked. In this action all the participants were crippled. The Genoese lost 13 galleys, but sank 26 (14 Venetian, 10 Catalan and 2 Greek). The Catalan admiral, Santa Pau, seriously wounded, was put ashore at Constantinople, and Bonanat took over the command of the Catalan galleys. Doria, with his remaining galleys, made his way as best he could to the island of Candia, leaving the sea free for his rivals. The Basileus ordered Nicholas Pisani to give chase to the Genoese and re-open the battle. Pisani refused point blank. Then Cantacuzenus made the same proposal to Bonanat, believing that the Venetians would follow him. But Bonanat argued that, in spite of his readiness to fight, he could not act without the orders of the Venetian admiral. Meanwhile three other Catalan galleys arrived in the Bosphorus carrying " very valiant and active " soldiers. This reinforcement, however, did not make Admiral Pisani

change his dispositions ; he left his post near the Gate of Eugenius, moved round the Acropolis and moored his ships close to the Gate of St. Barbara the Martyr, a place very exposed to the violence of the waves whither the Greeks and Catalans were obliged to follow him.

Pisani's blunders exasperated the Byzantines. Bonanat, as strict an adherent to discipline as Santa Pau, confined himself to obeying orders without question. The categorical instructions received by Santa Pau from King Peter before leaving Barcelona deprived him of all initiative ; he was to consider himself under the sole command of the Venetian admiral. The behaviour of the Catalans in the battle of Constantinople is vaunted by the Byzantine, Venetian and Genoese chroniclers, their accounts being summed up by Gibbon as follows : "All parties agree in praising the skill and boldness of the Catalans, who, with many wounds, sustained the brunt of the attack." The Byzantines declared that the victory would not have been in doubt if Santa Pau had had the supreme command. The second manœuvre ordered by Nicholas Pisani brought about a fresh catastrophe. "The Emperor, who knew this sea well, was aware that winds often arose from the east, that the waves were driving the ships against the walls, and that, moreover, there were under the waves masses of huge stones thrown there purposely to protect the walls. He warned Nicholas not to expose himself rashly to certain peril. But, the admiral having replied that his experience at sea obliged the others to defer to his views, just as, when it was a question of land fighting, he deferred to theirs, the Emperor gave him up as a man who had taken leave of his senses, and ordered Admiral Tarcaniotus to take his galleys into safety, which he did at once.[1] It was well that he did so, for during the following

[1] Chronicle of Cantacuzenus.

night a storm arose which threw the Venetian and Catalan galleys ashore, seven being completely smashed while the rest escaped with difficulty. Nevertheless the crews, weapons and soldiers on board those that were wrecked were saved. The inhabitants of Constantinople, the Byzantine chronicle tells, felt as much disgust at the cowardice of the Venetians as they did esteem for the valour of the Catalans and compassion for their plight. They were in a state of shameful nakedness and looked like stricken ghosts. Some could not move their limbs for cold. They were succoured, not only by the communities and monasteries, but also by the artisans and the poor, who assisted them with wonderful zeal and lavished upon them all the care that piety and charity prompted. After doing all that was possible to restore their health they sent them back to their galleys. For lack of ship room, more than two thousand took up their quarters in Constantinople. Some were repatriated overland, thanks to the help of the Emperor. About three hundred elected to enter the Emperor's service, and these subsequently took part in various military operations, always distinguishing themselves by deeds of valour. But it was in the campaign in Thrace between the two factions contending for the throne that the Catalans found their opportunity to win renown.

As auxiliaries of his army, Cantacuzenus had the Turks sent by his son-in-law the Sultan Orkhan, and the Catalan legion. The objective was the subjection of the town of Hadrianopolis which refused to recognise his authority. The place was strongly fortified, and its inhabitants on the towers and walls awaited the enemies' attack with determination. The Basileos ordered the assault. The Catalans, to whom the most arduous task had been assigned, carried the acropolis and through it made their way into the

town. The rest of the forces attacked those massed before the gates, so that the place was invaded from both sides. The fighting spread into the streets. When the attackers set fire to the houses, panic seized the defenders. Some hid in the caves, others sought asylum in the churches. The soldiers looted the houses and carried off the furniture. No one was killed, though a fairly large number were wounded. After the capture of the town the Emperor gave orders for the fires to be extinguished. The pillage was not universal, the booty consisting only of furniture which was eventually sold back for small sums to its former owners. The Catalans got rid of it for any price that was offered, " for it was they who had the greater part, which they did not know what to do with as they were so far from their country."[1]

Nearly a century passed. The Emperor Constantine Dragazes, the last of the Palaeologi, occupied the throne. Mohamed II was besieging Constantinople. Foreigners of different nationalities were cooperating with the Byzantines in the defence of the town. The Catalans, whom we have already seen in Cyzicus, in the plains of Anatolia, on the waters of the Propontis and in Hadrianopolis, we now find again on the walls of Constantinople, engaged against the Turkish squadron, in the defence of the sector between Bucoleon and the Heptascalon on the shore of the Propontis. Peter Julia, the Catalan consul, whose son was with him, was in command of them. On the tragic day of March 20th, 1453, this handful of brave men perished. The victorious troops of Mohamed II cut the throats of all Christian survivors. Julia and his companions suffered the same fate as the Emperor Constantine, Francis of Toledo, Theophilus Palaeologus, Cardinal Isidor, John the Dalmatian, and so many other heroes.

[1] Chronicle of Cantacuzenus.

For many years the Turks had ceased to make any progress in Asia Minor. After winning back all the territory lost in the campaign of Roger de Flor, they occupied in succession all the maritime towns. The Greeks finally made terms with them. A daughter of the Emperor Cantacuzenus was married to Orkhan. On the continent of Asia the Byzantines no longer possessed the smallest strip of territory. The Turks had carried out seventeen descents on Europe without obtaining a firm hold. The peninsula of Cyzicus was theirs, Artaki being already called Erdek. On the south-eastern side they had founded Aïdinjik, near the site of the ancient town of Cyzicus. Suleiman, son of Orkhan, visited it one day, and the ruins which were still visible aroused his admiration. They were still imposing, in spite of the fact that their best columns and finest capitals had been removed by Justinian for building the basilica of Saint Sophia at Constantinople. After the capture of this town by Mohamed II the Turks installed at Artaki a factory for marble balls for the heavy guns along the Dardanelles. This factory was worked for over two hundred years. All the marble from Cyzicus passed through it. The local inhabitants fed their lime kilns from the statues and bas-reliefs, and the silting soil completed the work of destruction.

Last century, by dint of laborious effort, the base of Hadrian's temple, the most important monument of Cyzicus, was exhumed. The rhetorician Aelius Aristides gives us an idea of what it was like, though in somewhat emphatic terms :[1] "One might well wonder whether the portion of the island which you have removed, and which has gone to the building of the temple, is not greater than that which remains. Everyone, I believe, agrees that there was only one town which could build so colossal an edifice and

[1] *Oratio ad Cyziceuos.*

that our quarries alone could supply such a mass of stone. Formerly it was by the contour of different islands that the navigator distinguished one from the other and was able to say : this is Cyzicus, this Proconnesus, that other such and such an island. Now your temple suffices to replace the mountains and your city is the only one which has no further need of lighthouses, beacons and high towers to guide ships to harbour. Filling as it were the whole horizon, the temple indicates the situation of the town and at the same time testifies to your splendour ; for in spite of its size it is even more beautiful than big." Dion, who only knew the ruins, speaks thus : " It is said that under Antoninus Pius there was a terrible earthquake which laid waste Bithynia and the shores of the Hellespont. It inflicted cruel damage on several cities and razed others to the ground. One of the towns which suffered the most was Cyzicus, which saw the ruin of its temple, the finest and largest at that time in existence ; its columns, each of a single block, had a thickness of four *orgyia* and a height of sixty cubits. All the rest was on the same scale, and it was easier to admire the beauties of this edifice than to praise them worthily."

What has become of these monoliths ? The columns of Hadrian's temple at Cyzicus were certainly of one piece ; this is proved by the fact that no trace has been found even of those marble drums which lie near the base of almost all old temples. According to the calculations of Perrot and Guillaume (based on the measurements of fragments of bases and capitals), the columns of this temple had a diameter of 2.135m. at their base and a height of 21. 35m., 4. 56m. more than those of the Olympia at Athens, which were also erected in Hadrian's time, and 2m. more than those of the colossal temple of

Balbek, which have always been considered the highest. The sacred mountain of Cyzicus offered marble in abundance to the builders of towns, theatres, and temples; but the greatest quarries of white marble apart from that of Pentelicus are those which have been worked from time immemorial on the island of Proconnesus or Marmara, from which came a large part of the material used in the building of Cyzicus, as also for the palace of Mausolus at Halicarnassus. Proconnesus and Cyzicus were once sister towns. In both the Mother of the Gods was worshipped, though Proconnesus, at some distance from the coast, enjoyed a more independent existence. It is true that one day it fell under the domination of Cyzicus, whose inhabitants removed the chryselephantine statue of the great goddess, with its face made from hippopotamus teeth finely carved like plates of ivory. The town of Cyzicus was supreme in the Propontis long before Byzantium. Strabo tells us of the two closed harbours, strongly fortified, of its two hundred docks for the galleys, the two bridges which connected them with the mainland, and the three huge buildings—a kind of dock warehouse—one for storing cereals, the second for machinery and implements, and the third for munitions of war. He describes Cyzicus as "the rival of the first city of Asia in respect of the size, beauty and excellence of its institutions both civil and military, a town whose ornaments in no way yielded to those which made the reputation of Rhodes, Marseilles and Carthage."

Suleiman, no commonplace mind, interested himself in these ruins, the historical importance of which he grasped at the first glance. They suggested to him ideas of greatness. The Ottoman historians relate that the young prince had at this time a vision of the destinies of the Osman dynasty. Filled

with respect and astonishment, he mused as to what sort of people they had been who had created these marbles. In the moonlight, his eyes turned towards the sea in which the crumbled temples and marble porticoes were mirrored, he seemed to see palaces rise from the abyss and powerful fleets ploughing the surface of the waters. In the murmur of the waves he thought he heard pathetic voices, and the moon, shining between east and west, bound together Europe and Asia with a silver ribbon which glinted over the sea. It was the same planet which, rising from the bosom of Edebali, had plunged into the breast of Osman. Haunted by the memory of the dream which had prophesied world empire to his father, Suleiman felt his courage flame up, and resolved to unite Europe with Asia by conquest. It was decreed that the Ottomans should rule over the two continents.

This dream was not long in becoming a reality. After consulting the oldest counsellors of his family, Suleiman set resolutely to work. The very next morning Adsche Bey and Ghazi Fuzil went to reconnoitre the Thracian fortress of Tzympus, facing the Asiatic village of Gouroudjschouk. The treachery of a Christian favoured the enterprise, but the Turks lacked ships. They cut ox hides into thongs and with these they lashed tree-trunks together to form rafts. Suleiman and fifty-nine of his boldest companions embarked on these. Under cover of a dark night they crossed the Propontis and seized Tzympus, capturing some boats, which they sent back to the Asiatic side to bring over several hundred men. Three days later three thousand Turks were garrisoning the castle of Tzympus. This was the eighteenth time that the Ottomans had descended upon Europe, which they were not to leave again. They rapidly made themselves masters of the straits.

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Even before the fall of Constantinople they were dominant in the Balkans, and their standard fluttered in the wind from the entrance of the Black Sea to the southern extremity of the Thracian Chersonesus.

CHAPTER IV

THE HELLESPONT

To build the new town destined to be the capital of the kingdom he had cut out for himself in Europe and Asia, Lysimachus chose the isthmus that joins the Thracian Chersonesus to the mainland. He could not have made a better choice. It afforded easy egress towards the Propontis, the Gulf of Xeros, and the Hellespont. It formed a splendid observation post. Lysimachus wanted to act swiftly and surely, for it was essential at all costs that he should have a base of action against his numerous rivals. To populate Lysimachia, he destroyed the old town of Cardia on the same isthmus, the birthplace of Hyeronymus. As though by a miracle, Lysimachia within a very short space of time achieved splendour and prosperity. But, as it had no *raison d'être* apart from Lysimachus himself, it fell into decay after his death. From being a capital it degenerated into a provincial town tributary to the kings of Syria. The Thracians laid it in ruins during the Roman war against Philip of Macedon, and its final annihilation came about under the Roman Empire. Under the Byzantines it lost even its name: Justinian called it Hexamilia and the Turks Ecsemil. It is now completely insignificant. Nevertheless, strategically and commercially, Lysimachia was of enormous importance. Its strategic value did not escape the Ottomans, who built, not far from it, the famous lines of Boulaïr.

We took leave of the Propontis. The isthmus

receded into the fog on our right. The entrance to the Hellespont is wide. On the European side we could distinguish the Byzantine walls of Gallipoli, and on the Asiatic side the town of Lampsacus lay in melancholy stagnation. These are the two sentinels that guard the entrance to the Hellespont. Gallipoli, the ancient Kallipolis (the Beautiful Town), has a poor harbour, very shallow and exposed to the south winds, whereas that of Lampsacus, the old Ionian colony of Phocea and Miletus, is excellent. The history of Gallipoli has not been eventful, whereas that of Lampsacus is crowded with interest. Ionia, Lydia, and Persia are all concerned with it. Lampsacus first came into prominence as the chief centre of the cult of Priapos. Pilgrimages were made thither from all parts of Europe. It was to Priapos what Paphos was to Aphrodite, Pessinontus to Rhea, Ephesus to Artemis, Naxos to Dionysos, Delos to Apollo, Eleusis to Demeter. The antiquity of Lampsacus is shown by its ancient name of Bebrycia, which testifies to the passing of the ancient Phrygian migrations. This town possessed monuments, among others the couchant lion, the work of Lysippus, which Agrippa removed and which went to adorn the Campus Martius in Rome.

Gallipoli passed from one hand to another in the course of the centuries, and even in our own time it has changed masters several times within a few years. At the moment it is in the hands of the Turks, but others have their eyes upon it. It was never the scene of very outstanding events, but in 1306, under the rule of the Catalans, Gallipoli passed through a comparatively troubled period. The Almogávares, after the assassination of their chief, Roger de Flor, at the instigation of Michael Palaeologus, scattered into the European towns of the Propontis and terrorised Thrace by their acts of vengeance against

the Byzantines. They established their headquarters at Gallipoli, and thence embarked upon excursions in all directions. Fernando Ximenes d'Arenos occupied the fortress of Madytos, making himself master of the whole Chersonesus, and appeared before the walls of Constantinople at the head of his horsemen. Rocafort burned the Byzantine fleet in the arsenal of Stenia on the Bosphorus. The Catalans established at Gallipoli a sort of government upon whose seal was written *Sceau de l'ost des Francs qui règnent sur le royaume de Macédoine.* They lived on the country, capturing in their raids all the girls, women and young men who could be sold as slaves, and turned Gallipoli into a great Christian slave market. Thrace became depopulated. The Emperor, powerless to deal with such enemies independently, approached the Genoese. When the main body of the Catalan forces had set out for the interior to engage the Alans, Gallipoli was left with a weak garrison, Ramon Muntaner being then governor. It occurred to the Genoese of Galata to take advantage of this situation, and Admiral Spinola embarked his men in eighteen Genoese and seven Greek galleys, which arrived off Gallipoli ready to give battle. "While they were getting ready," Muntaner writes, "to attack us on the following day, I spent the whole night preparing the defence. I distributed arms to all the women we had with us, for of weapons we indeed had more than enough. I stationed the women on the walls, and on each wall I set a Gallipoli merchant, one of those Catalan merchants we had with us, giving him command of the women. In every street I placed half tuns of wine mixed with vinegar, and a large quantity of bread, so that whoever would could eat and drink his fill, knowing as I did that the enemy were so strong that they would not allow us time to go home for food."

In the first skirmish, in which he sought to hamper the landing of the enemy, Muntaner received five wounds and had to withdraw to the castle. Seeing this, the Greeks thought their victory assured. Their battle order left nothing to be desired. From each galley they disembarked a banner with half the crew. All defenders who emerged were wounded. I cannot refrain from quoting Muntaner's vivid and expressive story:

"What shall I tell you? The battle was vigorous and our women, with the aid of great rocks and building stone which I had had taken to the walls, defended the barbicans so obstinately that it was marvellous to see. And indeed, there was a woman who was wounded in the face by five bolts and still defended herself as if she were unhurt. And this battle lasted until the hour of morning. And then, Ser Antoine Spinola with four hundred men of family who were with him, all belonging to the best families of Genoa, prepared to leave their galleys. I ordered up a hundred men stripped of their armour, for it was July and very hot. And in shirt and breeches, each armed with a shield, lance in hand, sword in belt, and poignard at their side, I ordered them to hold themselves ready, and as soon as Captain Spinola with all his braves and five banners arrived at the portcullis of the castle, they had to fight hard for a certain space of time, so that most of them had their tongues hanging out with thirst and heat. And with the six barbed horses and my lightly armed foot soldiers we fell upon the banners so rudely that at the first shock we brought four to the ground. And when they saw that we were holding our ground so vigorously, both horsemen and foot, they gave way and soon we saw only their backs."

Antoine Spinola was killed, as also were all the

noblemen who had followed him. More than six hundred Genoese lost their lives in this venture. "And I tell you that our men climbed the very ladders of their ships mingled with them. And in truth, if only we had had a hundred fresh men we should have captured more than four of their galleys. But we were all either wounded or jaded, and we let them go to their fate."

The Catalan domination of Gallipoli lasted seven years, and "for five years," the chronicler adds, "we lived there in plenty, without ever sowing, planting or ploughing." This can be understood, for the Almogávares were not colonisers. Their presence in the east was for purely warlike aims, and the only object of their occupation of Gallipoli was to inflict chastisement on the Byzantines, a task of which they acquitted themselves with truly ferocious energy and harshness. But their stay could not be indefinitely prolonged. In the Chersonesus and the rest of Thrace all growth had ceased; the devastation had been complete and absolute. To obtain food the Catalans had had to raid comparatively distant countries. Gallipoli was threatened with famine. It was then that they evacuated it and took up their abode at Cassandria in Chalcidica, which became the base of their operations in Macedonia.

To the Hellespont they bequeathed the memory of their extraordinary epic and nothing else; we were cruising amid memories only. On both banks of the straits nothing was to be seen but deserted land. On approaching the Point of Nagara we made a point of following the advice of Apollodorus of Rhodes: "Traveller, if ever you pass that way, look for the tower where once, lantern in hand, Hero cheered and guided Leander; look for the famous straits of Abydos which to-day still weep for the love and death of Leander." We searched in vain; but

saw only the straits ; the tower was gone. Sestos and Abydos are to-day Turkish villages, almost unknown. Looking carefully towards Abydos, we could just catch a glimpse of modern fortifications. When we passed, British troops were encamped on the beach ; we could see huts and tents and field artillery on the march. How far we were from the Abydos of history, with its gold mines, the ally of Sestos and Madytos against the Trojans ! Of Sestos, which was the strongest place in the Chersonesus, the point of embarkation for all the emigrations and military expeditions passing from Asia to Europe and from Europe to Asia, not a trace remains. Sestos and Abydos, however, are immortalised in legend.

At Sestos there was a temple of Aphrodite to which the people came from Phrygia, Thrace and the islands. It was the festival of Adonis and Aphrodite. In a procession of beautiful girls, Hero approached : " Her sweet face radiating the light of her beauty, like dazzling Phoebus rising over the horizon." Around her the air was filled with murmurs of admiration. " Her robe, floating around her, allowed a glimpse of roses at her feet." Leander, seeing her for the first time, was filled with love for her, spoke passionate words and, under cover of the dying twilight, tried to lead her to a remote corner of the temple. " Stranger," she cried, " what madness is this ? " With a modest gesture, Hero drew her mantle back over her shoulders, and as Leander insisted, she rebuked him severely in words " which were avowals ; for when women rail against their lovers their anger is the tacit expression of approaching defeat." Leander, a persistent lover, overcame Hero's half-hearted resistance. Urged by their mutual love they pledged themselves to unite eternally in a " clandestine marriage." Leander would swim to Abydos and from the top of a tower his love

would hold a torch to guide his crossing. " Young virgin," Leander said to her, " for you I would cross the angered deep, were the sea of burning flames and unapproachable. To win admission to your couch I fear neither the tumultuous waves nor the deafening noise of the roaring sea. Each night, borne on the waters, your husband will swim the straits of the swiftly running Hellespont." The first attempt almost ended in disaster. Leander was afraid. When he heard the hideous roar of the mutinous waves, he was at first seized with fear, but he quickened his courage with the words : " Love is imperious, the sea implacable ; the sea, after all, is but water and the flames of love consume me. Summon then your strength, O heart ; fear not the great mass of water. Come to the aid of my passion. Do you forget that Cypris was born on the bosom of the waves and possesses a power over the sea and over my malady ? " Leander, suddenly made bold, tied his clothes to his shoulders and threw himself into the waves. " He was his own oarsman, sail and ship." Hero was awaiting him. With the folds of her robe she shielded the torch from the wind. She folded Leander in her arms.

One crossing followed another, in secrecy. Hero was consecrated to virginity, and her love would have forced her to resign her office as priestess of Aphrodite. In Sestos no one suspected this intrigue. Winter returned, however, with its mists and fogs, but nothing daunted the intrepidity of Leander. The moment the torch flickered from the tower, he lost all feeling of danger. This is how the poet describes the last crossing : " Already wave is driven on by wave, the sea is mounting high ; the waves seem to mingle with the clouds ; the winds roar from every quarter. Eurus blows against Zephyr, Notus against Boreas ; a hideous clamour

spreads over the sea. Leander becomes the plaything of the waves. His legs give way ; he can no longer move his arms. The water washes into his mouth and he drinks the deadly draught of the bitter waters. The cruel breath of the north wind extinguishes the treacherous torch, cutting off at one blow the life and love of the unhappy youth. Hero, with watchful eye and her soul filled with mortal anxiety, waits. The day breaks. Hero searches the sea, and all at once at the foot of the tower she sees her lifeless husband, torn by the sharp rocks. A prey to despair, she tears away the beautiful garments that cover her breast, utters a piercing cry, and throws herself from the top of the tower." The poem ends as follows : " Thus perished Hero on the body of her lover, and they remained united even unto death."

Lord Byron tried to repeat Leander's feat. He was on board the schooner *Salsette* anchored in the harbour of the Dardanelles when, on May 3rd, 1810, the idea occurred to him of swimming the Hellespont from the European to the Asiatic side in the company of Lieutenant Eckenhead. Lord Byron took sixty-five minutes and his companion seventy. The current drove them constantly towards the Archipelago. Relating his adventure, Lord Byron says that the force of the current compelled them to swim between three and four miles, whereas the width of the straits is not more than a mile ; a statement which strikes me as somewhat arbitrary since the distance between Dardanelles and Kilid Bahar is now five or six kilometres. When the English traveller Turner tried to imitate him, he had to turn back to his starting point owing to the strength of the current. In ancient times, according to Strabo, the distance between Sestos and Abydos was seven stades (1,255 metres) ; to-day it is nearly two kilometres.

It was in this neighbourhood, between Abydos and a point between Sestos and Madytos, that Xerxes crossed the straits by a bridge of 674 rafts. His son Darius performed the same bold feat on the Bosphorus, where, two thousand years later, the Turks in their turn linked Asia to Europe by a similar bridge. Nagara is the military port of the Dardanelles. It is through the narrow channel between the Point of Nagara and that of Kilid Bahar that one enters the central basin of the Hellespont, which is closed at the other end by the passage between the fortresses of Tchanak-Kalessi (on the Asiatic side) and Kilid Nahar (on the European). The batteries of this position are approximately on the site of Cynossema (the Tomb of the Dog), where history mingles strikingly with fable.

After the fall of Troy, Hecuba, the second wife of Priam, had been made a slave, and, together with all the Trojan women who had suffered the same fate, she was confined in a camp—a concentration camp it would be called to-day—on the European shore of the Hellespont. Hecuba was mourning the death of her daughter Polyxena, who had been sacrificed by Neoptolemus on Achilles' tomb. She was also mourning the death of her son Polydorus. As she went to draw water from the sea, a wave cast up at her feet the body of Polydorus, terribly maimed. It happened that Polymnestor, the murderer of Polydorus, was at hand. Mad with grief, Hecuba threw herself upon him and with all the strength of her fury she drove her fingers into the traitor's eyes, tore out the eyeballs, plunged her whole hand into the socket and, drenched with the shameful blood, tore at the hollows. The Thracians, exasperated at this treatment of their chief, attacked Hecuba with stones and arrows. To their amazement, however, the unhappy woman ran after a stone which had been thrown at her and

bit it savagely ; then, uttering a strangled moan, she opened her mouth to cry out, and barked. She had been changed into a dog. That is why the place where she died and was buried is called Cynossema.

On both sides of this promontory was waged the naval battle which is known as the Battle of Cynossema, between the Athenians and the Spartans. The peculiarity of this battle was that both sides were in line and could not draw back. The Spartans had in their rear the Troad coast, the Athenians that of the Chersonesus. A battle fought under these conditions in the middle of so narrow a passage as the Hellespont is difficult to imagine in the light of modern naval tactics. I will try to give a résumé of the story detailed by Thucydides.

Setting out from the Eleontum, the Athenians advanced along the coast as far as Sestos. The Peloponnesians were in position in front of Abydos. The Athenian fleet of eighty-five vessels extended from Idacus to Arrhianes. The Spartans had eighty-eight ships drawn up in a line stretching from Abydos to Dardanius. They attempted to overlap with their left the Athenian right, which was under the command of Thrasybulus, but the latter, divining the enemy's intention, rapidly reached the place where it was intended to attack him and frustrated the movement. Meanwhile, the Athenian left, under the orders of Thrasyllus, doubled Cape Cynossema, and in doing so weakened the centre of the line. The Peloponnesians concentrated their forces on this weak point and, for the moment, were victorious. Thrasybulus, who had kept them in sight, bore down upon them strongly, dispersed them, and gave chase individually to the ships, which headed for their base to reform. Thrasyllus, on his side, engaged the Syracusans forming the Spartan right and routed them. The Peloponnesians, completely

defeated, withdrew to the mouth of the river Pydius. The Athenians captured eight ships from Chios, five from Corinth, two from Ambracia, two from Boeotia, one from Lacedaemon, one from Syracuse and one from Pellene. They themselves lost fifteen. After the battle they raised a trophy upon Cape Cynossema.

The Spartans took their revenge, again in the Hellespont, at Aegospotamos, almost in the very waters in which they had been beaten. The Aegospotamos (River of the Goat) is a stream crossing the Chersonesus from west to east, for the two branches which form the river rise on the ridge of the cliff running along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Xeres. This river flowers into the Hellespont half way between Gallipoli and Sestos. In this action the fleets were much stronger than at Cynossema. Lysander, the Spartan chief, had just sacked Lampsacus and his ships were lying at anchor in that harbour when he heard that one hundred and eighty Athenian galleys, sent in his pursuit, had just arrived in the estuary of the Aegospotamos. He waited. The following morning, at a very early hour, the Athenians offered battle. Lysander refused. The following day the Athenians renewed their challenge ; but in vain. They attributed Lysander's attitude to the fear they inspired. This was repeated on four successive days. As the Spartans ignored every provocation and never left their anchorage, the Athenians regarded themselves as victorious without having fought. They camped on the beach without taking any precautions. Alcibiades, who had arrived in the Chersonesus, visited their camp and reproached them with their dilatoriness in taking the offensive. He exhorted them to leave the deserted, exposed shore, where there were no facilities for revictualling, and go to Sestos. They

would not listen to him. On the fourth day they put to sea as usual and the Spartans remained impassive as ever. But, in the afternoon, when the Athenians were returning to the Chersonesus, Lysander called together some of his commanders and gave them the following orders: "Watch carefully the enemy's movements, and, as soon as you see them disembark, return to the middle of the straits, and let each of your ships carry at the prow a shield raised on a pike." At this signal the Spartan fleet dashed out. Under oars it rapidly crossed the straits, which were only fifteen *stades* wide. There was no battle, properly speaking. The crews of Lysander's ships invaded the camp of the Athenians, to whom such an attack came as a complete surprise. Some of them had gone off in search of provisions; others were busy cooking their soup; many were lying on the beach discussing the events of the day. The Spartans slew right and left, carried off three thousand prisoners, including the generals, and captured the whole Athenian fleet with the exception of one Paralian galley and eight triremes which Conon managed to get away. As the result of this disaster Athens capitulated and the Peloponnesian war came to an end.

In 1918, Kilid-Bahar and Tchanak-Kalessi constituted the base of the Dardanelles defensive system. Tchanak (the Town of the Potters) is situated near the estuary of the river Rhodius. A curious population made up of Turks, Greeks, Levantines, Armenians, Jews, Circassians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Gypsies, and Tartars at one time dwelt in this little town which looked like a nest of pirates, in spite of the standards of all the nations over the roofs of the houses along the shore which constituted the offices of shipping and consular agents. All ships proceeding towards the Sea of Marmora or

the Bosphorus were forced to stop at Tchanak for examination of their papers and other formalities. This traffic formed the sole means of livelihood of the inhabitants. It was a strange and motley population of boatmen, pilots, ship's chandlers, brokers, interpreters, commission-agents, pedlars, beach-combers and pirates of every kind that swarmed in the shadow of the formidable batteries.

At the time of our visit all this seemed to have gone. On the quay an English soldier, pipe in mouth and cane in hand, was strolling up and down as representative of the British occupation. None of the usual crowd of storekeepers and hawkers descended upon our ship. The main—in fact for practical purposes the only—street was deserted. There was not a single vehicle in the town. Some of the buildings still showed traces of the recent bombardments. An English cruiser was anchored in the roads. Tchanak used to live and prosper only by reason of the restrictions imposed upon the passage of the Dardanelles and of its cosmopolitanism. We found it a dismal place, exclusively Turkish, from which all the traders and fishers in troubled waters had for the time being departed. Under these circumstances the arrival of a yacht was an event. In the harbour there were one or two British vessels of war and a Scandinavian salvage steamer. We came alongside the quay without difficulty. The English orderly stared at us inquisitively without asking a single question. Some nondescript contractors came up to offer their services. When we enquired as to how we could make an excursion into the interior of the Troad, someone offered to go and fetch the consul. Which consul? An aged, melancholy looking man appeared, who was carrying out semi-officially the duties of consul, vice-consul or consular agent of

various Powers. Indeed, he did not know himself what nationality he represented. We had been told at Moudania or Constantinople that we should find motor-cars at Tchanak. The " consul " shrugged his shoulders. There was only one carriage, a horse vehicle, and that would require looking for.

While the necessary steps were being taken our cook explored the market, where it was very difficult to obtain anything at all. While we were walking about, we turned into the main street which runs along the shore. The carriage that had been hinted at was certainly somewhere, but no one knew where. It turned out meanwhile that it was really a cart in which one could only ride lying prone, like a corpse. The " consul " did his best to assure us that it was not so bad, but it was nowhere to be found. Suddenly a Turkish policeman began to take an interest in us. Our papers were perfectly in order, and we had in addition special passes and letters of introduction. But the zealous official was not satisfied. He informed us that the town of Dardanelles was prohibited and that we could not pass beyond the jetty. He pretended to take us for dangerous persons in search of strategic secrets in the dilapidated and dismantled forts or studying how best to invade the country of Priam. Unfortunately for him, we had no ambition to defy regulations by any of the usual methods, all we wanted being a simple drive, and we took our leave of this depressing place, which is now of no significance from any point of view.

In bidding us farewell the " consul " told us that if we were really anxious to penetrate into the interior of the district, there was no difficulty about it. All we had to do was to land at Koum-Kalessi, or double the cape and go to Yeni-Cheïv, a large coast village where we should find carriages, horses and provisions

—in a word, all we might require. Gratified by these assurances, we went on our way.

All history has passed through the Hellespont, from the expedition of the Argonauts and the Trojan war down to the recent Great War. In ancient times the country now called the Chersonesus was joined to Asia, as is proved by geological evidence. The geological strata of the two sides exactly coincide, and it is the same with the flora. Asia and Europe were linked by the isthmus which to-day joins the Chersonesus to the mainland. This was the route taken by the prehistoric migrations of the Aryan nations which had been held up by the wild Phrygian plateau. They passed from Phrygia to Thrace by the direct road unhindered by the sea. Later, when the waters of the Euxine and the Propontis broke through the channel—later called the Hellespont—Dardanus, Abydos, and Sestos continued to be the road of communication between the two continents. This region is now exhausted, aged, but formerly it was covered with wooded hills, verdant meadows and smiling valleys. The Rhodius flowed under the shade of poplars and willows. In the Chersonesus the stag was hunted. Wild boars came down to drink the water of the Simois. There were towns surrounded by olive trees and vineyards. Now all is solitude, aridity, emptiness.

The second book of the Iliad describes the mobilisation of these Mysian tribes scattered over territory where to-day it is almost impossible to find a single herd or village. We read of the Dardanians, led by Æneas, son of Anchises, to whom the beautiful Aphrodite, having deigned to unite with a mortal, gave birth on the summit of Ida ; the inhabitants of Adrastia, Apasus and Pytea marching under the orders of Adrastus and Amphius, sons of

Merops the Soothsayer, the enemy of war, which he called " the tomb of men " ; the dwellers in Percotte, Sestos, Abydos and Arisba, following the son of Hyrlaeus Asius, prince of the nations ; the Pelasgians, practised with the javelin and hailing from Larissa, under the leadership of Hippothous and Pyleus. On the Chersonesus stood no less than ten ports, and the ancient geographers state that on the Asiatic side there were fifteen. In our time, apart from Gallipoli, which is on the Propontis, the insignificant town of Lampsacus, and an almost undiscoverable hamlet, only one port, Tchanak, stands on the Dardanelles. The dust of the temples mingles with the sandstorms raised by the hurricane ; the sands of the beaches and the stones washed in the riverbeds are the débris of marbles or fragments of pottery ; whole acropolises, like those of Roeteum and Dardanus, have crumbled away before the action of the weather, and their cyclopean walls, broken off and ground to powder, litter the untilled land.

After leaving Tchanak, our ship hugged the coast of the Troad. One could distinguish with the naked eye the hill at the top of which stood the town of the Dardanians, older than Troy, for its founder, Dardanus, preceded Priam by five generations. What has become of the *Portus Archaiorum* where the Greeks landed in the fifteenth century before Christ ? In all probability there lay between Cape Roetum and Cape Sigeum a huge bay into which the Scamander flowed. The alluvium of this river and of the Simois silted up this space. Since the time of Homer the topography of this region has undergone a complete change. Where once the biremes and triremes of Greece cast anchor there is to-day a vast waste of sand.

We landed here. The lighthouse and fort of

Koum-Kalessi and a few huts constitute the sole, unstimulating relief to the monotony of this desert. Near by there is a ruined village, recalling the fierce fighting of which this place was the scene on April 25th and 26th, 1915, while on the opposite bank of the straits the violent bombardment by the British battleships *Agamemnon* and *Swiftsure* noisily proclaimed the opening of the fight for the Dardanelles. The detachments which attacked simultaneously the villages of Sidel-ul-Bahr in the Chersonesus and Koum-Kale in the Troad were French. The British fleet opened the bombardment of the batteries on the European side ; the French fleet—represented by the *Jaurêguiberry, Jeanne d'Arc, Henri IV* and others—together with the cruiser *Askold,* the only Russian warship in the Mediterranean, directing their attention to the Asiatic side. This shore of Koum-Kale, so dreary and desolate, was then the scene of one of those blunders of which the General Staffs were so prodigal during the Great War. The idea was to create a diversion in order to diminish the Turkish resistance in the Chersonesus. Just as though this littoral of the Troad were as unknown to Europeans as it must have been to the Greeks when they went to attack the kingdom of Priam, it was first necessary to reconnoitre for a good landing-place. A demonstration was made in the Bay of Besika—near the island of Tenedos—which was an excellent base ; but Yeni-Cheir, Koum-Kale, which offered fewer advantages, was decided upon in preference. In a few hours the Turks were able to reinforce their lines and the French had to make no less than seven counter-attacks before they carried the position. Five hundred men—a heavy percentage for so small a force (1)—were lost ; but the objective was attained.

[1] It consisted of a colonial infantry regiment, a battery of 75 mm. guns and a company of engineers under the orders of Colonel Rueff.

But General Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops, immediately afterwards ordered the evacuation of Koum-Kale, "according to plan" (a common phrase in connection with withdrawals). The French re-embarked without understanding the reason for the expedition. and the Turks were left with not only the fort of Koum-Kale, but also that of In-Tepe, 3,500 metres to the eastward, whose guns, commanding the rear of the Sidd-el-Bahr positions, proved one of the factors that brought about the Anglo-French defeat.

The Turks cling tenaciously to the sands of Koum-Kale, which hold such poignant memories for Europeans. A few soldiers, somewhat ragged but well armed, ran forward to meet us, not in welcome but to bar our way. As usual someone was sent to fetch the local commandant, and while he was coming the soldiers watched us suspiciously, noting our every movement. When the chief arrived we showed him our papers at which he hardly glanced. A single word came from his lips: "*Yazak*" ("You can't go on"), a laconic and categorical military expression in face of which it is useless to insist; there is nothing to do but to turn back. We could hardly double Cape Sigeum without casting a glance at Cape Mastousia, the south-western extremity of Thracian Chersonesus. At the foot of the cliffs of ancient Elaeos the keel of the *Majestic* can be seen, just above the surface of the water, like a whale's back. Nor is this the only wreckage left in these waters by the Dardanelles campaign. The morning after the opening of hostilities the *Bouvet* was sunk. A French battleship was the first loss, but five British ships (*Goliath, Triumph, Ocean, Irresistible* and *Majestic*) followed, not to mention transports and subsidiary craft. The British Admiralty imagined that the forcing of the

Straits would be primarily a naval operation. At a given moment the approaches and entrance of the Dardanelles were covered with warships of every conceivable type; never had so powerful or so motley a fleet been seen. At the end of a month, however, the mistake had to be admitted. All this naval force withdrew to shelter in the Bay of Mudros, on the island of Lemnos, whence General Hamilton, on board the *Arcadian*, his floating GHQ, directed operations on sea, on land and in the air. And what operations! The navy routed, the seaplanes always missing their objectives, and a few heroic French, British and Australian divisions clinging to the extremity of Chersonesus and struggling against the impossible! Between March 18th, 1915, and January 9th, 1916, the whole duration of the "adventure," the British lost 200,000 men in killed, wounded, missing, evacuated, sick, etc., and the French over 50,000. Round the tumulus of Protesilaus, which on the Mastousia promontory corresponds to the tumulus of Achilles on Cape Sigeum, stretch to-day great English and French cemeteries in which 35,000 soldiers lie. They died bravely, and in the intervals of war the Homeric epic was not forgotten. The transport *River Clyde*, deliberately run ashore to facilitate the landing of the troops hidden in her belly, was called the Trojan Horse. The French, in the middle of fighting and alarums and under the fire of the Asiatic batteries, contrived to excavate the ruins of Eleontum and to send cases of relics to the Louvre.

For thousands of years this sinister promontory has guarded the poetic memory of Protesilaus, the first Greek to be killed in the Trojan war. Near his tomb the nymphs planted trees of which those branches which looked towards Troy came into leaf before the rest but faded earlier. A sanctuary in

honour of Protesilaus was built at Eleontum, and games were instituted there ; the same hero had a monument at Delphi.

In the Hellenic world there is no promontory without its legend. Sigeum has one of course. According to Ovid[1], Phoebus left Mount Tmolus and, soaring over the narrow Hellespont, came to the plains of Laomedon, where he erected on Cape Sigeum an altar consecrated to Zeus Panompheus. Various tumuli stand at the estuary of the Scamander. The Greeks attributed these to Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus and other heroes ; let us respect tradition. The artificial mounds, of which there are so many in the valleys of the Scamander and the Simois, are the only visible remains of the epic. At the entrance to the Hellespont, where so many ships of war were sunk in 1915, Helle was drowned, when she rode through the air with Phryxus on the ram with the golden fleece, sent to Colchis from Olympus by Hermes. Phryxus tried in vain to save his companion, but she was swallowed up by the waves. He pursued his way and, having arrived at his destination, sacrificed the ram to Zeus and sent the fleece to King Aetes, whose daughter, Calliope, he married. Helle gave her name to the straits which separate Thrace from Mysia.

After our check at Koum-Kale we wanted to have a look at Yeni-Cheiv, which the Dardanelles Consul had mentioned to us as a place where we should find conveniences of every kind. Yeni-Chiev ceased to exist in 1915. We passed quite close to the ruins and decided that it was not worth while to land, for obviously someone would greet us with the baffling word *yasak*. The western coast of the Troad has the same desolate appearance as that of

[1] Met. xi.

View of Gallipoli (from an old print).

Cape Lecton.

the Hellespont : bare mountains, deserted beaches, tumuli. A very short time ago, however, Greeks and Turks were still living in the few towns and villages scattered along the Trojan coast. To the south-east of Tenedos, the ruins of Alexandria in the Troad, called by the Turks Eski-Stamboul, vie with the modern ruins. Ruins everywhere !

At the southern extremity of the Troad we came upon Cape Lecton[1], formed by the extremity of Mount Gargara, one of the spurs of the Ida chain. Hera, having put on the belt of Aphrodite, took her flight from the summit of Olympus in Thessaly over Pieria and the frozen summits of Thrace, set foot on the summit of Mount Athos and from there with one bound reached Memnos, then flew to the island of Imbros, and finally came to earth on Cape Lecton, at the extremity of the Gargara chain. Thence the goddess pursued her swift course, " skimming with light foot over the mountain crests, while the rivers flowed through the valleys and the troubled forests roared and shuddered under her step."[2]

On Cape Lecton not the least trace remains of the altar dedicated to the Twelve Great Gods, which was said to be the work of Agamemnon and which for centuries was the goal of pious pilgrimages ; but there is a very picturesque little town encircled by Turkish fortifications, the walls in very dilapidated condition. It has all the appearance of being deserted, were it not for two or three windmills working by the side of others which are in ruins.

We passed through the channel that separates the island of Lesbos from the southern coast of the Troad. Forty *stades* from Cape Lecton, on an eminence close to the sea, there existed, facing

[1] *Baba-Bournon* or *Baba-Kalessi* (cape or castle of the grandfather).
[2] Homer, *Iliad*, xiv.

Methymna, the Palamedion[1], in memory of Palamedes, a hero of the siege of Troy, son of Nauplios and Clymene who was the daughter of Atreus, a sage who invented the discus, weights and measures, the alphabet, lighthouses, and many other things. Ulysses, jealous of his success and influence, hatched a plot against him. He had letters written and signed "Priam," in exact imitation of the writing and style of the King of Troy. These he addressed to Palamedes, and a slave of the latter, bribed by Ulysses, hid them under his master's bed. Palamedes was then accused of treachery. A search was made, and the letters which proved the crime were found. This was sufficient to cause Palamedes to be stoned. Achilles, saddened by the death of his great friend, insisted on rendering him the last honours and, seconded by Ajax, raised a funeral monument to him in the place later known as Palmedion. He also erected there a statue, a cubit high, which could be seen from the island of Lesbos; it represented Palamedes armed. The pedestal bore the inscription "To the divine Palamedes."

Here the local inhabitants used to offer sacrifices to invoke their *manes*, and it was with this object in view that Apollonius Tyaneus landed at Palamedion. Finding the statue overthrown, he had it re-erected. Philostratus reports having seen it.[2] This story inspired Euripides, and Ovid did not spare Ulysses, in whom indeed there is little to admire. Through the mouth of Ajax he addresses to him the following compliments: "I speak as Ulysses acts: little and badly. In the middle of the fight my strength is in my arm, and his is in his tongue. I must remind you of what I have done,

[1] On all the maps this is erroneously marked Polymedion.
[2] Phil. *Life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, IV, chap. xiii.

which you have witnessed ; Ulysses has to tell you of his exploits always performed without witnesses and of which the night alone knows the secret." And again : " Would to the gods his madness had been real or better acted, that this architect of crime had never come to the walls of Troy." After referring to the misfortunes of Philoctetes which were due to Ulysses, he says : " Unhappy Palamedes, why did we abandon you thus ? You would be alive, or at least would not have died innocent yet believed to be guilty. This coward Ulysses has cherished only too well the memory of his treachery and made of Palamedes a traitor. . . . Thus by exile and death he has robbed Greece of two of her firmest supports. If Palamedes died innocent, if his accuser is a scoundrel, what are we to say of those who condemned him ! "

The day was dying. To port lay Mount Zeleios, to starboard Lapethymnos, swathed in shadow. Astern, Cape Lecton raised its black silhouette. The sea was calm and the breeze warm. It was quite dark when we anchored in the Bay of Sivirdjik, a mile from the shore. As soon as our presence was noticed, shouts were raised. A clamour of voices reached us from the direction of the village, died down, and then began again. They were calls, curses. They insisted on knowing who we were, but no doubt the callers had no means of reaching us. It was not until later that we learned the reason for the uproar. The neighbouring island of Lesbos was in the possession of the Greeks and it was feared that they might raid the helpless villages. We were suspected, and with good reason. In the darkness we were taken for enemies. We were fortunate to escape being shot at.

CHAPTER V

ASSOS

We left our anchorage at Sivirdjik before daybreak so as to reach the Assos roadstead in the early morning. It was one of those bright, buoyant mornings that one would like to have prolonged indefinitely. The yacht glided over a motionless sea and the sun was rising from the depths of the Gulf of Adramyttion. We cast anchor a few hundred yards from the ancient mole, now a ruin. The little harbour of to-day is formed by an open dock which affords shelter for small sailing craft. The quay alongside which we ran our boat, however, still retains some trace of classical days, for it is built of blocks of marble brought from the ruins of Assos, which has also provided sufficient material for the row of ten or twelve small houses along the shore. Among this masonry are to be found carved stones, shafts of columns, fragments of friezes. Incidentally all the buildings have had their roofs smashed and their walls pierced by the shells of the Allied fleets, which in the war fired at random on every building on the Turko-Asiatic coast within range.

As we came alongside, a few soldiers with rifles over their shoulders came towards us, greeting us with uneasy suspicion. Our captain handed them the ship's papers, which they passed from hand to hand without understanding a word, after which they summoned the only man in the place who could read, probably the customs officer. In addition to the papers, we showed him a letter of introduction from the delegate of the Angora Government at

Constantinople. He read it aloud, the soldiers listening attentively, but remaining impassive. In acknowledgment of my explanations as to the purpose of our journey, the man said very politely: "All right; a gendarme will take you to the antiquities." Meanwhile other soldiers had come up, including a *chious* or corporal, who apparently felt called upon to make his authority felt. "You will not move from here," he said. "Someone will go to inform the captain of the port, who is in the village of Behram, and he will decide. Go back on board until his answer comes." To this we replied bluntly: "We shall wait here." The *chious*, seeing no alternative, gave way, sent a gendarme to Behram, and gave orders that we were to be kept under observation. We could not take a step or make the least movement without inspiring alarm in the worthy guards. To distract our involuntary idleness we gave ourselves up to reflection on the past of the port of Assos, and especially the incident related in the Acts of the Apostles. On his journey to Alexandria in the Troad, St. Paul went from this town to Assos by the road and there was joined by some of his disciples. They travelled together from Assos to Mytilene, Chios, Samos, and Miletus, and from that time Assos has had a place in the New Testament.

At last the captain of the port, whom they had gone to waken in his home at Behram, arrived. His name was Zezai Bey and he wore the summer uniform of an officer of the Turkish Navy. After a moment's hesitation he became friendly and invited us to go with him. He took us behind the Customs building and then to the first storey of a house, the only one that remained standing. We found ourselves in a very simple room, furnished with odds and ends of furniture, where we sat down, exchanging salutations. This constituted the

ceremonial of reception. Coffee alone was wanting, for in the port area of Behram there was neither coffee, sugar, nor heating apparatus, which Zezai Bey must have missed sadly. We then set out. We were forced to proceed in Indian file, the officer at the head of the expedition, and a gendarme bringing up the rear.

We began the ascent at once. The road runs parallel to the sea for about fifty yards, then turns northward and winds up to the foot of the ruins. It is perfectly marked, and is shown to be the original road by the pieces of paving, and even whole stones, on which the ruts of chariots can still be seen. Strabo, while stating that Assos was "a town of considerable importance, made very strong by its position and even more so by the excellence of its walls," adds that it was separated from the harbour by "a long, very steep slope," which fitted in exactly with our own experience. The climb was indeed a very stiff one. According to Eustathius, it suggested to the Athenian citharist Stratonicos the following verse: "Go to Assos if you have enough vitality."

We had now arrived close to the walls which, in spite of their ruined state, give a strange impression of power. The principal gate of the town is constructed of large blocks of white marble built in regular layers, alternately lengthways and endways, which rise vertically to nearly two-thirds of the total height. It ends in a truncated triangle. This method of building, consisting of a parallelogram surmounted by a trapezoid, belongs to a very early period of Greek architecture and comes near to that employed at Mycenae in Argolis, at Thoricos in Attica, and other towns of early Hellenic antiquity. Within the frame of the main gate of Assos is another, also rectangular, much smaller and set back. This is in a very good state of preservation,

Assos. The Temple.

Assos. Gate.

p. 102.

View of the Hellespont and Propontis.
(From a German engraving of the seventeenth century.)

only the doors being missing. This entrance to the town is flanked by two square towers of the same style and very low. They bear a certain analogy to those of one of the gates of Troy.

Starting from the principal gate of Assos, a road bordered with sarcophagi runs north, following the town wall for some distance and leading directly to the Necropolis. It terminates about one kilometre from the point of departure, at the ruins of an old bridge over the Satnois, the river " of the quick clear waters,"[1] the banks of which were the scene of the idyll between Nais, " beautiful amongst all the nymphs," and the shepherd Enops, from whose union was born an Homeric hero, Satnois, who was wounded by a lance-thrust from Ajax.[2] To the right of the exit from the town stands an unexplored tumulus. The town has five gates. The eastern section of the walls is the best preserved.

Primitive Assos was a sort of eyrie situated at the summit of the mountain, 432 metres above sea level, its position being impregnable. Below this natural fortress a town sprang into being which was surrounded by a wall with towers descending from the plateau to the edge of the sea. This was three or four kilometres in length and nineteen metres high. Assos afforded the most perfect and finished example of an Hellenic fortified town. The encircling wall was all in regular layers. In places it was built with slabs and bond-stones alternating in each layer. The latter go through the whole thickness of the wall, and the blocks do not touch, but leave between them a space which could be used, if required, as a passage from one tower to another. This curious arrangement appears in the sections of wall which have remained intact and of which the vertical section has been revealed. Above

[1] *Iliad*, vi, 34, 35.

[2] Ibid, xiv, 443.

the entrance gates, which it was important to relieve of the weight of the lintel, the gaps were larger. In places the thickness measures 2.85 m. ; but there the gaps are filled with rubble, a device frequent with the Romans but rarely employed by the Greeks. Everything at Assos was original, both fortifications and monuments. Before the town reached the height of its splendour, when it had no rival of its kind, twelve centuries of work were expended to enhance its strength and beauty.

Let us enter the town as though we were arriving from the interior of the Troad over the Satnois bridge. Vast masses of ruins rise before us. Nothing is to be seen anywhere but blocks of trachyte and marble ; broken pedestals lie heaped up on all sides, fragments and capitals of columns and fragments of bas-reliefs. To the left as we enter is the Stoa, a little below the theatre ; to the right are the gymnasium and baths ; in the centre, straight before us, is the Temple of Athena. All these stand on a terrace two-thirds of the way up the southern slope of the mountain, which is surmounted by the acropolis The part of the town in which the monuments were situated faced the sea, so that it could be seen from afar and its beauty admired by the sailors. The town itself lay east and north of the acropolis and stretched beyond the wall to east and west. The Turkish village of Behram, hidden by the northern slope, covers a good deal of the ruins. Near the summit lie the remains of a Byzantine church. Above one of the suburbs is the Musulman cemetery of Behram, whose *steles*, with their inscriptions from the Koran, are made from beautiful marble taken from the sarcophagi and temples, for all the other monuments of Assos as well as the wall were of trachyte, the stone of which the mountain is formed.

If the fortifications of Assos, unique of their

kind, are entirely original both in structure and arrangement, the temple of Assos is also unique in Greek architecture. It was hexastyle, early Doric, and of moderate dimensions. Of its six frontal columns and thirteen on each side not one remains standing. Their height was 4.78 m. There was no rear pronaos. The columns of the pterona had sixteen flutings and those of the pronaos eighteen, a departure from the usual order which was that the number of flutings should always be a multiple of four, like those of the other shafts of Assos, those of twenty-eight and thirty-two flutings of the Artemision at Ephesus and the temple at Samos, and the column of sixteen and twenty-four of the temple of Paestum, not to mention others. The eighteen flutings of the pronaos columns of Assos were entirely exceptional. The columns of this temple are much more prominently bossed than those of Pestum. In cross section their flutings are elliptical, forming deep grooves in the shaft. The square abacus shows a convex curve projecting considerably over the upper part of the shaft, which has the form of a truncated cone with, for an archaic column, a very pronounced swelling (entasis) of the lower half. As is characteristic of the early Doric period, they are thick, short, and heavy, which emphasises their strength. Their height was, in some cases four, in others four and two-thirds times their diameter. The width of the temple at the base of the columns being 13 metres, and supposing a length of double that, the perimeter would work out at 78 metres. The three steps upon which the building stood had a total height of 0.866 m.

Another peculiarity distinguishing the temple of Assos from all others is the following : sculpture was placed in the architrave, a thing never previously seen nor imitated since. The freize

also carried carving of which there are fragments at the Louvre and in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. These bas-reliefs, carved in reddish-brown granite of very inferior quality (whereas the rest of the monument was in white marble), are practically indecipherable, and prodigies of wisdom have been expended upon the interpretation of the six fragments in the Louvre. They have at times been read as depicting Heracles' fight with Triton, with the nymphs fleeing in terror ; at others as banquet scenes and allegories of widely varied kind. Comte F. de Clarac, who has studied them minutely, sees in the first fragments scenes from the Odyssey connected with the adventures of Menelaus after his return to Troy ; Menelaus questioning Proteus, for whom time held no secrets and who knew everything that happened in heaven and hell ; centaurs pursuing and following one another ; sphinxes, at once woman, quadruped and bird, possibly an allusion to the presence of the Thebans in the Troad ; or a meeting between Menelaus, conqueror of the wiles of Proteus, and Oedipus, conqueror of the Sphinx of Thebes. The two other fragments, that of the lions—a lion devouring a stag, a crouching lion devouring a doe, a lion devouring a horse or bull—and that of the bulls—three bulls head to head with horns interlocked—evidently formed part of huge compositions of which it is now very difficult to read the meaning. One thing about which there can hardly be any doubt is that these reliefs are the oldest that are known from Greek antiquity. They are the ancestors of the great carved friezes of the Parthenon, the Olympia, Delphi, and Aegina.

The Comte de Clarac, in publishing his reconstruction of these reliefs, is careful to warn us against expecting to see them in this form in the rather

Assos. Bas-reliefs.
(Reconstruction by the Comte de Clarac.)

Bas-reliefs.

(Reconstruction by the Comte de Clarac.)

confused fragments of the Louvre.[1] Poujoulat interpreted them in his own way in 1834, giving the following imaginative description: "As I surveyed these precious remains I witnessed in turn dances, banquets, and sacrifices. Here women, stretched languorously on beds or divans, hold out cups to slaves who are filling them, while their long hair, which is their only clothing, floats negligently over their shoulders; there, other women advance rhythmically, one behind the other, clapping their hands and skipping over carpets or lawns; beyond are groups surrounded by cups and urns. I saw two women, placed face to face, whose bodies ended in fishes' tails, like the woman described by Horace; near by are two oxen, their heads touching and their horns interlocked. I recognised in the middle of a heap of ruins a family scene representing a figure suffering from dropsy, with enormous head and body, seated on a raised bed, by the side of which stands a man with a long beard offering the sufferer a drink; a woman covered with a garment resembling the costume of eastern women is seated facing the bed; behind her four women are standing before a large urn, one is unclothed."[2]

In many Greek temples, notably that of Paestum, which is the characteristic type of primitive Doric, common stone was employed and covered with stucco, painted uniformly, sometimes in brilliant colours. In the temple of Assos the same method was adopted but the materials were coated with a brown tint. Everything in this town reveals an independent spirit, a striving for originality. The Assians made light of conventions and rules. When they found a

[1] These fragments, handed over to France in 1838 by Sultan Mahmoud II, thanks to the influence of Raoul Hochette with the Grand Vizir, were brought over in the *Surprise*. They are to be seen in the *Salle de Milet, nos.* 2823-2837. They include a Doric capital, three metopes, and ten other fragments.

[2] Michaud et Poujoulat, *Correspondance d'Orient*. Paris, 1850-1851.

manner better adapted to their tastes, they worked unhampered by any school or prejudice. Their discoveries, though not imitated, never roused criticism. To-day they form valuable documents in the history of art.

The origin of Assos is lost in mythology. The primitive Lelegia, of which Assos is the metropolis, owed its existence to Lelex, a fabulous personage, the son of Poseidon and Lelegia, daughter of Epaphus. The versions of the origin and vicissitudes of the Lelegians are as varied as they are contradictory. Hesiod found a summary way of settling the question, believing them to be issued from the stones with which Deucalion repopulated the earth after the Flood. The Lelegians may well have been one of the Pelasgian tribes which came to the west before the Hellenes, an obscure tribe which reached the shores of the Aegean together with the Carians, their ethnological affinity with whom is recognised by Hesiod himself, although this opinion is categorically denied by Homer.

The Lelegians liked to perch themselves upon high declivities where they could be immune from attack. They would then fortify their position; indeed it may have been they who first introduced the art of fortification into Asia Minor. Homer tells us of old Alteus, "who commanded warlike Lelegians on the high ramparts of Pedassus, on the banks of the Satnois." Homer does not mention Assos, but this does not prove that that city did not exist in Homeric times, for the Iliad is not a geographical treatise. On the other hand, no one has ever discovered anything about Pedassus which figures in Homer, and its exact site has never been identified. At most, Homer's silence would signify that the importance of Assos at that time was not sufficient to cause it to be mentioned, or perhaps that

nothing extraordinary happened there in connection with the Trojan war. However that may be, no other town in Asia Minor preserved so many traces of early antiquity as Assos from the point of view of origin, history and monuments. In the first place the very position of Assos is in itself an eloquent testimony. The little acropolis which crowns the mountain like an eagle's nest, without the slightest trace of epigraphy or sacred edifices, could not but be the work of a people exclusively warlike, marauding, adventurous, and of rudimentary civilisation. The little acropolis survived for centuries, jealous of its independence, and the people who lived in it had probably no other care than the defence of their rock ; which may account for their escaping the misfortunes which befell the country during and after the Trojan war. This also explains the erection in this place of one of the strongest ramparts of Lelegia. Assos was the rival of Lyrnessus, another Lelegian citadel, and Atarnea, whose situation was very similar, for it also was perched on a mountain at the edge of the sea at a height of 400 metres.

The Lelegians crossed the sea and invaded Greece. At a very early date they are reported in the island of Samos and then in Lacedaemonia (which took its name from Lelegia), and it is known that they were the founders of Pylos in Elis. The Lelegians are connected with the obscure traditions of Messenia, Arcadia, and Acarnania, and traces of them are to be found in the region of Parnassus and among the Locrians, Phocaeans and Bœotians. This strange people, who colonised part of Greece, was one of those which fought at Troy against the Greeks, one of those which led the struggle of Asia against Europe ; and this is a reply to those who claim to see in the Trojan expedition the beginning

of the Eastern question, confusing mere family affairs with the rivalry of two continents or the hatred of two races. The same blood flowed in the veins of Achilles and Hector as in those of Nestor and Aeneas. The great struggle between East and West did not come about until the time of the Persian invasions. Assos, an Asiatic town and the centre of Lelegia, soon became one of the centres of Hellenism. Within the period covered by history the town of Assos is intimately associated with that of the Greeks. The Aeolians of Methymna founded a colony there. Hundreds of years passed. Hellenic civilisation ripened early in the shelter of the lofty walls of Assos. In 560 B.C. Assos was a fortress of the first rank, in the full vigour of its development. It took part in the great conflicts of the period. The Lydians made themselves masters of it for a year. The Persians occupied it in their turn. During the Peloponnesian war Assos ranged itself on the side of the Athenians, as part of the "tribute" of the Carians which stretched from Cape Lecton as far as Lycia. Assos remained Athenian for seventy-four years. From 405 until 366 B.C. it was ruled by an oligarchy. In 366 the Persians joined it to their empire. Four years later, on the occasion of the revolt of Ariobarzanes, Satrap of Phrygia, against Artaxerxes, Assos, which supported the rebellion, was attacked by the Satraps of Lydia and Cappadocia as well as by Mausolus king of Halicarnassus. The revolt failed as the result of treachery ; but nevertheless Assos, whose only objective was its independence, recovered this under the tyrant Eubulos, who was succeeded in 350 by Hermeias. Sixteen years later Assos again fell into the power of the Persians. In 334 Alexander the Great conquered it. In 241 the town was annexed by the kingdom of Pergamum,

whose king, Attalus III, ceded it in 133, with all his states, to the Romans, under whose rule it remained for more than three centuries. The Goths occupied it temporarily ; the Byzantines created a bishopric there ; the Turks turned it into a heap of ruins.

Assos was first and foremost a stronghold. The Assians' sole occupation was fighting, and the warlike traditions of the place go back to the time of fable. But the light of Athens shone upon it ; the arts and philosophy were cultivated there. Assos was the birthplace of the stoic Cleanthes, the disciple and successor of Zeno. The architects and sculptors of Assos remain unknown, but their works endure and in their originality testify to the existence of an Assian art. Among the men of this town whose memory has come down to us, a prominent place must be given to the tyrant Hermeias, an interesting and romantic figure. Eunuch and slave of the tyrant Eubulos, he won the confidence of his master, became his most devoted collaborator, and gave him effective assistance in his enterprises against Gargara and Atarneus. His master took him to Athens, where he frequented Plato's Academy, and made the acquaintance of young Aristotle, with whom he finally formed a close friendship. It is said that Aristotle's advice helped him to carry through to a successful conclusion his schemes against Eubulos, whom he overthrew. Having become absolute lord of Assos, Gargara, and Atarneus, Hermeias summoned to him Aristotle and Xenocrates and attached them to his person in the capacity of counsellors for the government and administration of his domains. His affection for Aristotle was such that he gave him for wife the beautiful Pythias, daughter of his deceased brother, whom he had adopted. All was going smoothly when this pleasant romance was cut short by an unforeseen incident.

Memnon of Rhodes, a Greek in Persian service, whose military prestige was so little shaken by the defeat on the Granicus, where he commanded the army of Darius in co-operation with the Satraps Spithobates and Arsites, that Darius entrusted to him the supreme command of Western Asia, was possessed by the single idea of re-establishing himself in the eyes of his sovereign ; all the more so since in his new command he allowed himself to be beaten again by Alexander at Halicarnassus. Accordingly Memnon conceived the plan of capturing Assos and Atarneus, an enterprise presenting the greatest difficulty. He did not, however, wish to run the risks which the exploit involved, and this is how he set about tricking the tyrant, who was living calmly in his citadel in the society of his philosophers. By means of gifts and flattery, he established friendly relations with Hermeias, who, proud of the attentions and respect lavished upon him by the representative of the great king (a feeling which was strengthened by fear of the Macedonians), believed in the sincerity of Memnon and allowed himself to fall into the trap. Memnon invited Hermeias to pay him a visit, that he might show him honour, and also to enable them to negotiate certain matters of mutual interest. Hermeias readily accepted the invitation. Hardly had he arrived at Memnon's home than the latter seized him and sent him under a strong escort to the court of Darius, who had him beheaded on the spot. The business could not have been carried through with less waste of time. Immediately the Persians occupied Assos, Gargara, and Atarneus, without encountering the slightest resistance. Aristotle had to flee to Mytilene with Pythias. Aristotle's adoration of his wife was boundless, and in addition he now diverted to her all the admiration he had felt for Hermeias. The cult

of this friendship and love for his wife absorbed his whole life. He wrote an ode in honour of the tyrant and raised a statue to him at Delphi among the gods and heroes.

The result of all this was hardly a happy one for Aristotle. He suffered the same fate as Phidias, though with less good fortune. In the battle with the Amazons represented on the Parthenon frieze Phidias had carved a portrait of himself in the guise of an old man lifting a stone with both hands, and had also made a portrait of his friend Pericles struggling with an Amazon; although the face was hidden by his javelin Pericles was perfectly recognisable. The Athenian sculptor, accused of impiety and sacrilege in having mingled mortal creatures with divine, was condemned to prison by the Areopagus and then pardoned. The hierophant Eurymedon brought against Aristotle a similar accusation, which was supported by Demophilus, a notable of Athens, with regard to the hymn to Hermeias and the divine honours accorded him, a crime of impiety (ἀσεβείας) which brought about his condemnation to death, which sentence would probably have been carried out had not the condemned man made good his escape to Chalcis, where he remained until his death.

It is a strange phenomenon, this man devoting his whole friendship to a tyrant to the point of deifying him, while he himself was the most eloquent antagonist of tyranny that has ever lived. Not very much is known about the activities of Hermeias while he was tyrant of Assos. It is known that he seized power by treachery and lost it through vanity and simplicity, so that he belonged to a class of tyrants particularly reviled by Aristotle. It is certain, however, that to deserve the attachment of a man like Aristotle Hermeias the eunuch can

have been no ordinary figure. That he was, moreover, intelligent and avid of knowledge is proved by his association with the Athenian philosophers. A sort of community of ideas which was able to modify Aristotle's scorn of tyrants on principle became established between the two men. Tyranny has been repeatedly condemned. It is a system which lends itself to every kind of execration. But there were tyrants who were very worthy men. Simple demagogues who had forced their way to power, they either abused it or used it to good purpose. Hermeias confined himself to continuing the system of government which the Eubolides had practised for several centuries, and which replaced an oligarchy apparently no better. Tyranny was an intermediary régime between oligarchy and democracy, and differed from royalty in that the former, issuing from violence, was based on illegality, whereas the latter, "consecrated by tradition and long heredity,"[1] regarded itself as responsible to the people and the law.

Thus was royalty regarded by the ancients. Aristotle compared the power of a tyrant with that of a master in relation to his slaves, and the power of a king with that of a father in relation to his children ; a rather bold theory, for all kings have not been entirely paternal and there were tyrants who were more just and magnanimous than the kings. Examples are quoted of model tyrannies, as for example those of Miltiades the elder in Chersonesus, Gelon at Syracuse and Pisistratus at Athens. It is true that Aristotle censures Pisistratus for having built at Athens the temple of Zeus Olympius, with a view to distracting the attention of the people from the affairs of the government and impoverishing them, in the same way as he denounces the political

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*.

aims, foreign to public welfare, pursued by Polycrates in covering the city of Samos with splendid monuments. As for the famous Hiero, the Syracusan, Aristotle presents him to us as the inventor of political espionage, in which service he enrolled especially women. Periander, tyrant of Corinth, really oppressed his subjects, who pardoned him because he was a great general. Tyranny, then, had its compensations. Ontagoras and his descendants succeeded in making themselves absolute masters of Sicyonia for two hundred years by submitting to the law and respecting the judges, thus following the example of Pisistratus, who, far from holding himself above the law, condescended to appear before the Athenian Areopagus. In his works Aristotle does not even mention Hermeias, either in praise or blame. Hermeias, it is true, appears to us a somewhat uncertain and questionable personality, but he was not commonplace, and had his admirers and apologists.

The independence of Assos came to a definite end with the death of Hermeias, its last tyrant. The death of Hermeias was the death of Assos. The Persians and Macedonians added nothing to the prosperity of this town ; quite the contrary. The twilight of Hellenism, which threw a vivid glow over Pergamum, left the temple of Athena at Assos in the shade, and the old Lelegian city was soon immersed in obscurity.

For a long time the neighbourhood of Assos was searched by hunters for precious stones. The *lapis assium*, which " consumed " all bodies was found there.[1] According to Pliny,[2] this stone " splits, and breaks up into flakes, and it has been found that

[1] Pliny, H.N., II. (*At circa Asson Troadis lapis nascitur consumantur omnia corpora : sarcophagus vocantur*).
[2] H.N., XXVII.

dead bodies covered with this stone are consumed in forty days with the exception of the teeth. Mucius writes that it also petrifies the mirrors, strigils, clothes and shoes that are buried with the dead." Hence the name sarcophagus, which means "consumer of flesh," and came to be applied to all stone coffins. Pliny adds that "in Lycia and in the East there are stones of the same nature which, if attached to living persons, consume their flesh." Mention is made of another stone of Assos "which, when subjected to the action of fire, changed to iron; mixed then with a certain soil, it fused into zinc; by merely adding to this earth a few parts of copper, a new alloy was obtained which is what is called orchilacrum." The carnelians of Assos were celebrated; they were also known as "sardonyx," as they had originally been exploited at Sardes. The most beautiful of these stones seem to have gone to Byzantium. They were the most fashionable stone among the ancients, and Menander and Philemon often mention them in their comedies. The sardonyx of Assos was especially sought after by carvers of fine gems.

The corn of Assos enjoyed a great reputation in Greece and the East. Athens purchased it at a higher price than the cereals of other parts and the kings of Persia accorded it their preference. It was exported in great quantities from the port of Assos; this same port where to-day commerce is almost extinct, because the country, its soil left uncultivated, produces nothing and consumes next to nothing.

We are accustomed to refer to ruined towns where all activity has ceased as "dead." Such is the case with Assos. Nevertheless, in the presence of its ruins, history and memories, we felt ourselves in the presence of something living and imperishable. One can wander with greater interest among these

Acropolis of Pergamum.

1. Altar of Jupiter.
2. Augusteum.
3. Gymnasium.
4. Basilica.
5. Armenian cemetery.
6. Byzantine Walls

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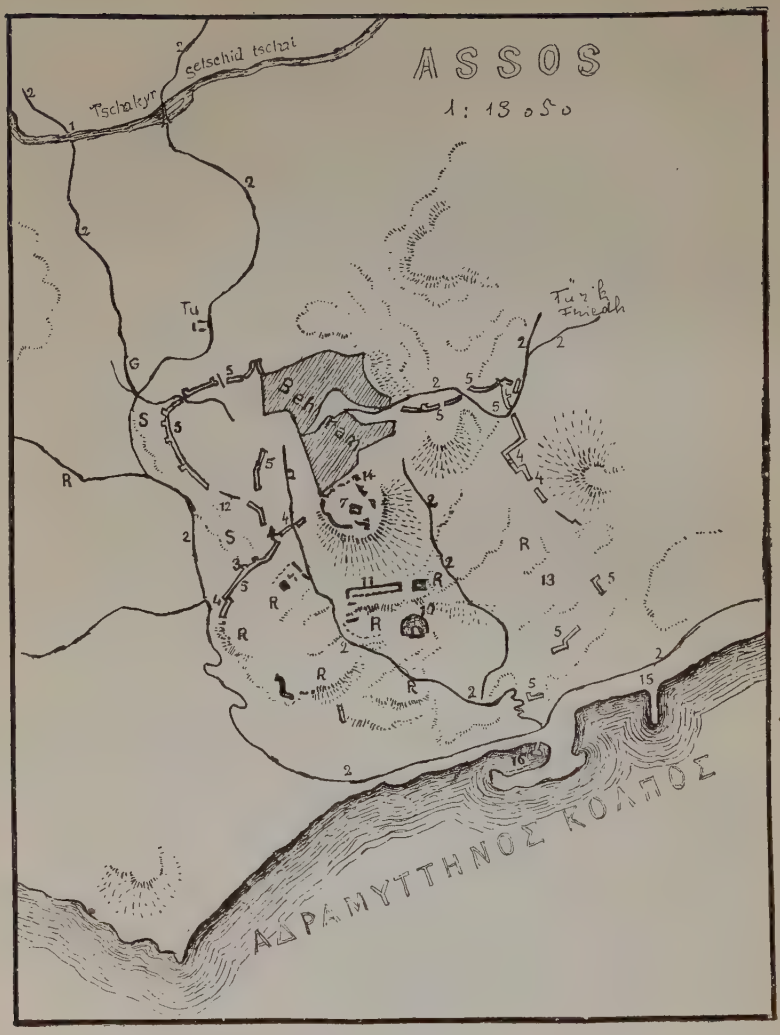

Plan of Assos.

1. Ancient gate.
2. Road.
3. Great gate.
4. Gates.
5. Wall.
6. Acropolis.
7. Highest point.
8. Temple of Athena.
9. Gymnasium.
10. Theatre
11. Stoa.
12. Road of the Tombs.
13. Roman portico.
14. Byzantine church.
15. Old jetty.
16. Harbour.

G. Tomb.
R. Ruins
S. Sarcophagus
Tu. Tumulus.

shafts of columns and blocks of granite than through the streets of certain populous towns which have no artistic traditions and are devoid of beauty. From the terrace on which were built the temples, porticoes, theatre and agora of Assos, the eye commands a splendid panorama. The situation of this town was unrivalled. Opposite is the Mytilene channel, the road to Ionia ; to the left the Gulf of Adramyttium, which extends to the foothills of Mount Ida ; to the right the channel between Mytilene and the Troad, leading to the Archipelago. The citadel of Assos dominated three important sea routes. Pergamum and Lesbos appear on the horizon to east and west. The monuments may crumble, but the contour of the landscape has not changed since the days of Homer. From the Stoa at Assos can be seen the acropolis of Atarneus, the Lesbian towns of Antisa and Methymnis, the swarm of islands called the Hecatonnessi, the sacred promontories which project into the sea as though to guide navigators. I could have remained there for hours amid these stones, three thousand years old, where one can evoke so many memories and contemplate so many marvels. I was, however, forced to tear myself away from the charm, and regain touch with reality by returning to the coast. Nor was this done without difficulty. By a whim of my gendarme guide, who separated me from my companions, I started upon a spiral path down which I circled like a pebble thrown over a cliff. Leaping down from shelf to shelf, I made a descent of two or three hundred metres, during which the famous jest of the Athenian citharist recurred to my mind.

CHAPTER VI

PERGAMUM

From Assos we headed due south and entered the Mytilene channel, which, according to Strabo, is sixty *stades* broad at the entrance and exit. To our right we saw the island of Lesbos, with Mount Olympus dominating all the surrounding heights. To our left were grouped, facing the Turkish town of Aïvalyk, the numerous rocks, islets and islands which compose the archipelago of the Hecatonnesi (the hundred islands). The island of Lesbos is as delightful as it must have been at the time of the idyll of Daphnis and Chloe. Its hills are planted with olive and vine. The Lesbian wines are greatly appreciated in Greece and Rome. Horace, who knew them well, called them *Innocentis pocula Lesbis*. Off Therma, a little place to the north of Mytilene, a fishing barque approached us. We stopped. The fisherman was a Greek from Aïvalyk who had managed to make his escape and take refuge at Therma. He had an excellent assortment of fish in the bottom of his boat, which recalled to my mind what the ancients say of the ichthyological wealth of this channel. Our cook laid in a store and we got under way again.

We passed quite close to the capital of the island. An old fort, washed by the sea, stood out upon a green hill. How could one help but remember the opening of the first chapter of the Pastoral

of Longus ? " Mytilene is a town of Lesbos, large and beautiful, cut into channels by the waters of the sea which flows within and all around, adorned with bridges of white polished stone. Seeing it, you would say that it was not a town but a mass of small islands. . . ." We bore a little to the south-east and anchored in the roads of Dikeli.

This little town is the modern port of Pergamum. Of old, Pergamum was reached by water, the vessels going up the Caicus from the gulf of Etaiticus. The distance was 120 *stades*, equivalent to 22.200 kilometres, about the distance of the present journey from Dikeli.

The authorities of this town, who had been informed of our arrival, received us with great civility. The *Caïmacam* of Bergama had at Dikeli placed at our disposal an escort of trained mounted gendarmes under the command of a captain, and two *arabas de luxe*. The Turks call any vehicle of whatever class an *araba* ; a motor-car, for instance, is a horseless *araba*. In Anatolia the word *telika* (in Russian *telegue*) is still used, *i.e.*, the cart of the *touran*, which the Tartars imported into Russia and the Turkomans into Asia Minor. Our *arabas* or *pelikas* were very luxurious ; personages of the highest rank could not have had better. Picture a four-wheeled cart perched on high axles, with rudimentary springs and covered with a black, very low elliptical hood under which one is forced to remain seated like an Oriental or lie prone. In view of this each of us had been provided with mattress, a carpet, and pillows trimmed with lace. This elliptical shelter is not closed at either end and is entered by holes made in the two sides. Entering is no easy matter ; we had to climb on to a very high step set back underneath the carriage. Once inside, the further problem offered itself, how to fit

oneself in. For the people of the country this is a simple matter, but for us it was quite a business. Personally I did not succeed, either going or returning, in adapting myself to this strange method of locomotion. The roof of my *araba* was covered with red cloth on which shone constellations of little mirrors framed in spangles, and as I was jolted along, bumping from side to side, I had time to contemplate numerous copies of my own portrait, altogether an extraordinarily comical experience, especially in retrospect.

As we left Dikeli, we saw, a little to the left, a sheer hill surmounted by ruins, which the Turks call Kabakoum-Kalessi. This was the ancient Atarneus, the town beloved of the tyrant Hermeias, a typical Lelegian fortress modelled on Assos, built on a terrace and surrounded by walls. Our carriages went forward as best they could across the arid Teuthranian country by a road which had once been practicable for carriages, but was now over its whole length a mere stretch of deep ruts. The gendarmes ambled at our side and when we came to difficult places they sought out a way which would avoid risk of overturning. The only time we approached comfortable travelling or felt at all safe was when we left the road and took to the cultivated fields. To our left the country was hilly ; to the right was the valley of the Caicus, the Bakyr-Tchaï of the Turks.

After crossing a dried-up torrent dropping into a valley which the Turks call Arpalyk-Déré, we stopped to rest the horses. It was a real relief to be freed for a moment from our torture chambers. We alighted in a delightful spot. Near the road was a well, the kerb of which was made from the hollowed base of a column. On the other side of the road some Turkish refugees from Thrace were

camped. A few yards from the well there was a Turkish café. We sat down outside this on a wooden bench and were served with tea. It was, however, no ordinary tea-room. The faces of the men who drifted about it were unmistakably Asiatic. Men and animals paddled in the pools round the well. The customers of the café were well in the picture, to which the finishing touch was supplied by our two Touranian *arabas*, looking like a couple of hearses. Then we stretched ourselves once more on the mattress and carpet inside our carriages, below the mocking little mirrors, and waited patiently for the end of the ride.

Before the war of 1922 this district had been very sparsely populated, but to-day it is even more so. The few dwellings we saw on either side of the road were in ruins. Apart from the halt at the café, the well, and the refugees, we had a sensation of travelling through a country entirely deserted. Before us rose the acropolis of Pergamum. We made our entry into Bergama through the cypresses of a Musulman cemetery. We were jolted over the pavement of the streets, but soon forgot the inconvenience of the journey, for at last we had attained our goal.

At the gate of the *konak*, the *caimacam* was awaiting us with the *mudir* and other local personages. Refreshments had been prepared for us and our hosts were insistent that we should alight and rest. Everything seemed to indicate such a step, but our eagerness to see the ruins of Pergamum overcame all other considerations. The *caimacam* could not help but defer to our anxiety and let us go, accompanied by the " director of antiquities " and a few gendarmes. The jolting began again, more vigorously than ever, until we reached the acropolis, where we had to walk. Half-way up the little terrace on which the headquarters of the German

excavations is situated—to-day transformed into a kind of museum—can be seen the remains of the Roman town, partly covered by the modern, and the landscape is not lacking in grandeur. The ascent to old Pergamum is somewhat laborious. Once on top one is completely immersed in ruins. But what ruins! We stood bewildered amid this mass of débris. There was so much of it that a great effort of the imagination was required to get even a rough idea of how the town had looked of old. The monuments of Pergamum covered an area of 35,000 square metres, which seemed little enough in view of the enormous size of the buildings which this heap of stones presupposed.

The town was originally a mere fortress built on the summit of a mountain. Many towns of antiquity were called Pergamum. There was one in Macedonia, one in Crete, one in the Troad, and others elsewhere. The Teuthranian Pergamum overflowed its first wall and, as with Assos, the high town, the original nucleus, was regarded as the acropolis. Pergamum continued to develop, until during the Roman period it reached right down to the valley. The irregular rectangle formed by the plateau is at its greatest length 280 metres, its greatest breadth being 110 metres. The Selinus and Ketius, which flow into the Caicus four or five kilometres south-west of Pergamum, enclose the mountain like the prongs of a fork. Someone has compared Pergamum with Athens. The two acropolises are similar in outline. Seen from the plain, both stand out against a background of mountains. In both the principal temple is the temple of Athena Polias, in which the Panathenaea were celebrated. The plain of Attica is crossed by two rivers: the Ilissus and the Cephissus. Two rivers also water the plain of Pergamum: the

Selinus and the Caicus. Athens had a port, Piræus. Pergamum also had its port, Elaea. In the second century B.C., Pergamum fell little short of being the equal of fifth century Athens. In Pergamum Hellenism found its last refuge.

The extensive lines of this monumental city are indicated by the foundations of the principal buildings. The most remarkable part of the ruins have been removed and now enrich the museums of Rome, Naples, Paris, Berlin, Athens and Constantinople. But the town itself is there, and it is upon the site that one can best obtain an idea of size and wealth. Sanctuaries, temples, porticoes, royal palaces, private dwellings, agora, terraces, exedra, theatre, gymnasium, towers, staircases, formidable walls ; all these things are there, crumbled, heaped one upon another, broken, maimed. And yet, these ruins, just as they are, are amazing. They reveal the *longe clarissimum Asiae Pergamas* of Pliny ; they tell the wonderful story of this town which rose at one bound to the first rank, and in a period of general decadence showed that civilisation had not completely perished.

Before going further, I will explain as briefly as possible how this phenomenon came about. The origin of Pergamum belongs of course to the realm of fable. It is connected with the adventures of Telephus, the son of Hercules and Augea, who was adopted by Teuthros, king of Teuthrania. We hear also of a certain Pergamus, son of Pyrrhus and Andromache, who, coming to the Caicus with a band of Greeks, killed Arius, the last king of Teuthrania, and installed himself in the fortress to which he gave his name ; it is claimed that other citadels situated on the summit of mountains took their names from this one. Then Æsculapius arrived from Epidaurus and founded a

new colony there, building a temple to which pilgrimages were made by all the peoples of Asia. Each gave its own version to these stories, which were quickly exploited by the Alexandrian literature. A little Mysian fortress, playing a very secondary rôle, and frequently none at all, in the great events which were shaking Asia Minor, Pergamum lived in the shadows and only appeared in the full daylight of history about the opening of the third century B.C. Lysimachus, who ruled in Mysia, appointed as *Phrourarch* of Pergamum the eunuch Philetairos, son of a dancing woman, and to him he entrusted the care of part of his treasure, valued at nine talents.[1] The other part, consisting also of a large sum of money and objects in gold and silver, he shut up in the fort of Tirizis in Thrace. Lysimachus was an old man of weak, sullen, cruel character, anything but generous, of mediocre intelligence, a miser who loved money for its own sake and not as a means of living in opulence and luxury like Demetrius, nor of protecting the arts and sciences like Ptolemy. It will be seen that he was not likely to possess the sympathy of his subjects. He had a special aversion for men of intellect, and it is related that he drove the philosophers out of his realm. Yielding to the intrigues of Arsinoe, his wife, Lysimachus had his son Agathocles assassinated. Philetairos used this as a pretext for revolting against him and taking possession of the nine talents deposited in the fortress, by means of which he was able to purchase the co-operation of the neighbouring states. He succeeded, moreover, in inducing the king of Syria to attack Lysimachus, and the two last survivors of Alexander's companions, now septuagenarians, met in the plain of Corupedion, where Lysimachus was slain by Malacon, a native

[1] About 40,000,000 francs.

of Heracleum. Seleucus was in his turn killed at Sardes, fighting against the king of Lycia. Now master of the situation, Philetairos created the kingdom of Pergamum, of which he was the first dynast. As, however, he was precluded from having direct heirs, he nominated as his successor his nephew Eumenus, after whose death the throne was occupied by his cousin, Attalus I. In 197 B.C. the latter was succeeded by his son, Eumenus II. Fourteen years later, in 183, there came a period of peace lasting ten years, which enabled Eumenus to devote all his energies to the development and embellishment of Pergamum. All that made up the glory and greatness of this town was realised during the reigns of Eumenus II and Attalus II. The glory of Pergamum lasted only forty-five years. The Romans merely added the temple of Trajan and the lower town, on the bank of the Selinus, with a few monuments of little interest.

The rock called "Merak Tasch" (Rock of Sadness), situated to the right of the Selinus, near Bergama, commands a view of the eastern side of the mountain of Pergamum, and this is the most interesting, for it was towards this side that the principal monuments of the town formed an arc whose chord would be the terrace of the theatre. Reconstructed as it must have appeared before the destruction of Pergamum, the view would be as follows: In the foreground, the theatre terrace, supported by a retaining wall. To the extreme right of the foreground and on the same level, the Temple of Dionysos and the agora. To the extreme left the temple of Caracalla. In the centre, the theatre, standing on the slope of the mountain, with its eighty rows of seats. In the middle distance, to the right, above the terrace and near the agora, the great altar of Zeus. This would lead the eye to the

background, that of the primitive acropolis, where, just above the theatre, stood the temple of Athena Polias, the centre of the whole. To the left, on the higher plateau, rose the Trajaneum. Thus the royal town of Pergamum was built upon four superimposed terraces, which would make it possible to appreciate the harmonious grouping of the buildings and to enjoy the finest monumental panorama in the world.

Before the excavations carried out in 1879 by the engineer Herr Karl Humann on behalf of the Berlin museum, the ruins of Pergamum could not be deciphered. Pergamum had no Pausanias to register the monuments and their treasures and draw up inventories like those of the Acropolis and Olympia. Pausanias, who did not know the town of the Attalides, tells us, when speaking of Olympia, that there was at that place "an altar of Zeus resembling that which exists at Pergamum," and adds nothing further. No attention would have been paid to the altar of Pergamum had not the French scholar Salmasius discovered in 1638 a manuscript bearing the title: *Lucii Ampelius Liber Memorialis*, in which he read: "There is at Pergamum a great marble altar, forty feet high, with very large sculptures representing a gigantomachy." This laconic statement led Herr Humann to undertake a search, and it was thus that the altar of Zeus emerged from the ruins and that one by one all the marvels of Pergamum were brought to light. The fifty-seven high-reliefs which adorned the altar frieze of the altar of Zeus and which are now in the Berlin museum, have led to the reconstruction of the gigantomachy of Pergamum, which is one of the most brilliant pages in the history of art. The same subject had been treated by several sculptors, being a popular one in the Hellenic world. But nowhere else had it been approached with such

Pergamum. Altar of Zeus.
(Reconstruction by M. O. Raschdorff.

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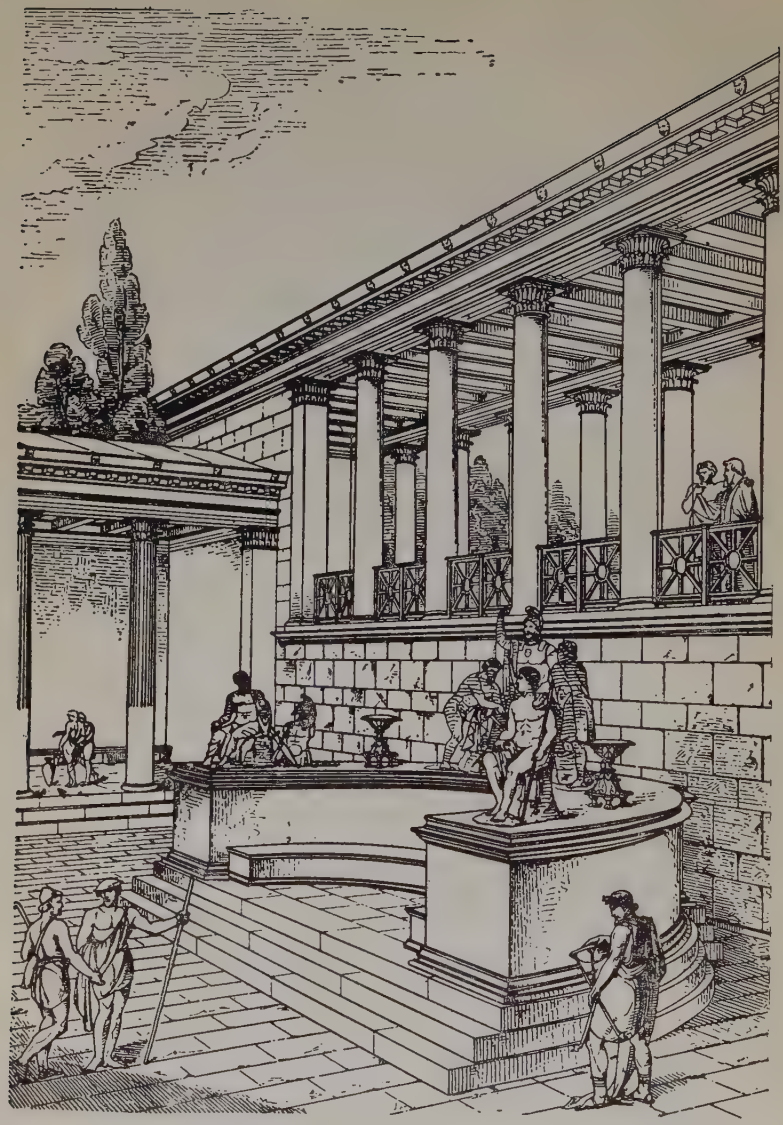

Pergamum. Exedra of Marcus Aurelius.
(Reconstruction by M O. Raschdorff.)

breadth of vision. It is indeed striking that this amazing composition, so lofty in style, so huge in dimensions, and so remarkable in technique, should have called for no mention apart from a vague allusion by an obscure author who cites it among the *miracula mundi*.

I cannot undertake here a description of this monument any more than of the numerous others of Pergamum. I must confine myself strictly to a hint of what it is like. The altar stands on a rectangular terrace surrounded by an Ionic portico, raised on a base to which access is provided by a high, wide staircase flanked by two buildings. Around this base are the six great friezes of the gigantomachy, of which two, on the inside, are fitted into the steps of the staircase. The altar faces west, dominating the modern town and the valley of the Selinus.

These high-reliefs are as it were an illustration in marble of the poem of Apollodorus. The same personages and the same episodes occur, amplified and developed with unprecedented strength of expression. The earth, exasperated by the woes of the Titans, begat of Uranus the giants, monstrous creatures with legs covered with the scales of serpents. One day the giants sought to avenge themselves against the gods. The result was disastrous. "The celestial trumpet rang through the clouds. Now the heaven, now the earth, gave the signal for attack, and Nature, again convulsed, feared for her lord. The powerful band of giants threw in all the elements. An island was hurled into the clouds; rocks were no longer hidden beneath the waves; the sea receded from many shores and the rivers changed their original courses. With a powerful arm one brandished in the air the Orta of Thessaly; another with his strong hand waved Pange; a third armed himself with the rocks of Athos; another

wrenched up Ossa ; another tore from its place the Rhodopus and the source of the Hebrus. . . . The earth, thus split up between her sons, became a plain. On all sides a horrible din re-echoed." [1] But in vain did the giants hurl against heaven torches of blazing oaks. Porphyrion having attacked at once Hercules and Hera, was struck down by Zeus and Hercules finished him with arrows. Apollo pierced the eye of Ephialtus ; Dionysus killed Eurytus with a blow of his thyrsus ; Hecate slew Clytius with burning stones ; Athene threw the island of Sicily upon Enceladus, who fled ; Polybotes, pursued across the seas by Poseidon, took refuge in Cos, but Poseidon wrenched from this island the part known as Nisyros and hurled it at Polybotes, crushing him. Hermes, armed with the helmet of Hephaistos, vanquished Hippolytus ; Artemis killed Gration, the Fates killed Agrius and Thora, who fought with clubs of brass.[2] " They will fall under the blows, as the prophet Tiresias has prophesied, these monsters who ravage the earth and seas ! The enemies of mankind, the proud and perfidious Titans, will also suffer death, and in this terrible struggle, in which, under the walls of Phlegra the gods will fight against the revolted giants, the hero will pierce with his redoubtable shafts these proud children of the Earth, and will soil their hair in the dust."[3]

To transfer this truly gigantic conception on to marble and within a necessarily restricted frame, whatever the dimensions of the monument, was no small work. The frieze is 2.50 m. high and the high-reliefs have a depth of 0.50 m., the chief figures having a height of nearly 2 metres. The fragments that have survived are from six episodes of the struggle and comprise six groups. On the cyma were inscribed the names of the gods and on the lower edge

[1] Claudian, *Fragments.* [2] Apollodorus, Bk. 1., 6. [3] Pindar, *Nemesis.*

Pergamum. The Gigantomachia. Group of Athena.

Pergamum. The Gigantomachia. Group of Zeus.

the names of the giants. All the gods of Olympus and all the band of giants are mingled in a desperate struggle, in which serpents, eagles, lions and mastiffs are taking part. I wish I could describe in detail the episodes of this struggle, explain their allegorical meaning, and point out their beauties, but that would take too long, and in the end I should be dissatisfied with my work.

Who conceived the design of this astonishing work of such consummate art and powerful execution ? Who drew the preliminary sketches ? No one knows. The most that is known is the names of some of the artists who worked at it : Theorretos, Orestes, Melanippos, Dyonisiades and Menecrates, the two first born at Pergamum. To those who venture to affirm that the Hellenic epoch was a period of decadence, the great frieze of Pergamum opposes the most eloquent refutation possible. The gold of the Attalides from the war treasury of Lysimachus, which was kept well filled, was used to attract to the royal town the pick of the artists of the day and to form the school of Pergamum, the worthy heiress of Athens and educator of Rome, the link between the Hellenic and Roman civilisations.

The three Asiatic capitals erected on the débris of Alexander's empire—Alexandria, Antioch and Pergamum—were rivals in every sphere. Each of the three dynasties—the Lagidae, the Seleucidae and the Attalidae—strove to eclipse the other two. King Attalus I, jealous of the importance acquired by the library at Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, was anxious to have a library of his own. He purchased all the manuscripts he could and sent agents out in search of books. When the work was worth while there was no bargaining, and if other means failed, the books were seized by force. The library of Pergamum was developed in a very

short time. The building destined to contain the volumes of manuscripts stood against the rear façade of the northern portico of the sanctuary of Athena Nicephora. Apart from the auxiliary buildings, it consisted of four halls, on a level with the upper storey of this portico, with which there was direct communication. This upper part of the portico, which commanded a beautiful panorama over the mountains and the valley of the Caicus, was used as a promenade by those who worked in the library, an excellent arrangement which was imitated by the Romans. Unfortunately the plan has not been followed by architects responsible for the construction of modern libraries. Readers in the library of Pergamum thus enjoyed the opportunity to rest their minds in a place where they could relax, breathe pure air, and enjoy the view. The Pergamum library was placed under the auspices of Athena Polias. A colossal statue of this goddess, reminiscent of that of Phidias, adorned the interior of the monument, together with several other statues. The principal hall contained a gallery of portraits in marble of notable literary men and grammarians, such as Timotheus of Miletus; the Macedonians Apollonius, son of Philotas, and Balakros, son of Meleager; and others whose names, inscribed on the pedestals, have been effaced. With regard to the number of the volumes collected in the library, we have only one hint. When one of the libraries of Alexandria caught fire, Antony gave to Cleopatra 200,000 volumes from the library of Pergamum, which as a result ceased to exist. One of the men who contributed most to the rise of this library was Antigonus of Karystos, an artist in bronze and a writer, a man of vast erudition, who was the author of the first *History of Art* and the first art criticism that had ever been written. Beside him should be

mentioned Crates of Mallos, who lived at Pergamum, where he was the master of the stoic Panaitos. In the Roman period was born at Pergamum Apollodorus, the rhetorician, who propagated his theories through his disciples, C. Valgius and Atticus. His work, *Ars* (τεκνης), especially devoted to the art of oratory, is mentioned by Quintilian. He contributed largely to uphold the prestige of the Pergamum school in Rome.

At Pergamum there was a Royal Museum of sculpture containing original works and copies of every school. Among the former, mention has been made of a colossal Apollo in bronze by Onatas, a celebrated member of the Aegina school, and various sculptures of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries. Pliny tells us of the *Symplegma*, or group of wrestlers, by Cephisdotus (fourth century), son of Praxiteles, a group " in touching which the fingers seemed to press rather flesh than marble." There was a statue of Athena, signed by the famous bronze artist Silanion, and also work by Theron of Bœotia, who had carved the statue of a victorious athlete for the Olympia. The court of the Attalides made a point of procuring the masterpieces of Attic and Bœotian art. The whole of Pergamum—the halls of the royal palaces, the library, the porticoes, the peribolus of the temple of Athena Nicephora, the agora—was one great museum. Pausanias tells us that in the apartments of Attalus I were to be admired the *Charites* of Bupalus, a sculptor of Chios (sixth century). Pliny enumerates some of the artists who worked at the monument commemorating the victories of Attalus and Eumenus over the Galatians at Isigone, Phryromacus, Stratonicios and Anticus.

Near the temple of Dionysos the German excavators have discovered the " dancer of Pergamum," a relief in marble now to be seen in the Constantinople museum. It is a veritable marvel, in the same

style and of the same delicacy of execution as the figures on the balustrade of the temple of the Wingless Victory in the Athenian acropolis, especially that of the Muse tying her sandal. The folds of the robe, light, supple and transparent, reveal a delicate body of perfect line. A scarf thrown round the neck floats in the air like fine gauze, the left arm which is bare wears a bracelet above the elbow, and with a graceful and noble gesture the left hand is raising the lower hem of the tunic. The author of this work might well have been the same who carved the nymph Eos of the great frieze; the folds are treated in the same fashion and in both the style is that of the great period of Attic art.

Whereas the sculpture of Pergamum has been preserved in specimens to be seen in various museums of Europe, the Royal Museum of Painting of Pergamum is only known through references. Apollodorus the Athenian was represented by two works: *A Priest at Prayer* and *Ajax struck by Lightning*. Pausanias mentions the *Charites* by Pythagoras of Paros. Attalus II sent to Delphi a company of painters from Pergamum to copy the Lesche paintings for the Royal Museum, and great mural pictures embellished the public buildings and royal palaces. Pausanias alludes to one of these, a work of splendid vigour by Pytheas of Bura. The inhabitants of Pergamum were proud of the artistic collection formed by their kings, and under the Roman rule they defended them to the best of their ability against those who attempted to remove them. We read in Tacitus that when a certain Aiciatus, who had been discharged from the service of Cæsar, tried to take away statues and pictures from Pergamum, the inhabitants prevented him by force, which led to the trial of the proconsul for having left them unpunished.[1]

[1] Tacitus, Annals XXIII.

The museums of painting and sculpture were supplemented by the *Dactylotheca*, the finest collection of cameos and gems that has ever been brought together. The art of carving on ivory, and indeed everything connected with toreutic art, reached an unparalleled perfection at Pergamum. Just as the writers did not disdain to work in bronze, so Pliny tells us of the sculptor Bolthus of Pergamum whose "very beautiful *Child Strangling a Goose*" was greatly admired, and who won notice among the masters of the art of silver work. Mention must also be made of the mosaicists of Pergamum, who were the predecessors of the Roman exponents of this art. From the time of Pliny there subsisted at Pergamum, "and still subsist to-day, vestiges of what is called *carrelage*, a Greek invention earlier than the mosaic work of the Romans." These, according to the same author, were "veritable pictures." Sosus, a clever artist of Pergamum, won fame with his "Unswept Room" (*Asarotos Oikos*). In a room where a meal had just been taken and which had not been swept, quantities of remains littered the floor and were portrayed by a multitude of little tiles of every shade. Among them was a dove throwing its shadow on to the water of a fountain in which it was drinking, while other doves were pecking at food or were perched on the edge of a cantharus. The subject became fashionable and in rich Roman houses were to be seen mosaics reproducing or imitating the *Asarotos* of Pergamum. This art flourished under the patronage of the Attalides, and may have been practised in one of those royal workshops in which the court of Pergamum took pride. One of these workshops was devoted to the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, a Pergamum invention. "It was again in Asia," writes Pliny, "that King Attalus found the means of blending gold thread in

embroidery, hence the word 'attalic' used of this material." But the great industry, which was the pride of the city and of which traces still remained in the eighteenth century, was that of parchment-making. Ptolemy, made anxious by the progress of the library of Pergamum, prohibited the exportation of papyrus, an essentially Egyptian product made from the *Cyperus Papyrus*, a shrub which grew in the swamps of the lower Nile. Eumenus II replied by the invention of parchment[1] which could replace papyrus, and this opened the struggle between the respective partisans of the two substances. A meeting was convened at Rome to give a decision upon the question. Crates of Tralle, the envoy of Attalus II, pleaded the cause of parchment, and Aristarchus, representing Ptolemy, argued in favour of papyrus. Parchment won the day as being more easily produced, more durable, and "more likely to assure the immortality of the texts." Thenceforward the manufacture of Pergamum parchment, which was now added to the other royal industries, assured a sufficient output to the needs of the library and to meet all other demands.

The town of Pergamum in the second century B.C. well deserved to be called the Athens of Asia, and, when it is considered that they were the work of a dynasty issuing from a family of slaves—which only produced four kings—and that all this outpouring of art, science, taste, and culture covered no more than half a century, one cannot but wonder at the prodigies which were effected in this town.

We left Bergama, saturated with new experiences and with delightful memories of the hospitality with which we had been treated by the Turkish authorities. The *caimacam*, the chief of police, the

[1] *Membrana vergamena*, later known simply as *pergamena*.

moudir, the official in charge of the antiquities, all spared no effort to make our visit pleasant. Nor have we forgotten the farewell supper in the *Beledie* (town hall), which gave us an opportunity to appreciate the excellence of good Turkish cooking. The meal came direct from a harem. There was, especially, a certain *pilaf*, cunningly spiced and cooked to a turn, which was a masterpiece of its kind.

The famous *arabas* were awaiting us at the door of the town hall and the shaking and jolting began again. It was quite dark when we set out. The deepest darkness reigned. The great cypresses of the cemetery rose on either side of the road like phantoms. When we had covered about half the distance, the horizon became luminous and a pungent scent of burnt grass reached our nostrils. The fields were on fire. The wind was fanning the fire and spreading it along the ground. We were driving through tall flames. We travelled in this way at full speed for several kilometres so as to get out of this gehenna as quickly as possible. We passed the café, the well with its marble kerb, and the camp of Thracian refugees, without noticing them. The horses drawing our carriages and those of the gendarmes were sweeping forward at a mad trot, and the coolness of the night mingled strangely with the heat of the fire rising from the earth. Exhilarated by the spectacle, some of our escort loaded their rifles and fired into the air. We had a momentary fright, for there was nothing to account for these repeated reports in such a place with the darkness reddened by flaming stubble and briars. The incident gave a touch of excitement to our travels. At last, after midnight, we arrived safe and sound at Dikeli. The *arabas* took us to the quay, where we found men carrying lanterns. In the roadstead the electric lights of the *Catalonia* pierced the darkness.

CHAPTER VII

EPHESUS

A ROAD following the coast leads from Dikeli to the ruins of Canae, an Aeolian town above which rises a powerful mountain ridge running out into the sea as though to protect the entrance to the Elaiticus gulf. Herodotus says that Xerxes crossed the Caicus on the way from Sardes to the Hellespont, leaving Mount Canae to his left. We were about to emerge from the Mytilene channel. To look at those mountains, those gulfs and islands, is to read ancient history. We passed Canae between the Arginusae islands where the Athenians inflicted a defeat upon the Spartans in 406 B.C. Opposite was Cape Malae, the most southerly point of the island of Lesbos, in the lee of which the Lacedæmonian fleet of Callicratidas took shelter during the battle.

Beyond the Canae ridge opens the Elaiticus gulf. Here was the site of Elaea, the port of Pergamum founded by Menestheus and his Athenians on their way to the Trojan war. Here too was Pitonoe[1] with its two ports, one of the first Aeolian settlements, and the birthplace of Archelaus, one of the philosophers of the Academy ; and Grynium, which possessed a celebrated oracle in a splendid temple of white marble consecrated to Apollo, and a sacred wood sung by Homer ; and Myrina, renowned for its fortress. After the Gulf of Elaiticus comes Cymeus, at the foot of which was Cyma, the

[1] To-day Tchmadarli or Sandarli, which is also the modern name of the gulf.

noblest and greatest city of Aeolia, which furnished fifty vessels under the command of Sandoces to the Persians for the great expedition against Greece, and the port of which served as a refuge for Xerxes after the battle of Salamis. Now we were cruising the waters of the Gulf of Smyrna. On the eastern coast a high red cliff showed us the position of the little peninsula of Phocaea, the most northerly of the Ionian cities and one of the first maritime cities of the ancient world, with its two ports, Naustathmus and Lampster, whence the Phocaeans set out to colonise the littoral of the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenum and the Mediterranean, pushing their expeditions as far as distant Tartessios, washed by the ocean. We passed between Cape Phocaea and the little island of Baccheion, where once temples and splendid edifices stood, but which to-day is deserted, without even a fisherman's hut. The promontory of Celaene is the counterpart of that of Phocaea, and several isles and islets are scattered about the intervening gulf, which has a length of 120 *stades*.

After Phocaea comes another gulf, into which the river Hermos flows ; and opposite we saw the peninsula of Clamozena, another Ionian city which had a treasury at Delphi and which was the birthplace of the philosopher Anaxagoras, the master of Archelaus and Euripides. Already the great mountains of Lydia rise from the horizon. From the Hermos valley tower the sheer rugged summits of Sipylos, broken by precipices, the scene of strange legends ; the highest peak was the throne of Pelops, on one of whose slopes was found the tomb of Tantalus, and where Niobe still stands, changed into a rock.

We moor alongside an old landing-stage in the commercial dock of Smyrna. An obsolete tram passes, dragged by a sorry horse. Turks and Jews come to stare at us. The place is only vaguely

reminiscent of the Smyrna of a year ago. The traffic in the harbour is very scanty, and as for the town itself, what a disaster! The inhabitants of Smyrna were proud of their quay and of the splendid buildings ranged along it. The quay still exists, but along its full length there is nothing but ruins Hotels, clubs, theatres, banks, bars, private houses have all been razed to the ground. A few houses remain intact, but not enough to efface the impression produced by the sight of this devastation. Who set fire to Smyrna? No one knows. Some accuse the Greeks, others the Turks, and a third version is that it was an accident. A week after the entry of the Turkish army in September 1922, fire broke out in one quarter. Then, quite independently, other fires broke out in various parts of the town. The areas destroyed were the whole of the Frankish, Greek, and Armenian quarters, and part of the Jewish and Musulman quarter. Looters sacked the houses while they were still burning. The population fled in panic to the quays, seeking some means of embarking and escaping, no matter how. The town was one huge furnace. This lasted five days, and weeks afterwards little centres of fire were still smouldering, though they had been localised.

The Frankish street which, with its European buildings, was formerly the busiest, has been wiped out. A year has passed, and the ruined houses are just as they were left by the fire: doors loose, balconies hanging in space, iron girders twisted by the flames, fragments of signs, flag-poles fixed to ruined façades. The inhabitants lounge indifferently among the devastation, to which they have grown accustomed. Cafés and cinemas have been improvised in tumble-down houses. The bazaar was spared from the catastrophe, and its shopkeepers, as they offer you some trinket, jewel, or antiquity, never fail to inform you, as testi-

Smyrna. Aqueduct near the town.

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Smyrna. The "Grottoes of Homer" in the Meles Valley.

mony to the authenticity of the article: "It was stolen," or "This was looted from the town," which, they seem to think, authorises them to ask a good price. There are some extraordinary cases to be seen: one old house built of worm-eaten wood escaped the scourge, while on each side of it houses strongly built of iron and stone were completely consumed. In the neighbourhood of the *Konak* of the *Vali* the aspect of the town has suffered no change. The terraces of the Turkish cafés are thronged with customers. The curious quarter of the Bridge of the Caravans has not lost its animation. The same multi-coloured crowd jostle one another there; vehicles and pack-animals ply to and fro, porters shout, the booths display the same goods as of old, and the camel caravans make their way with slow and heavy tread over the bridge across the river Meles, or what is said to be the Meles, for on this point there is still dispute, and a river flowing towards Bournabat, north of Smyrna, contests with that of the Bridge of the Caravans the right to bear the name Meles, "Reed-bordered," mentioned in the Homeric hymn.

Indeed the Meles is a legendary river. To its waters miraculous properties were attributed, and it was claimed that Homer wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in a grotto situated near these waters. The river had even been deified. Medals exist representing the god Meles leaning on an urn and holding in his hand a cornucopia, symbol of the fecundity the river spreads wherever it flows. Sometimes he carried a lyre to denote his relationship with Homer. Smyrna, it will be seen, was one of the seven towns which boasted of being the birthplace of the poet, and the most famous monument of the old town was an Homerion, a sort of sanctuary in which a statue of Homer was venerated.

The ruins of Smyrna, the only one among the

ancient Ionian towns to survive to modern times, made me think how, for four hundred years, from the time when Alyattes, king of Lydia, destroyed it, down to the time of its reconstruction by Alexander the Great, Smyrna ceased to exist ; at most a few nomadic bands ventured to camp among the ruins. Alexander was unable to complete his work, but it was continued by Antigonus and completed by Lysimachus, and the renovated town became one of the most magnificent and pleasant in Asia, being famed for the width of its streets, which were designed in right angles, its public gardens, libraries, porticoes, schools of rhetoric and philosophy, and business houses. Why should modern Smyrna not rise again from its ashes? Sooner or later, I feel sure, the miracle will be accomplished.

We now prepared to make our way into the interior. "In the neighbourhood of Smyrna," says Pliny, "stretch mountains which are the most celebrated in Asia: Mastusia, behind the town, and Termetis, stretching to the foot of Olympus, then Olympus reaching to Mount Dragon. This merges into Tmolus, Tmolus into Cadmus, and Cadmus into Taurus. We were to travel by the Ottoman railway, the first to be laid in Turkey. Owing to the restricted service there were only two classes, and as a result the carriages were full to overflowing. The ruins of Smyrna continued into the surrounding country, where we passed an unbroken succession of burnt villages. The essential parts of the stations have been patched up, the rest are still in ruins. Farms, isolated houses, huts, all have been consumed. But the dearth of habitable houses is in great contrast with the multitude of the inhabitants. On the stations, as the train passes through, there was a regular throng of Turks, both men and women, and

those unmistakable, tall Anatolians with their striped turbans, long wool scarves wound several times round their stomachs, embroidered tunics, and short trousers, which leave the knees bare in the Tyrolese fashion. The route led through vineyards and clumps of fig trees.

The distance between Smyrna and Ephesus, as calculated by the ancients, was 320 *stades*. About half-way, the station of Tourbali serves a village situated on the site of Metropolis, of whose story nothing is known, but whose wine is praised by the geographers of antiquity. To our right is Mount Galessus, very sheer, and with gigantic precipitous cliffs; on its highest pinnacle stands an old castle which the natives of the district call Kezel Hissar (the Castle of the Goats), doubtless because it is only accessible by goat tracks. The plain at the foot of this mountain is merely a vast swamp hidden by a carpet of water-lilies. We are on the edge of the marshes of the Cayster, a sluggish river winding capriciously in all directions, for which reason the Turks call it Koutchouk Mendereh (the Little Maeander). The valley narrows between Mount Galessus and Mount Pactyas, and it is through this narrow corridor that the Cayster enters the district of Ephesus. We arrive at the station of Ayassoulouk, the Turkish form of the *Hagios Theologos* of the Greeks.[1] This would be an obscure village, did not the proximity of Ephesus give it importance. The station is a very busy one. Near by are Turkish cafés and restaurants, with tables outside. We make our way by a carriage road towards Ayassoulouk. The road is flanked on the right by a Roman aqueduct with square brick pillars,

[1] This etymology has been disputed. The ancient Turkish writers used the word Aizlik, which is said to be a corruption of Altus Locus; but in its present form the current interpretation is very probable.

mingled with blocks of marble, some of which still bear traces of Greek inscriptions. This aqueduct used to bring to Ephesus the water of the Halitaca, a stream running down from Mount Pactyas. After leaving this work behind, and some five hundred metres from the station, we halt at a cross roads shaded by plane trees. On one side of this open space is a café ; in the centre a fountain and drinking trough. It is, it appears, a compulsory halting place for wagons and camels. Whether this is so or not, to sit at one of those rustic tables under the foliage induces a sensation of restfulness. A constant stream of curious types passes by, providing a constantly changing succession of strange scenes. We ask for figs. The only Smyrna figs known in the West are the dried and carefully packed variety. Naturally we are anxious to taste them fresh, in their native place. We are supplied with a basket of figs gathered a few yards from where we are, on the land where of old the Temple of Artemis of Ephesus stood. The site of this temple is to-day covered with fig-trees, and the café where we are sitting stands quite close to the peribolus of the temple. Leaning against the fountain I have already mentioned is a Musulman *stele,* on the marble of which an inscription in Arabic characters is carved. Our guide, an intellectual Turk in charge of the antiquities, read it as a passage from the Koran : "And they shall all feel the presence of death. . . ."

A hedge-bordered road leads from this square to the fortress called Kastel, the Mosque of Selim and the village. This village is said by some to date from the thirteenth century. Actually, Ayassoulouk is the sorry relic of a suburb of ancient Ephesus, and the spot has never been entirely deserted. In the Byzantine Middle Ages Ephesus is spoken of as an existing town. At the beginning of the fourteenth

century the Turks were there, and in 1306 they were driven out by the Catalans, under Roger de Flor and Berenguer de Rocafort. They were soon back again, however. The great mosque, called the Selim Mosque, built by Sultan Isa II of Aïdin, was begun, according to an inscription carved over the principal door, on January 13th, 1375. The place is inhabited by poor people, partly *yourouks*, who have been joined by Musulman refugees from Macedonia and Thrace. We saw some of them encamped in the open air in front of the mosque. One woman was dying, and some of the little children had not the strength even to whimper.

The mosque is a beautiful monument built from material from Ephesus which the Musulman architects have contrived to adapt in a wonderful manner to their new building. They found massive columns and marble stones from the walls already carved, and paving stones and other material ready to be used. But it is the *mihrab* and the framework of the windows and doors of finely carved white marble that reveal the hand of the master workman to whom we owe this remarkable specimen of Seljuk art. The mosque is, of course, in ruins, as also are the churches of St. John the Baptist and St. Luke dating from Byzantine Ayassoulouk, for we must not forget that we are in a country of wars and earthquakes.

The city of Ephesus only existed through its temple. When the Artimiseum disappeared, Ephesus ceased to shine as the "Light of Asia"; the fact of being the first of the seven Christian churches of Asia did not save her from decay. Diana of Ephesus was a divinity of ancient Asia, an Oriental goddess endowed with the attributes of an Hellenic divinity. To explain her origin we should have to

go back to the earliest sources of Phrygian cults. As Rhea, she is an ancestress, a Great Goddess, the Great Mother. She came to Greece in the prehistoric period of the Asiatic immigrations. In Greece her character underwent a change; she appropriated other qualities and returned to Asia Hellenised. The same thing happened to religion in general, the plastic arts, the races. The Ionic Dionysos is not exactly the Bacchus or Sabazius of Orphic tradition, and in the same way the Ephesian Artemis bears little resemblance to the Artemis or Diana we know in the West. The chaste character of the Artemis of Greece has no obvious connection with the orgiastic character of the Artemis of Ephesus. The symbolism of the Ephesian cult is somewhat obscure for the uninitiated. Artemis appears as a sort of xoanon, the most primitive form of the statue. She has numerous pendant breasts, and for that reason is called Artemis Polimastos (Πολημαστὺς, "she of the many breasts"), to symbolise the vital and nutritive forces of the earth. On the other hand, however, it is said that this cult was inaugurated by the warrior Amazons. In Greek, Amazon signifies a woman with an amputated breast, and having regard to the fact that the Megabizi or priests of the Goddess were compulsorily eunuchs, we find ourselves faced with two data in flagrant contradiction with the special meaning of the cult of Artemis. The legs of the goddess were encased in a sheath on which were carved in horizontal and parallel panels the heads of animals of various kinds, such as lions, griffins, sphinxes, bees, rams, bulls—a decoration which was repeated on other parts of the body as well as on the tiara and the disc behind the head. The hands were supported by two bars, probably of gold, made fast to the pedestal, for otherwise the shape of the statue would not have allowed it to

The Artemis of Ephesus.

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Ephesus. Stele.

stand upright. Even after its Hellenisation it preserved its essentially Asiatic appearance, admitting of no other interpretation, and it was this that surrounded it with a mystery and occult force without parallel.

The Ephesians exploited this cult wonderfully. The goddess performed miracles ; her appearance in person was reported ; her beneficence was advertised far and wide ; she healed sickness, settled business disputes, cleared up difficult situations. The people were persuaded that this image was not the work of human hands, but had fallen from heaven together with the temple itself. The Ephesians related that the architect Megasthenes, puzzled as to how to balance the front of the principal façade and finding no means of overcoming the difficulty in which he had placed himself, was thinking of suicide, when, in a dream, he saw Artemis, who declared to him that she would undertake to solve the problem that very night, and indeed, on the morrow, the frontispiece was in position. In the eyes of her devotees the power of Zeus himself faded before that of the goddess Artemis Prothea, "The Source of All Things," who bore within her the attributes of Nature, Isis, Luna, Rhea, The Mother of the Gods, the Earth, and Night. Nothing escaped her. The divinities of Egypt, Assyria, Persia and India had united to make of the Ephesian Artemis the supreme Asiatic divinity. People came from every part to pay her homage and lavish offerings upon her. Ephesus had the character of a sacerdotal town. A long hierarchy of priests was in its service. Foremost among these figured the Megabizi, eunuchs held in high respect by the population and assisted in their functions by young virgins ; among the legion of servants accredited to the goddess were numbered priests and priestesses, sacred

heralds, trumpeters, sceptre-bearers, theologians, thurifers, the mounted guard of the temple, sweepers of the sanctuary, robers of the goddess, dancers, acrobats, and flute players for the sacred feasts.

The ceremonies were conducted with an astonishing display of splendour. There was a clever organisation to attract foreigners going to Ephesus, both to ingratiate themselves with the goddess and for amusement. One month of the year, called Artemiseum, was wholly consecrated to the Ephesian Artemis. The whole month was given over to gaiety. Festivity was compulsory. "People were not to allow themselves to profane a single day by any kind of work." At this time were held the festivals called the Artemisiae, the athletic games in the stadium, the great theatrical performances, the concerts in the Odeon. In the delightful sacred woods of Ortygia, peopled with statues of gods, shaded by many kinds of trees and bathed by the river Cenchryos, with its cool limpid waters, assemblies gathered, the solemn sacrifices were consummated, and the mysteries of the goddess celebrated with great pomp. Splendid festivals took place, and there was singing to the sound of the flute, the best citharists of Asia displaying their talents. At the three ports of the town the animation and movement never ceased. Sailing vessels from all the islands of the Archipelago, Greece, Cyprus and Egypt passed up the Cayster laden with travellers and merchandise.

The town of priests, the town of pleasure and joy, Ephesus was also a town of commerce. The size of the warehouses of the inner harbour which was connected with the Cayster by a canal, indicate the importance of the sea-borne traffic. Money flowed to Ephesus from all sides. The goldsmiths of the town, who made little temples and statuettes of the goddess which the visitors took away as amulets,

amassed fortunes. In the Artemiseum there was established a bank controlled by the Grand Megabizus, the administrator of the treasure of the goddess, which was subject to a very strict fiscal control. Ephesus acted as the general bank of Asia, the bank in which the kings, towns, and private individuals deposited their funds and opened current accounts. In addition to being a place of devotion and prayer and a miracle factory, the Artemiseum was a great credit establishment, perhaps the first international establishment of the kind that ever existed.

Temple of Artemis at Ephesus

This temple was one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." It was four times the size of the Parthenon, for in Asia they liked to build on a large scale, more importance being attached to size than to harmony. (The Athenians set greater store by the grace of the little temple of the Nike Apteros or of their Acropolis than by the splendour of the Olympia of Pisistratus.) The architects Chersiphro of Gnossos and his son Megasthenes drew the plan and began the construction of the temple, which was carried on without interruption by means of contributions from entire Asia, until the architect Demetrius, servant of Artemis, and Peonius of Ephesus completed it, two hundred and twenty years later. According to Pliny the edifice was 425 feet long by 225 broad. It was Ionic, dipteral and octostyle both in front and rear, with 127 columns (presents from a like number of kings) 60 feet high, 36 of them fluted and one carved by Scopas. Within the vast building stood the statue of Artemis, of very moderate proportions and made of cedar, ebony, or vinestock—on this point the Greek and Roman writers do not agree. A veil stretching from ceiling to floor hid it from the eye of the public except during hours of worship. The ancient authors tell us of the riches, ornaments and works of art accumulated

in this temple. The list of sculptors of every rank who worked for the Artemiseum would be endless. The statues which adorned the monument of the Amazons were the joint work of Polycletus, Phidias, Cresilas, Cydon, and Pradmon. Apelles, citizen of Ephesus and a pupil of the Ephesian painter Ephorus, painted for the Artemiseum an Alexander the Great armed with lightning, a picture which aroused general admiration and which is said to have cost twenty gold talents.

The roof of the temple was of cedar, the doors of cypress, and each step of the staircase leading to the roof of the monument was made from a single vine stock. Pliny says that the Artemiseum was completely destroyed seven times, and that in his day—the second century A.D.—it was about to be rebuilt for the eighth time. This looks like exaggeration, and it is true that Pliny is careful not to give the dates of these castastrophes. Xerxes, the most dangerous of the enemies who invaded Ephesus, respected the Artemiseum, and all the other conquerors and tribal chiefs followed his example. Everything points to the supposition that the temple of Ephesus remained unharmed through the vicissitudes of history until that night of the year 356—the birth night of Alexander of Macedon—when Erostratus set fire to it. Thirty years afterwards its reconstruction, using the sections which had remained standing, was undertaken by Dinocrates, an architect who loved to work on a large scale and who wanted to carve the statue of Alexander in the rock of the extreme point of Athos. The great sack of the temple was that ordered by Nero, and later the Goths descended upon it ; but its disappearance was chiefly the work of the Christians. St. Paul's preaching in the theatre of Ephesus, which drew upon him the hatred of the Ephesian gold-

Plan of Ephesus.

A. Harbour.
B. Colophon Road.
CC. River Caystros.
DD. River Cenchrios.
EE. Samos Road.
FF. Coressus.
GG. Prion.
HH. Magnesia Road.
II. Road to Sardes and Smyrna.
J. Inner harbour (silted).
KK. River Selinus.
1. Temple of Artemis of Ephesus.
2. Large building near harbour believed to be the Artemesion.
3. Azora surrounded by columns.
4. Corinthian temple.
5. Tombs.
6. Odeon.
7. Olympion
8. Theatre.
9. Stadium.
10. Magnesia Gate.
11. Gymnasium.

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Ephesus. Gate of Persecution (Acropolis of Aghiasoulouk).

Ephesus. The Sacred Way.

smiths and merchants, for it seriously prejudiced the sale of statuettes of the goddess, dealt a serious blow at the Artemiseum. Not long afterwards, the Christians of Ephesus, smarting under persecution and encouraged by imperial edicts, stormed the temple and annihilated it. The Emperor Justinian had everything removed that could be used for the Christian buildings of Constantinople, and the foundations and all that remained were covered by the swamps. The splendid Christian church of Ephesus succumbed in its turn, and the ruins of the basilica of St. John the Evangelist on the hill of the castle, the places where the councils were held, the tombs of the saints, and the various sacred places to which pilgrimages were made, suffered a fate no happier than that of the pagan monuments.

Even the memory of the Artemiseum was lost among the new inhabitants of the district who, moreover, were totally annihilated by the Turks in the fourteenth century and replaced by tribes of Yourouks—nomads of Mongolian stock belonging to the "Golden Horde," of whom there still remain representatives living in huts at the foot of the Turkish fortress of Ayassoulouk—who were not concerned to know where the goddess of the pagans had been worshipped. For several centuries the site was lost and the archæologists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries searched for it in vain. The sagacity and perseverance of Mr. Wood, delegate of the British Museum, met with the reward they deserved. Deciding that neither epigraphs, architectonic remains, nor local tradition would make it possible to find the Artemiseum, Mr. Wood had recourse to topography and the paths which led from the town of Ephesus towards the Cayster ; for paths, roads made by human feet, defy time, and a path followed by wandering humanity three or

four thousand years ago is not yet effaced, nor ever will be. Starting with these simple data, and knowing, from Herodotus, that the temple was outside the town and that the Sacred Port which served it was entered by the Cayster, Mr. Wood, in 1871, after eight years of stubborn groping and digging, discovered, six metres below the ground, the marbles of the Artemiseum and so fixed the situation of the temple once and for all.

According to Herodotus this temple stood at a distance of seven *stades* (about 1,300 metres) from the walls of Ephesus. It was reached by two roads: one from the gate at the north-west of the town crossing the Cayster valley; the other from the Magnesia gate which opened on to the Selinus valley to the north-east. Let us take the former route to go from the Artemiseum to the town—following for part of the way the present carriage road from Ayassoulouk to Scala Nova—which gives us roughly the length indicated. Ephesus spread round Coressus, a circular mountain 131 feet high, to-day called Panijir Dagh. At the foot of the mountain stretched a road, a kind of Sacred Way, both sides of which were bordered along their whole length by monuments, porticoes and statues. Entering by this gate, one would find, immediately to the right, the Serapion, to the left the Stadium, then in succession the great gymnasium, the monumental buildings of the harbour, the thermae, the Stoa, the theatre on the slope of Coressus facing another agora, and the Corinthian temple of Claudius. The road continued along a narrow valley between Coressus and Mount Pion (to-day Boulboul Daghu, the Mountain of the Nightingales), and to the left on the side of Coressus would be the Odeon, and, at the base of Pion, a Roman temple; then on the same range a semi-circular marble monument of graceful and

elegant design, a second gymnasium, and, lastly, the Magnesia Gate. There would therefore be a break of continuity between this gate and the north-west gate, but the absence of remains does not prove that this space was empty of buildings. Thus, although it is an undeniable fact that the rhetorician and sophist Damianus spent enormous sums on the construction of a Stoa a *stade* long outside the Magnesia Gate on the road to the Artemiseum, not the least trace of this considerable monument remains. The alluvium of the Selinus (the river of parsley) has certainly raised the level of the plain on the eastern side of Coressus, which is now partly planted with fig-trees, partly overrun with tall fennel, thistles and clumps of aromatic plants.

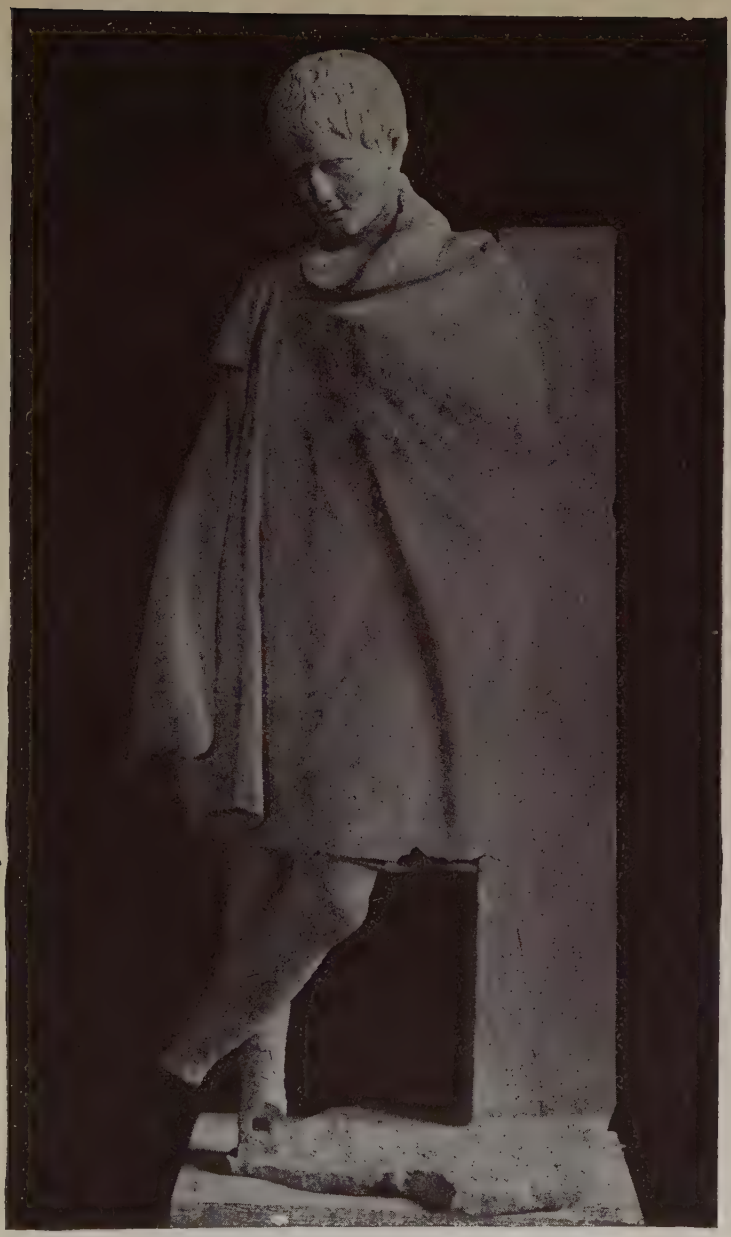
Crossing this plain, we returned to the cross roads of Ayassoulouk, where we sat down again at a table under the shade of the plane trees to refresh ourselves and to contemplate afresh this typically Turkish picture. There is a story connected with this fountain which invites the passer-by to halt, maintains the humidity which enables the trees to produce their foliage and preserves the life of this busy centre. It is a cistern into which flow the waters of a neighbouring well, and is in reality nothing more than a sarcophagus which, according to a Latin inscription, contains the bodies of the captain of a trireme called the *Griffin* and of his wife. The memory of death clings to this place, where several successive civilisations have left nothing but tombs. The place is full of Musulman *tourbes* surmounted by cupolas, of which there are at least fifteen in the immediate neighbourhood of the cross roads.

Life in this place was once intense, but to-day it is the home of death, and against the colouring of the landscape and the relics of the past man reveals only his decrepitude.

CHAPTER VIII

HIERAPOLIS

THE *Tralles Shepherd* which stands in the centre of one of the rooms of the Constantinople Museum has always delighted me. This figure, leaning upon a stick with legs crossed, has been a familiar one to me for a long time. I have seen it on Parnassus and Cithaeron. The statue is a portrait, but it is probable that the sculptor found his model on the slopes of Mesoghis. The Greek shepherds of Phrygia in the Hellenic period were in no way different from the Greek shepherds of to-day. What better argument could there be in favour of Asiatic Hellenism than that beautiful statue of the Constantinople Museum? The type has been preserved intact. The same head, the same felt mantle, the same attitude, as he watches the sheep; I can never look at him without greeting him as an old friend. Tralles has changed its name, being now called Aïdin, after the emir who conquered it. As the acropolis of Tralles was pleasantly situated on an impregnable terrace and still contains impressive relics, the Turks, when they took possession of it, called it Guzel Hissar (Beautiful Castle), whence apparently the Hellenic town has become "Beautiful Castle of Aïdin." But the shepherd of Tralles pays little heed to the change; before acquiring the name of Tralles his town had had so many others—Anthea, Evanthea, Erymne, Larissa, Charax, Seleucia, Antiochia—that a change more or less affected him little.



The Shepherd of Tralles (Constantinople Museum).

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Ephesus. Roman ruins.

If the statue of the shepherd was an interesting discovery, no less suggestive was that of the stone on which were carved the words and music of the air of Seikilos, one of the most complete specimens of Hellenic musical notation that have reached us. It at once gave Tralles a place in the history of music. The " stone of Tralles " is a document in no way less important as a technical specimen than the Delphi tablets upon which the hymns to Apollo are engraved. The Greeks who were living in Tralles a year ago were proud of the shepherd, the song of Seikilos and the walls of their ancient citadel (which were eight metres thick), as well as of the three broad arcades, the façade of the gymnasium, standing out against the blue sky and called by the Turks *Outch Geuk* (The Three Eyes). They were equally proud of the famous schools of art, philosophy and rhetoric which flourished at Tralles and of the opulent *asiarchs* of this town who presided over the games in the gymnasiums, stadiums and hippodromes of Phrygia. But the Greeks of Aïdin have vanished ; Aïdin exists no more. Churches, mosques, schools, bazaars, all have been destroyed. The large area occupied by the town, which before the war had 35,000 inhabitants, is now covered with ruins. Above the station, on the road which crosses the railway cutting by a bridge, part of the bazaar still exists, and all the life—and what a poor life it is !—of the population is centred there.

We reached Aïdin from the direction of Ayas-soulouk. As soon as the train had passed through a tunnel, we were in the country of the Maeander, open and spacious. To the north the landscape is bounded by the great group of Mesoghis (*Kestane Dagh*, the Mountain of the Chestnut Trees) ; to the south, on the other side of the Maeander, rises Cadmus, the mountain of Caria (*Baba Dagh*), with its forests,

springs, and splendid scenery. We crossed a fertile plain where the grapes and fruits of Smyrna grow. The forests of fig-trees stretch as far as the eye can see, while on the outskirts of Aïdin a distinctive note is struck by the dark grey trunks of the gnarled olives. One anomaly of this district is the dearth of building stone. The buildings of Tralles were of brick, of such endurance that the builders of to-day dig for the old bricks, with which the modern ones are not to be compared.

Leaving Aïdin, we passed through Sultan Hissar, the ancient Nysa of the Greeks, which was bisected by the Eudon, a tributary of the Maeander, a town famed for its schools of literature and eminent philosophers, and in which Strabo listened to the teaching of Aristodemus. Further on is Nazli, which has no classical memories, the district of liquorice and fig-trees. A few miles south of the station of Kouyouje, on the banks of the Mosynus, is the Maeander Antiochia which had its hour of fame. At Serai Keui the river is crossed by a temporary bridge, the iron railway bridge having been destroyed, for during the war the left bank was the Turkish front, which explains why beyond the Maeander we met with no further modern ruins. As far as ancient ruins were concerned, in no part of Asia are they so numerous or so closely grouped. On the banks of the little river, on the confines of Phrygia and Caria at the foot of Cadmus, the Leleges founded their first town, which later took the name of Aphrodisia because the cult of Aphrodite developed there. Its Ionic temple attracted all the peoples of the upper Maeander. The Turkish village which replaces it is called Geyra (doubtless from Hiera). In the neighbourhood are Colossis and Laodicea, two Hellenic cities which played a part in the early days of Christianity. It was through the Colossians that

St. Paul sent from Rome his advice and greetings to the Christians of Laodicea, Hierapolis and Nymhaeum, whose churches are buried side by side with the ruins of the pagan temples. There is a whole world waiting to be discovered in these ruined towns of the Lycus valley, towns once rich, beautiful and populous ; in most of them no excavation has yet been attempted.

In the centre of this region, where one cannot walk a mile without coming upon a sarcophagus, a bit of ancient road, a tumulus, a theatre, fragments of columns, vaults of thermae or mutilated epigraphs, the town of Denizli, a market for cereals and wool, lives quietly by its trade, to which the Ottoman Railway has given a strong impetus. At the station we found an animation to which we had grown unaccustomed. Many European carriages drawn by two horses were waiting for the passengers ; the sheds were full of bales and cases of goods. The only result of the war in Denizli has been the departure of the Greeks, Jews and Armenians, who represented the commercial element. Business, of course, continues, since the country continues to produce and the local produce has to be carried away ; but even the Turks bewail the dilatoriness with which business is carried on, though without examining the cause.

The town has not a Musulman appearance. The main street, which crosses and connects the two bazaars, is bordered with single-storey houses in the fashion of the West, and the citizens are European in their costume and bearing. But the bazaars are entirely Asiatic. The Turks to-day have the entire monopoly of these ; Greeks, Armenians and Jews have deserted them. As we had to change pounds sterling into Turkish money we set out to look for a *zaraf* (money changer). Unfortunately this profession

is foreign to the Turks, and they had not yet had time to learn it. Our little transaction assumed the proportions of an important business deal. In the end, however, the most important merchant of the town was unearthed and received us in his shop, a sort of den littered with the most miscellaneous collection of goods, which hardly left room for the merchant to sit. He was a corpulent personage in a turban who, of course, offered us absurd terms, seeing the chance of a good speculation. After long bargaining we at last reached an agreement involving considerable loss on our side. The worthy man had to go to his *konak* to look for the Ottoman banknotes. Meanwhile a dense crowd had collected in front of the shop, staring at us and passing endless remarks. When the banker arrived and began to count out the notes due to us, one by one, there was a moment of inexpressible tension. The whole crowd counted in chorus, confusing one another and counting wrong, perhaps deliberately. We were finally forced to cut the scene short by pocketing what had been handed over, without bothering to check it. The crowd looked at us enviously as if we had received the sum as a gift.

We went back to the hotel that had been recommended to us on our arrival. On the ground floor there was a Turkish café with movable seats and *narghiles* at the disposal of the customers. The bedrooms were reached by crossing an open courtyard and ascending a wooden staircase ; they contained two beds each and sometimes more. There was only one lavatory, the fittings consisting of a metal basin and jug placed on a board in a recess at the end of a corridor. This the guests used in turns in their own way, and naturally, to us, unaccustomed to this crude system, it caused an embarrassment which must have been very comical.

We made the acquaintance of the most distinguished restaurateur of the place. No one who has not visited a Turkish eating-house in Asia has any idea what it is really like. The cooking is all done in mutton fat, and can be smelt as soon as you cross the threshold. The dishes, ready cooked, simmer in a row of pewter saucepans, all alike, on a plaster oven built along the wall. In one of these receptacles an enigmatic *ragoût* awaits your verdict ; in another balls of meat are submerged in a brown sauce ; another saucepan contains *pilaf*, and there are leeks cooked in oil, stuffed pumpkins, roasts of lamb seasoned with garlic and cinnamon, and other things quite unrecognisable at first sight. I am not depreciating Oriental cooking, which I have had opportunities of enjoying ; I am merely stating the fare available at the restaurant at Denizli. It is a matter of local colour, and anything better would have seemed out of place in a Phrygian eating-house. At any rate the customers of the establishment appeared very satisfied with what was served, and the contents of the saucepans vanished as though by magic.

We left Denizli very early the next morning. The town is surrounded by kitchen gardens and clumps of fruit trees. We passed through this zone of verdure interspersed with little clumps of houses. This fertility is due to a little river, the Tchorouk-Sou, which is fed by the springs rising on Cadmus. We made our way to Laodicea and Hierapolis in a carriage *à la franque*, along what purports to be a road following the route of the ancient way, and after leaving Denizli we found ourselves, now splashing through morasses, now jolting along fragments of century-old paving. Ancient trees stretched their branches over the road, which was crossed from time to time by streams. We passed over

what had once been gardens but of these only the avenues remained ; we crossed numerous ravines. About four kilometres from Denizli the water of the Tchorouk-Sou works a mill, near which are a farm and small village. The road is by no means easy. Our horses, of wretched appearance but strong, made laudable efforts to drag our carriages out of the difficulties in which they were constantly involved. In a grassy valley we passed alongside the arches of an aqueduct and further on stood a length of wall. We were at Laodicea.

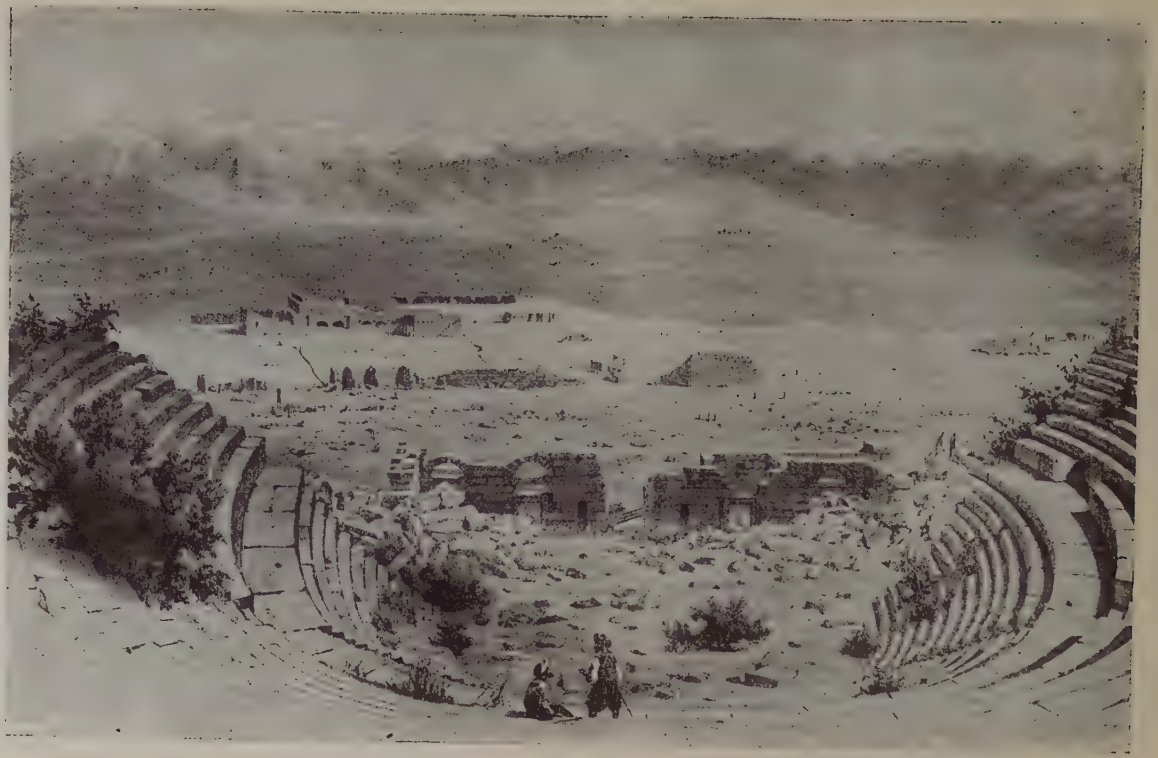
The authors of antiquity scarcely mention this town. Pliny says that very long ago it was called Diospolis, and later Rhoas. The name Laodicea is from Laodice, wife of Antiochus, who was the son of Stratonicus, its founder. It is known that Laodicea suffered not a little in the wars of Mithridates ; but in the time of Augustus Cæsar this obscure town, according to its inscriptions, suddenly appeared as a home of luxury and wealth. As in Tralles, many capitalists lived there. One of the sources of revenue of Laodicea, as of Colossis, was the wool of its sheep, " which surpassed that of Miletus for its fine texture and crow-black colour." In the markets of Asia this wool was prized more highly than any other. The agricultural produce of the district, which was watered by five rivers, had a high reputation. The town itself was washed by the Asopus and the Caprousa. Near by flowed the Lycus, which below Colossis disappeared underground, to reappear on the surface about a mile further on ; and in addition there was the river known to-day as the Tchoruk Sou, which comes down from Cadmus. A mile from the walls of Laodicea the waters of the earlier rivers joined the Maeander. Many small streams plashed around the town. The waters of Laodicea possessed colouring

properties. Vitruvius compared them with those of the Xanthus and the Scamander of Troy, in which "animals going to drink in the season when they are accustomed to breed, from being white, become, according to the place where they drink, some grey, others a brownish colour, and others completely black, which proves the property possessed by these waters of communicating, according to their nature, a particular colour to everything that comes into contact with them; that is why the Trojans call the river which flows near their town the Xanthus (yellow), and it is for the same reason that the cattle born along its banks are red, and why the sheep have a pink tinge deepening to reddish brown."

The geology and hydrology of Laodicea present many peculiarities. The stone is porous and friable and the crust of the mountain is, in places, hollow. In ancient times subterranean fires were reported, noxious exhalations, and a number of thermal springs which have not entirely run dry. The Laodiceans liked to contribute personally and from their own resources to the embellishment of their town. Among the most generous is quoted Hiero, who paid out of his own purse for the building of several monuments and gave more than 2,000 talents to the town, to which he bequeathed his fortune. The rhetorician Zeno and his son, the sophist Polemon, lavished gifts upon Laodicea. An inscription tells us that Nicostratus restored "at his own cost" the stadium, which had become inadequate owing to the increase of the population and which he transformed into an amphitheatre. The inscription adds that his son, also named Nicostratus, supplied what was wanting for the completion of the work. The epigraphs were discovered on the door of a subterranean passage, still recognisable, by which the horses and

chariots entered the arena. This monument, situated on the south side of the city, is in a good state of preservation, as also is the Odeon with its tiers of marble seats ; in spite of their dilapidation, it is easy to distinguish the two theatres, one facing north, the other west. Laodicea, according to Pliny the most celebrated of the twenty cities which emerged from the Mediterranean Province of the first century of our era, a city watered by so many streams, so admirably situated on a height which dominates the undulating country, has, since the destruction of its pagan temples and Christian churches, never attracted any nomadic tribe in search of a place to pitch their tents, nor has it been the site of even the smallest village. The solitude of Laodicea is undisturbed by the least symptom of life. We passed its ruins which are steeped in melancholy, and continued on our way.

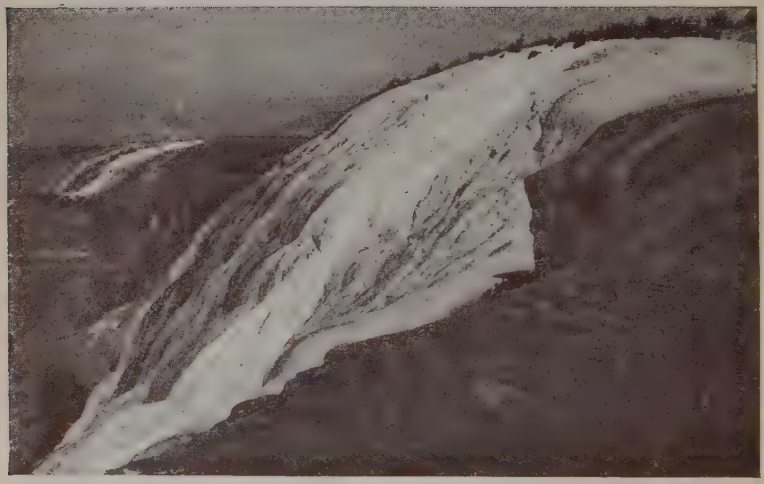
Herodotus gives the distance from Laodicea to Hierapolis as six miles. We headed straight for Mesoghis, whose imposing bulk shuts off the horizon to the north. We might have been walking at random in an unexplored land, for the tracks are difficult to distinguish. Our gendarmes had to go ahead like scouts to reconnoitre for places where the carriages could pass. As there are no marked roads and as the streams and rivers change their course from season to season, one is faced with the unknown. It was as though no one before ourselves had ever ventured into this region, and we might have been pioneers. After finding a ford, we crossed the stony bed of the Lycus, after which the ground became flat. Our carriages halted on the bank of the Maeander before a wooden bridge which cracked alarmingly even under the weight of foot passengers. The empty carriages had to go forward cautiously at a walk. Chandler, the English traveller who passed



Hierapolis. General view of the ruins from the top of the theatre, with panorama of the Mountains of Caria.

p. 160.

On the road from Denizli to Hierapolis.



Hierapolis. Petrified falls.

this way about the middle of the eighteenth century, speaks of this bridge in similar terms ; there has been no improvement since his time. When a plank breaks through it is patched up again anyhow. When a flood carries the bridge away the peasants improvise another. Since the route we were following was obviously that which served in ancient times to maintain communication between Colossis, Laodicea and Hierapolis, this bridge must always have been there, the Maeander being a capricious river which cannot be trusted. It is, however, the only bridge to be found in this almost deserted, barren country, where no one travels. Since leaving Denizli three hours before, we had not met a living soul on the road. The great white patches on the base of Mount Mesoghis, already visible from Serai Keui before we reached Denizli, and which we had since seen every time we looked north, now became more clearly defined. They are the petrified falls of Pambouk, the name given by the Turks to ancient Hierapolis. Fields of melons and tobacco indicated the neighbourhood of an inhabited area. A deep ravine to cross and we were in the little village of Endjeli which nestles beside the ruins of the town of Fliera.[1]

Among the curiosities of nature this is one of the strangest. Imagine a wide foaming cascade hurling itself from a height and suddenly changed to stone. In petrification the colourless water becomes white as snow. Its surface is undulating like falling waves, for the waters solidified in the act of falling. It is precisely like a waterfall sculptured in marble. The phenomenon is not unknown elsewhere, but at Hierapolis its grandeur is unparalleled. It was inevitable that the ancients should enwrap it in legend. " It was in this spot," says Smyrnaeus, " that the Moon

[1] Livy X., cap. cxx.

of old came down to Endymion while he slept among his flocks. In this spot, under oaks which witnessed their union, can still be seen the imprint of their couch near which, in a transport of delight, or perhaps because the shepherd had forgotten to milk them, the heifers spilled a large quantity of their milk, which remained there, to the great astonishment of the people ; this, seen from afar, has the colour of milk, and from near looks like limpid, running water which has been suddenly gripped and held in its course by frost. But when one came close to it the illusion was completely lost and it was only a mass of stone."

We left the carriages in the village and mounted the horses, the *moudir* of Endjeli accompanying us. The *moutessarif* of Denizli had furnished us with an escort of gendarmes commanded by a captain. Although we were immediately under the ruins, we had to make a long detour to reach them. The path to be followed runs east, winding round a wide stretch of ground which no doubt was once intended for gardens. A sharp turn over the loose rocks brought us on to the plateau. As soon as we reached the end of our climb, we found ancient buildings with their walls still standing. The town was all on one level, only the theatre, the stadium and, at the western extremity, the necropolis standing on the mountain slope. One could command the whole extent of the town at a single glance.

Like Laodicea, Hierapolis had not a great history in antiquity. The date of its foundation is entirely unknown and even less is known about its founder, who has not even a mythological origin. Situated as it was on the road from Sardes to Apamea, it must have been the scene of many events, but an impenetrable cloud hangs over all this. In the Roman period Hierapolis, equipped with all its

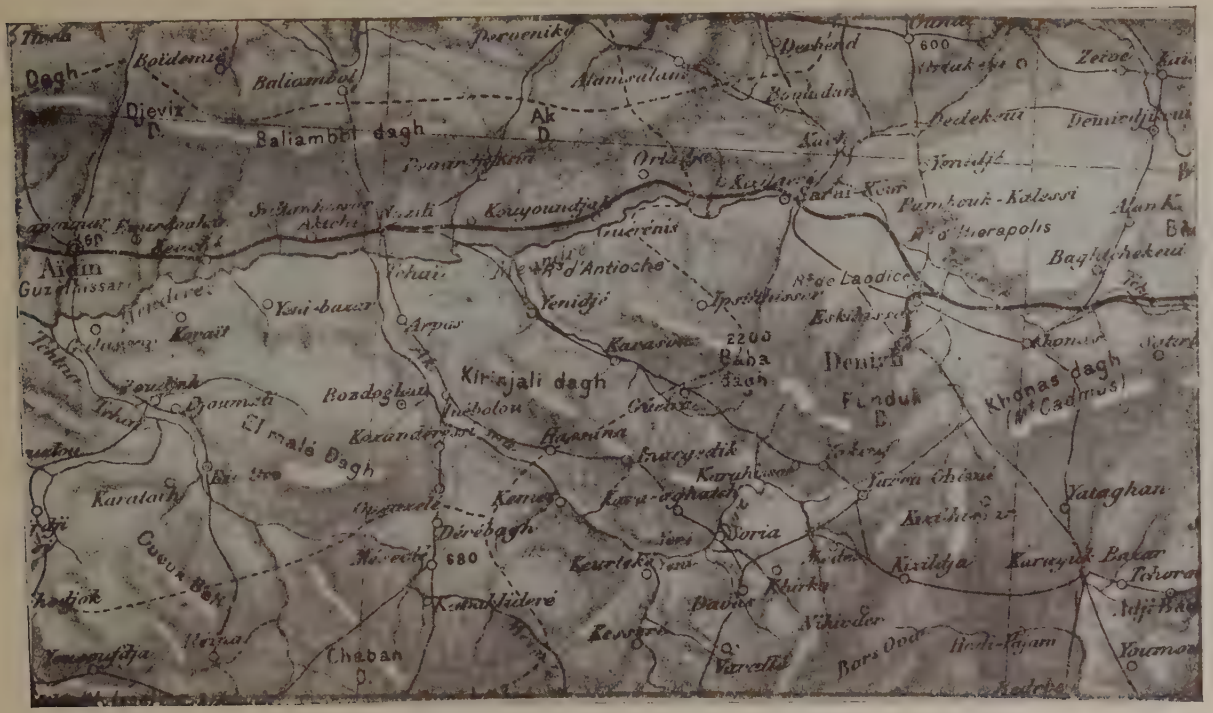
Hellenic character, rose to the first rank. An inscription that has been discovered in the theatre speaks of its "very powerful senate"; another describes Hierapolis as "the most magnificent of the peoples." Another runs: "Hail, O powerful and superb city of Hierapolis, most delightful habitation of wide reaching Asia, most worthy of public veneration because of the great number of nymphs who dwell there, and the most adorned with rich and magnificent monuments." Another epigraph invokes Apollo Archegetes (the leader) to be propitious to the inhabitants of the town. In the centre, leaning against the slope of Mesoghis, the theatre can be seen, of enormous proportions and one of the best preserved in Asia. As there is no centre of population in the neighbourhood of Hierapolis, the monuments have not been removed to any great extent. The theatre, abandoned and eaten away by time, collapsed as the result of repeated earthquakes, and its mass of ruins still lie where they fell. Some of the marble may have been removed for the Christian monuments, but it cannot have been any great quantity, for very few traces remain of the Christian buildings of this region, where there was a church[1] in which St. Paul took an interest. The marble seats of the theatre would require some repair before they would hold spectators; part of the façade still remains, and the other part, the upper, is heaped on the ground, its carved friezes emerging from débris of all kinds. It would require more than a clearing or a tentative reconstruction to set this, one of the most splendid theatres of the Graeco-Roman period, on its feet again. Its auxiliary buildings, staircases and corridors are all visible, and every detail of the monument can be followed without difficulty.

[1] St. Paul, Coloss. iv, 13.

Facing the theatre on the edge of the plateau stands an enormous building—the thermae—with arcades and vaulting of very bold design and walls of a strength which has to some extent defied the frequent cataclysms that have harassed the district. In this building, as in an adjoining monument, the purpose of which is unknown, some of the corner-stones seem to have been shaken by a recent disturbance and to be on the point of falling. Beyond the theatre, in a recess in the mountain, stands the stadium. But I have no space to give a detailed account of all that is scattered over this plain. Standing at the edge of the plateau, the town presents a front of nearly two kilometres, with a depth of three hundred metres to the foot of the mountain. With regard to situation Hierapolis is incomparable, and in this respect the theatre especially can well stand comparison with better monuments of its kind that I know. Its tiers of seats command a limitless view: the Maeander plain, the Cadmus chain, the mountains of Caria, stretching away, line upon line, until they are lost in the distance. It is the highest theatre in Phrygia and commands the widest landscape. The amplitude and magnificence of the monument was in keeping with the generous proportions of the town.

And yet the fame of Hierapolis rested on its Plutonium, Charon's Cavern as it was called On a little peak of Mesoghis, above the city, there was a very deep cavity, scarcely wide enough to allow a man to enter, around which was a palisade enclosing an area of 2,000 square metres. From the mouth a dense cloud of vapour issued, filling the enclosure, and to pass the palisade meant certain death; oxen were driven in and died immediately. Strabo sent in sparrows and they suffered the same fate. Only the eunuchs, priests of Rhea, the Mother of the Gods,

Hierapolis. Ancient tombs at the foot of Mesoghis.



The Maeander Valley at Laodicea and Hierapolis.

(From French military map, 1/1,000,000.)

could approach the cavity, and even enter it, without hurt. Strabo asks naïvely whether this was a privilege extended to all eunuchs or whether it applied exclusively to those of the goddess. Pliny goes further and affirms that only the High Priest enjoyed this immunity. It seems likely that it was merely a simple trick employed by the priests : keeping the head high, closing the mouth and nose, and holding the breath. Pausanias declares that this dense vapour emanated from subterranean hot springs, and there are verses of Virgil which might be applied to this phenomenon : " There is to be seen a cavern, the dreadful vent hole of the dark empire of Pluto, the immense gulf through which the Acheron, overflowing its banks, finds an outlet for its pestilent exhalations ; there the odious Fury plunges and at last delivers the earth from her madness." [1] These words, however, relate to the sulphurous emanations of the Amsancti gulf, in the country of the Hirpini, the heart of the Apennines, where a temple to Mephytis was erected. Similarly at Nysa, not far from Hierapolis, there was another cavity from which deadly vapours arose. According to the ancient geographers all this land was undermined by fire and water ; and was covered with infected grottoes, connected one with the other by mysterious subterranean ways, the holes through which the deadly fumes escaped being fairly frequent. But the Plutonium of Hierapolis threw all these lesser ones into the shade, and its fame spread throughout Asia.

By reason, doubtless, of these physical phenomena, the waters of Hierapolis possessed strange properties. Hierapolis was the prototype of what we now call a " spa," and people came there in crowds to be healed of disease. On the medals of the town Asclepius

[1] Aeneid, VII., 563.

and Hygeia are seen beside Apollo, the tutelary divinity. Hot water poured from a natural reservoir and most of the houses had baths. On the plain in front of the theatre we noticed a *piscina*, its limpid water tepid and slightly salt. Its bottom was of marble, like the rim and the Ionic columns surrounding it. Shafts of these columns lie at the bottom of the crystal clear water. It is easy to imagine the elegance of this bath, which even in its present state retains its poetry and charm.

With regard to natural hot and petrifying springs, Vitruvius says : " Near Hierapolis in Phrygia is to be seen a boiling spring which provides a great quantity of water, and which produces on each side of the ditches dug round the gardens and vineyards through which it flows, a crust of stone which is removed every year and used to divide the land. This peculiarity has a natural cause : the earth from which the water springs in these places contains a substance which possesses the property of hardening and coagulating, so that when a great quantity of this substance is mixed with the water of the spring, the heat of the sun and air causes it to coagulate and thicken, as happens in marshes where salt is produced." [1] We saw these trenches, which are merely small canals, and the crust which forms on their sides. The eastern part of the town is riddled with them ; they are generally arranged in squares, and the effect of the petrifaction and incrustation is very marked. Picenini, who has examined this odourless, tasteless crust, has found it to be an alkali which ferments when mixed with acids. These waters of Hierapolis were in no way injurious to agriculture ; there is no lack of fertility in the fields and gardens they water. Furthermore these waters, which served so many purposes, had also colouring

[1] Vitruvius, XIII., 3.

properties equal to that of Laodicea. They gave to wool a colour similar to purple, a fact which provided the town with an enormous source of wealth. One inscription refers to the " corporation of dyers," which appears to have enjoyed great prestige.

Proceeding to the western side of the plateau, we came to a sort of petrified swamp where the undulations of the great cascade begin. From the edge of this marsh or lake a precise idea can be obtained of the conformation of this petrified mass, which can been seen in two aspects : as a torrent pouring over a not very sheer slope, and in successive layers stratifying into platforms supported by stalactite columns. The most minute description and most perfect photographic reproduction would be inadequate to give an exact idea of this astonishing spectacle of an uncontrolled element seized and solidified in the full impetus of its fall. The Turks, seeing this white cliff, of a whiteness vying with that of snow, called it Pambouk Kalessi, which means " castle of cotton."

Returning from Endjeli, we had another opportunity of viewing the calcareous fall. From the top, forcing a way for itself through the petrifaction, a stream runs down whose water in the sunlight reflects whitish and blue lights. It runs over a smooth white bed through the village and is lost in the ravine. Village is perhaps too big a word. There is only one habitable house, that of the *Bey*, who is the chief personage and overlord of the place. For the rest there are only five or six cabins of *pisé* near a sort of square, adorned with a few old trees and a fountain from which drinking water is obtained. The *Bey* had taken steps to offer us hospitality in his *konak*, the upper storey of which contained three rooms : the harem, the kitchen, and a guest room. In our honour the wives vanished

and we took possession of the harem. It was the luxurious apartment of the house. A divan ran along the windows of the façade ; there were cupboards fitted into the walls which were plastered with panoplies of coloured picture postcards of the streets of Constantinople and portraits of music-hall artistes. In addition there were a table and chairs, which would seriously have shocked the Turks of fifty years ago. We brought our own provisions, to which the master of the house added a *pilaf, yogourt*, tomatoes and oil, enabling us to prepare a salad. In so poor a spot this was opulence. Outside, some Musulman refugee women whose husbands were working in the fields squatted near a hut, looking miserable and torpid. In the shaded space called the *Tcharchi*, or market, through which the stream flows over its white bed, an old woman was selling shrivelled and acid looking pomegranates, and two or three peasants stood motionless, watching the fruit-seller and her fruit for the simple reason that there was nothing else to look at.

One characteristic note was lacking—the Zeibeks. At one time anyone who ventured into the region of Maeander was warned to be careful of the Zeibeks. These terrible fellows with their animated faces, long yataghans, long pistols and long flintlocks, used at times to haunt the streets of Smyrna and were one of the sights of the place. In the interior they practised brigandage, especially when they were at loggerheads with the Ottoman authorities. The crimes and boldness of these men were legendary, and the government often employed them in the Balkan wars as Bashi-bazouks. This was a way of providing them with an occupation suited to their inclinations while at the same time ridding the districts of Smyrna, Magnesia and Aïdin of these awkward adventurers.

The Zeibeks came to Asia Minor with the advance guard of the first Turkoman invasions, and they never resigned themselves to submission to their chiefs who took over the government of the country. They set themselves up as lords of Mesoghis, and on that mountain they had their lairs. Hierapolis, a solitary place favourably situated for roads in various directions, was to some extent their headquarters. Resisting all assimilation, they like to live by themselves in absolute independence. "Zeibek" means in their own language "prince of one's self." They have a tendency to remain nomadic, and above all they have the pride of the conqueror. It was they who conquered the country they inhabit and they have no intention of relinquishing their hold on it. The Ottoman Turks are in their eyes usurpers. Romantic as this manner of thought and life may be, it was none the less dangerous for the constituted government, and therefore the latter decided not long ago to concentrate them, hold them in a fixed abode from which they could only emerge on giving certain guarantees. The place assigned to them was Oedemisch, to the north-east of Aïdin, and that is why they are now found nowhere else. Nevertheless, the name of the Zeibeks is still spoken in the neighbourhood of Denizli with a certain respect, and although they are much reduced in numbers since they have been relegated to Oedemisch, the gendarmerie still keep an eye on them, for they are known to be brave and audacious. Perhaps the public safety has been enhanced by this step, but with the suppression of the Zeibeks the picturesqueness of this part of Asia has suffered a rude blow.

CHAPTER IX

TEOS

An offshoot of Mount Tmolus projects into the sea embracing the plain of Smyrna and forms the peninsula washed to eastward by the waters of the Hermoeus gulf, and to the westward by those of the Chios channel. This spur of Tmolus is Mount Mimas, from which three promontories project: to the north, Maloene (Kara Bournou); to the east, Argenum (Cape Blano); to the south, Coryceum (Cape Korako). We doubled these three headlands on our way from the gulf into which the Hermus empties itself to that which receives the waters of the Cayster. Alexander the Great wanted to spare the navigators this sea tour and drove a canal between the two gulfs which are separated one from the other by a distance of seven Roman miles; but his successors did not follow up the plan he had outlined.

Mount Mimas was in ancient times, and was still in the eighteenth century, covered with dark forests inhabited by wild animals, and its northern extremity, the sinister Kara Bournou or Cape Black, was the lair of the pirates who swept the Ægean Sea. The pirates and wild beasts are no longer there.

We admired the wild grandeur of these sheer rocks and, having doubled them, saw to the right the Oenusae islands, which seem to guard the approach to the Chios channel, islands of wine (as the name indicates), outposts of the Icarian sea and

of all those islands consecrated to Dionysos in which the vine was cultivated.

Chios showed us its vine-clothed flanks from which was drawn the nectar beloved of the gods. It was Oenopius, the son of Dionysos, who taught the Chiotes viticulture, and it was at Chios that the first red wine was drunk. All the Greek and Roman poets sang the wine of Chios and even the Ecclesiasticus mentions it. In Rome it was imported under the name of *Vinum Arvisium*, indispensable to the table of every gourmet, with which Cæsar regaled his friends in his triumphs and his feasts in honour of Jupiter. It was appreciated to such a degree that Hortensus, whose cellars were filled with it, was able to leave two thousand casks to his heirs. All is smiling in this island which claims to be the native country of Homer. It is crowned with vine branches like a Bacchante. Citrons, oranges and pomegranates display their gold and purple fruits. Myrtles and oleanders border its streams. Its women are pretty as in the past. Half-way through the straits the town of Chios, whose harbour, according to Strabo, could contain 80 vessels, forms the counterpart of Erythrae, on the Ionian coast. In the southern zone of Chios terebinth grows, from which is extracted the gum "mastic" which the Turkish women chew in the idleness of the harem and the Orientals consume in the form of alcohol. The southern point of the island which was once called Posidium is now known as Cape Mastico.

In vain has peace been signed between Greece and Turkey; the Turkish inhabitants of Anatolia and the Greek inhabitants of the island regard themselves as enemies about to set out for war.

Facing these shores are Metelin, Chios and Samos, which are Greek territory. We headed straight for

the promontory of Coryceum to reach the bay of Sighadjik, the northern harbour of ancient Teos. We anchored there a few hundred yards from the shore. On the shore facing us in the direction of the plain, slightly to the left, appeared the crenelated walls and towers of Sighadjik, and to our right we had the heights of the little peninsula. We landed on an old mole built of ancient stone. The port authorities welcomed us with the most perfect courtesy, and we felt very secure among these hospitable people whose one thought was to be pleasant to us. The captain of the port led us towards the town and at once took us up into a room over the gate of the fortress, where his son, a young boy of distinguished manners and typically Oriental politeness, came to join us, and a little later the *moudir* of the place appeared. We were served with coffee and then strolled through the little place. It would be too much to say that it was stifled within its walls, for in spite of the restricted area of the enclosure the population are very comfortable and there is room to spare. Crossing the threshold of the gate —through an arched door of mediæval style—we came into a little square where people sitting at tables sipping coffee and smoking *narghilehs* stared at us indifferently.

A single street crosses the tiny town from end to end and is joined by two or three side-streets ; and that is the whole town. The bazaar consists of a few booths almost empty of goods. There was no one walking in the streets. Silence reigned unbroken by so much as the barking of a dog. The clean little single-storeyed houses, their white fronts pierced with *moucharabieh* windows, are hermetically closed. Within these dwellings life pursues its course, the women busy with their housekeeping, while the men work among the vines.

Sighadjik contains in all some sixty families. In the way of public buildings there are to be seen a humble mosque flanked by a little minaret, a school and a *hammam*, surmounted by a dome—three buildings which during the war served as a target for the allied squadrons. On the marbles fitted into the town wall on the street side and on a fountain situated at the approach to the town, inscriptions have been found referring to past conventions between Teos and various states, according to which the town of Teos, consecrated to Dionysos, was granted the right of asylum.

Accompanied by the captain of the port, his son, and an old peasant, we made our way towards the ruins, which begin about two kilometres from Sighadjik. The first part of the walk was over low damp country covered with clumps of rushes, iris, and the blue and white gladiolus, which figures on certain coins of Teos. We then crossed a grove of ancient olive trees at the foot of which vines grew. Without suspecting it, we were treading the soil of Teos. In the arable earth were scattered bits of brick, marble and carved stones. We found ourselves indeed on the isthmus, on one side of which once stood the port of Geraestus and on the other that of Teos, thirty *stades* (5,550 metres) apart.

For a long time there was a problem connected with Teos, one geographer stating that it was an island, another that it was a peninsula. Pliny does not hesitate to speak of the celebrated island of Teos situated in the open sea, but Livy, for example, agrees with those who say that Teos is a peninsula. He makes a mistake, however, in describing the port of Geresticum, the present Sighadjik. Here are his words : " The promontories advancing their points towards each other. the harbour is enclosed in such

a manner, that two ships can scarcely go out together." Now Sighadjik is an open bay at the entrance of which there is only one promontory, the northern extremity of the peninsula. The data furnished by Pomponius Mela are no less deceptive. " On the isthmus is found on one side Teos and on the other Clazomenae. These two towns, set back to back and joined by a common wall, look out upon two different seas." This geographer did not realise that the distance between Teos and Clazomenae was about twenty kilometres. Aristotle states that Glaucon, the rhetorician, was born in " the island of Teos." This uncertainty persisted until the Middle Ages.

Turning towards the left in accordance with the instructions of our guide, we reached the theatre built on the side of a hill and facing south-west. The marble seats have almost all disappeared; the tiers are supported by vaulting strongly reinforced with mortar. At first sight it can be recognised as a Hellenic theatre restored or rebuilt in the Roman manner. The spectators faced a magnificent panorama. The Greeks possessed in the highest degree a sense of perspective, and in choosing the position of a theatre their first thought was for the landscape they would have before them. The word theatre (*θεατρον*) [1] in the first instance indicated the place where the public sat, and was only later applied to the whole building. The best site in the town from the point of view of the landscape was generally reserved for the theatre, and the landscape formed as it were the backcloth against which the spectacle unrolled itself. From the seats of the theatre at Teos could be seen the blue sea, the cliffs of Myonnesus, Macris, the harmonious

[1] From *Θεα*, seen—place from which something is seen.

curve of the mountains of Samos and, in the distance, the silhouettes of other islands and the sails of ships cruising in the archipelago.

The town extended over the plain down to the shore. We had to cross this plain, littered with débris, to reach on the opposite side the ruins of the famous temple of Dionysos, the work of the Carian architect Hermogenes who lived in the time of Alexander—whence it is easy to conclude that this temple had nothing in common with that which was the glory of the inhabitants of Teos before the Persian invasion. In the Greek towns devoted to the cult of Dionysos, the theatre in which the Dionysic festivals were celebrated and the temples formed a single collection of buildings set close to one another. The vestiges of a Doric temple, the lower part half buried, near the theatre, certainly belong to the first Dionysic sanctuary, which to all appearances surpassed in splendour and size the one built in the Alexandrian period.

The Greek authors hardly mention the older temple which was razed to the ground by the Persians, but the other has provided matter for a considerable number of dissertations. It is a land mark in the history of architecture. Hermogenes, who drew the plans and supervised the building, had theories of his own, and in taking charge of this work desired to put them into practice. A bitter opponent of the Doric school, he maintained that its style was in no way suited to a sacred building. For him the Ionic style was alone adaptable to this type of building. To begin with the temple of Teos was intended to be Doric, and it was in this intention that the necessary materials were collected and disposed. But when Hermogenes took over the work he stipulated that the temple should be Ionic and of an entirely new design. When the work was

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completed the idea of Hermogenes was agreed to be that of a genius.

The building, which was not distinguished by great size, was hexa-style, having six columns on each side including those at the corners. But Hermogenes devised an arrangement hitherto unknown, and created the eustyle temple in which the intercolumniation was wider than usual, the space between column and column being two and a quarter times the module, or lower diameter of the columns. The intercolumniation of the centre, however, was three times this module. Vitruvius, who describes all this for us, considers that the eustyle type comprises all the possible conditions that make for commodity beauty and strength, and that this arrangement "enhances the appearance of the temple, frees the entrance, and facilitates walking round the building." The height of the columns was eight and a half *modules*, which established a proper proportion between the intervals of the columns, their diameter, and their height. That the eustyle type may have been a happy innovation I do not dispute, but I find it difficult to explain the advantage claimed by Vitruvius in the greater spacing of the intercolumniation of the centre, which after all had no excuse of beauty and strength and no other aim than that of freeing the entrance, a secondary aim moreover which was already effected by the widening of all the spaces between the columns. My mind turns to the Doric and Ionic monuments of the great Hellenic period and the majestic harmony of their façades with their exactly equal intercolumniation.

To begin with, the Ionians knew only the Doric art, which they appropriated, just as they adopted as their national divinity Apollo, a distinctively Dorian god. It was Hermogenes who was responsible

for the triumph of Ionic art in Ionia. The temple of Dionysos at Teos and that of Artemis at Magnesia, both eustyle, caused a sort of revolution in the art of temple building, throwing over as they did all the admitted and consecrated rules of centuries. The temple of Teos was, moreover, monadipterous, having a single row of columns, whilst that of Magnesia, octostyle, was pseudodipterous, another innovation invented by Hermogenes, which consisted in suppressing the inner row of the lateral columns. Externally the appearance was the same as if this row existed, but with the disappearance of the interior columns the temple gained in lightness and dignity and the space intended for promenading or as a refuge for the crowd in case of rain was thereby considerably enlarged. "This shows," Vitruvius adds, "with what skill Hermogenes executed his works, which have become the source from which posterity has drawn the rules of the art."

The temples of Teos and Magnesia were each a model of their kind. Of that of Artemis Leucophrys, which was the pride of the Magnesians, Strabo says: "If in size it is inferior to that of Ephesus, it greatly surpasses the latter in the art with which it has been built; and even in point of size, if we except the temples of Ephesus and Didymi, it surpasses all the other temples of Asia."

Vitruvius expresses surprise that Alabanda, a Carian town notorious for the stupidity of its inhabitants, should have been able to produce a man like Hermogenes, an original architect and the creator of a type. The same town produced Apatourios, who, according to the same writer, painted with skilful hand the background of the Tralles theatre which was known locally as the Ecclesiastirion. It represented columns, statues, frontal

ramparts which seemed to stand out, and cornices decorated with heads of lions which justified their existence by serving as gutters. Above, he painted also façades of temples, half frontons, and a mass of roofs of various kinds. The charm of the picture lay in the quality of its relief, and it was about to be accepted when the mathematician Lycinios came forward and spoke : " The people of Alabanda," he said, " are reputed to be fairly well informed as far as their private affairs are concerned, but a slight want of taste has caused them to be regarded as fools. All the statues placed in their gymnasia represented men occupied in pleading, whereas those which adorned the agora were of discoboli, runners, or ball players, and the mere fact of their having set statues in places where they were not suited sufficed to give the town an unfortunate notoriety. Let us take care lest the decorative system of Apatourios should turn us into Alabandians and Abderites. If we accept a painting which in reality has no justification for its presence, we should be ranked among those towns upon which a reputation for stupidity weighs."

The rich harvest of epigraphs found in the town of Teos is strong evidence of the culture of this town, and they have also furnished us with curious details of the life of its citizens. An inscription carved on the walls adjoining the temple of Dionysos gives an account of the indemnities paid to the owners of property expropriated as a result of the building of this part of the encircling wall. Other inscriptions show us that education was in a high state of development at Teos. A very rich man named Polythron generously endowed the reorganisation of public instruction. During their first two years at school the children and young people were instructed in the arts of music and song, and among

the professors was a citharist, or psaltist, with a salary of 700 drachmas per annum. The curriculum of this branch included "general notions of solfeggio (musica), the playing of the lyre with a plectrum (citharisian), and without a plectrum (psaltis)." To show the progress they had made the pupils gave annual concerts in the Bouleuterion. One inscription mentions prizes for citharedy, melography, rhythmography, comedy and tragedy, while another refers to the annual singing of boys and girls in honour of Apollo. A certain Menecles of Teos, a celebrated citharist, was accorded public honours similar to those rendered to the gods and heroes.

In the little Turkish town of Sivri Hissar—close to Teos—which was built with stones taken from the ruins, there are numerous inscriptions, one of which, a double one, refers to the Panathenian and Dionysic celebrations. The word *Panathenastes* is surrounded by olive branches, that of *Dionysastes* with branches of ivy. The corporation of *Dionysastes* had chosen Teos as their headquarters, acquiring rights of citizenship. On another marble is to be read a long decree emanating from one of these societies in honour of its magistrate. The *Panathenastes* and the *Dionysastes* were the promoters, exponents and technicians of their respective celebrations. Their Asiatic centre was Teos, and the *Dionysastes* in particular managed to uphold their reputation; Cleopatra and Marcus Antonius had them brought to Egypt to enhance the splendour of the Dionysic games. At Teos there was a sort of rivalry between the two cults, that of Athena Polias being aristocratic and that of Dionysos popular. Athena represented the tradition of the old aristocracies and protected the princely families which embodied the glory of the city. Dionysos was the divinity of the peasants, the god of vegetation, reproduction

and generative force, for which reason his cult spread so widely among the Ionian democracies. This cult had neither the gravity nor the august pomp of the Panathenian ceremonies ; it celebrated the harvests, the renewal of the earth, joy of living and love. It was the parent of lyric poetry, and it was under the shade of its temple that Anacreon was born.

This poet was the true Dionysic singer. Teos did him honour because in doing so they were honouring the supreme Ionian poet. Teos and Anacreon are synonymous. The people of Teos ascribed to him an almost legendary origin. His admirers put their own interpretation upon a passage of Plato, according to which he was descended from Codrus, the last fabulous king of the Athenians. Actually, very little is known of his family and still less of his ancestors. His father, it appears, was called Stythios and he had four brothers : Lamelos, Aristocritos, Scythonios, and Parthenion. And that is all. The town of Teos, the most voluptuous and charming of the towns of Ionia, required a poet, and Anacreon filled the need. He was certainly not the only one who flourished there. Poetry and song blossomed at Teos spontaneously, as natural products of the soil. But Anacreon had no rival. When very young he was, together with all the inhabitants of Teos, forced to Abdera in Thrace by the Persian invasion. Later, he appears at the court of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, whose temper he soothed with the music of his lyre. Polycrates liked to surround himself with poets and men of wit, and in addition to Anacreon his festivals and feasts were shared by Smerdis, the Thracian of the beautiful hair, the flutist Bathyllus, the poet Ibycos and the physician Democedes. Anacreon dedicated some of his odes to him.

Polycrates met with a tragic end somewhat reminiscent of that of the tyrant Hermeias of Assos, the friend of Aristotle. After being lured into a trap by a Persian satrap, he was crucified. Anacreon reinstated Teos, which had been repopulated by the return of a large proportion of its expatriated inhabitants. His fame having spread through the Hellenic world, Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens and son of Pisistratus, invited him to his court. The poet, tired of a courtier's life, at first hesitated. But when Hipparchus sent him a galley with fifty rowers, Anacreon left for Athens, where he was received with the highest honours. Thenceforward he became the favourite of Hipparchus, the friend of rhapsody and compiler of Homer. In the entourage of the tyrant Anacreon found Simonides of Cos, Anaxagoras of Chios, Lassus of Hermione, Onomacritus, alleged to be the author of the Orphic poems, and other equally interesting personalities, and he quickly established terms of friendship with the Athenian nobility. Unfortunately, the daggers of Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had concealed themselves beneath branches of myrtle, cut short the life of Hipparchus. The poet of Teos, having no further reason to remain in Athens after the fall of Pisistratides, returned to his real milieu, where he settled down as a simple citizen in his fatherland, the land blessed with good wine. "What to me," he sang, "are the treasures of Gyges or the monarchy of Sardes? Gold does not exalt me and I have no longing for a sceptre. What I love is to drench my hair with perfumes, to crown my head with roses; the life of the moment is the life which interests me. Which of us knows whether he will be alive tomorrow?" Anacreon abhorred worry: "When the son of Zeus, the laughing Dionysos who frees from care, takes my soul, his sweet liquor teaches me

to dance." Anacreon loved endlessly: "If you can count all the leaves of the trees and all the waves of the sea, only then will I tell you the tale of my loves." His poetry is Anacreon painted by himself. His one thought was to enjoy life, the idea of death being torture to him. "Boy, bring me foaming wine to put into my soul forgetfulness of care. You will soon be wrapping me in a shroud. The dead have done with desires." Death often recurs in his verses, not without a touch of bitterness, and yet he reached the extreme limit of human life, living to be eighty. "When I contemplate my circle of young people," he said, "my youth returns, and suddenly, though I am old, I mingle eagerly in the heart of the dance. Wait for me, Cybele, give me flowers to crown myself. Away with hoary old age. Bring me the liquor of Dionysos, lover of autumn. You shall see the vigour of an old man who knows how to talk, how to drink and how to disport himself with the Graces."

An accident, as unexpected as it was symbolical, put an end to this life, so full of wine, pleasure, joy and love. Valerius Maximus tells us that to maintain his vigour Anacreon used to suck grape juice warmed in the sunlight, "but a grape stone having lodged itself unnoticed in his throat, withered with age, he died." [1] This version is repeated by Lucian[2] according to whom Anacreon and Stesichorus lived eighty-eight years, and Simonides, also a poet, ninety. Anacreon was buried at Teos, and the Athenians erected a statue in his honour in the Acropolis.[3] Simonides dedicated two epigraphs to him: "O vine, that softeneth all troubles, that prepareth intoxication for us, O mother of wine, thou whose spiral shoots intertwine like flexible tissue, spread over the top of the *cippus* of Anacreon

[1] Val. Max., IX., 12, 8. [2] Macr. [3] Paus. 25, 1.

at Teos and on the light mound of his grave, that this friend of wine and laughter who, in his drunkenness, charmed his guests through the night with the harmonies of his lyre, may even in his sepulchre wear on his head the beautiful clusters plucked from thy stems, and that thy juice may spread like dew over the mouth of the old poet who breathed forth songs sweeter even than thy nectar." [1]

The second epigraph shows us Anacreon in a slightly less pleasant light. It runs thus: "This tomb has received in Teos, his birthplace, Anacreon, the poet made immortal by the Muses, in whom his passion for beautiful boys inspired verses like those made by the Graces and Loves. But on the banks of Acheron he is alone, sad; not because he has lost the light of the sun and found the dwelling of Lethe, but because he has left the graceful Megistus and other young friends and can no longer love the Thracian Smerdis. And yet he never ceased to tune his songs, sweet as honey, and does not allow his lyre to be silent even in the silent abode of the dead." The statue of Anacreon suggested to Leonidas of Tarentum the following epigraph: "It is the aged Anacreon, tottering under wine vapours, his head crowned, that you see on this rounded sun. His eyes are lascivious and tender . . . he sings either the charming Bathyllus or Megistus, holding in his hands his plaintive lyre. O powerful god of wine, watch over him, for it is not meet that the servant of Dionysos should fall through the act of Dionysos himself." Has not Anacreon been slandered? Suidas, speaking of him, says: "He loved young men, women, and song." It has even been said that he had a *liaison* with Sappho. Why not? The loves of Anacreon must have been very

[1] Anthol. Palat., 21.

ephemeral. He loved with the same facility as he played the lyre. "I have eaten a little," he said. "I have drunk the liquor of Dionysos, and now I touch the voluptuous strings of my lyre. I sing the charms of my mistress." Epistles to women are numerous in Anacreon's work, and many quotations could be given. Someone has averred that in addressing Bathyllus and Smerdis he was loving "by proxy," that the real lover was Polycrates. Anacreon did not always sing in his own behalf ; he aspired to flatter the tastes of the tyrant, and the favour he enjoyed must have earned him much envy from his most enthusiastic admirers.

Another celebrity of Teos was Apellicon, a mixture of bibliomaniac, dealer in old books, and philosopher, who, according to Strabo, loved books better than he understood them. The reason for his fame deserves explanation. Aristotle, the inventor of libraries, being the first to conceive the idea of collecting books, which led to the formation of the libraries of Pergamum and Alexandria, bequeathed at his death all his books and manuscripts to his friend Theophrastus, who, when he died, left the precious heritage to Neleus, by whom it was transferred from Athens to Scepsis in the Troad. The heirs of Neleus, men of common clay who cared little for this gift, finding that the agents of Attalus II—to whom the Troad was subjected—were travelling the country in search of books to enrich the library of Pergamum, hid theirs at the bottom of a cave, where the damp and worms spoiled them. Many years afterwards Apellicon, knowing that manuscripts of Aristotle and Theophrastus were rotting in their hiding-place at Scepsis, bought them for a sum of gold and removed them to Athens, where he set about transcribing and editing them, incidentally filling their lacunae with a multitude of errors. When Sylla took Athens, he

sent these manuscripts to Rome, and the grammarian Tyrannion, the master of Strabo and friend of Cicero, had them copied and sent them to Andronicus of Rhodes. Strabo, who tells us this story, apparently had it from his tutor. Apellicon saved the works of Aristotle from destruction, and it is for this reason that his name has been handed down to posterity.

Of Glaucon of Teos, the rhetorican, little is known. Aristotle alone mentions his treatises, which, however, have not come down to us. Glaucon extolled as the foundation of rhetoric, diction, gesture, rhythm, light and shade, and it is to these things, he says, that the miracles of oratory are due, "in view of the corruption of the state." A balanced, just and incorruptible republic has no need of orators.

Agnon of Teos, mentioned by Pliny, was a lieutenant of Alexander the Great, and made himself famous, not by his military genius but because his shoes were studded with golden nails. Among the celebrities of Teos may be included those of Abdera, a town ruined and deserted when the fugitives established themselves there to escape the Persian yoke, and which, after becoming a colony of Teos, was transformed into a centre of culture. Artists, philosophers and poets emigrated from the Ionian town to the Thracian coast, and in this way obscure Abdera which hitherto had produced only idiots, so that the Greeks had given the name "Abderites" to all feeble-minded people, saw flourish within its walls a school of philosophers which included Leucippus, Protagoras, Anaxarchos, Democritus (of whom Cicero wrote: "It was from the spring of this great man that Epicurus drew to water his little gardens"), and many other remarkable men, not forgetting the epigrammatic poet Nicanetos.

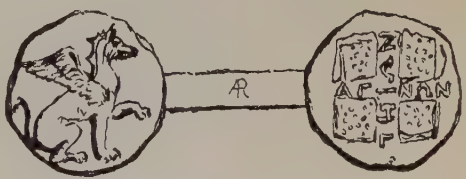
Neither the Byzantine domination nor that of

the Turks left any traces at Teos. We saw no ruins of basilicas or mosques. The Greeks, according to some, according to others the Venetians, built the fortress of Sighadjik which was occupied by the Turks. At that time the harbour of Teos was already silted with sand owing to the strong south winds to which it was exposed. It is only with difficulty that small boats can pass over these waters, where once the fleets of Lydia and Rome rode at anchor. Every year, from December to February, the waves submerge the ruins, flooding the isthmus up to the walls of Sighadjik. When we were there, in August, the plain dividing the two bays looked like a great marsh dried by the sun. As we were returning from our last visit to the ruins, a peasant invited us to buy from him some "antica." Unknotting a handkerchief, he showed us coins, carved gems, and two gold ear-rings. The ear-rings pleased us and we bought them for twenty Turkish pound notes. They were worth it. Each piece represented a bull's head of exquisite workmanship ending in a tapering stalk of gold filigree which curved under so that the end was hooked into the animal's mouth. The bull being one of the most characteristic, even the chief symbol of Dionysos, this find in a place consecrated to the god could hardly fail to arouse interest. Moreover the Dionysiac religion was first and foremost a woman's religion, the one for which women had a very marked preference. In its mysteries the feminine element played a leading, and even exclusive, rôle, for men were rigorously excluded. The *nictelia*, or nocturnal festivities of the Bacchantes, did not admit males under any pretext. No man would have risked himself there under peril of his life. In the *Bacchantes* of Euripides, when Dionysos is persuading Pentheus to go with him to the Bacchanalia on Mount

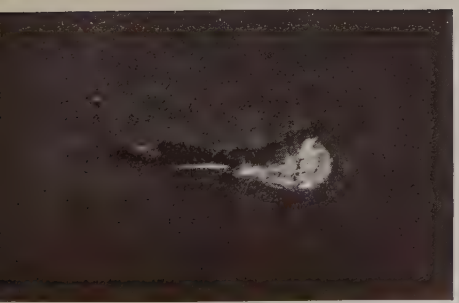
Halicarnassus Ancient plan of the town.

The Legend of the Hellespont.
Phryxos and Helle.

Abydos coins.



Ancient Teos coin (*vide* p. 191).



Earring found at Teos.

Teos. Panorama of harbour and town.

Cytheron, the two exchange the following remarks : *D.* : " But first enwrap thee in these linen robes." *P.* : " What, will he of a man make me a woman ? " *D.* : " Lest they kill thee, seeing thee as a man." Through the mouth of Pentheus Euripides describes Dionysos as follows :

> " A wizard, sorcerer from the Land of Lydia,
> Beauteous with golden locks and purple cheeks,
> Eyes moist with Aphrodite's melting fire.
> And day and night he is with the throng,
> To guide young maidens to the soft inebriate rites."

And how did he set about it ? Dionysos does not urge lascivious women towards Aphrodite, for temperance is in their nature. Legions of women and girls of all conditions took part in the *nictelia*, under the name of Maenades, Thyades, Mimallones, Clodones. . . . The triennial festivals (*trieteria*) which were held during the night of the winter solstice on the summits of Parnassus, Cithaeron and Taygetus, had also a purely orgiastic character. The Bacchanalia, in the islands of Ionia, less noisy and more poetic, attracted women from Greece and Asia ; and among these devotees, those who became priestesses of Dionysos took a solemn vow of chastity. With the decline of Hellenism, the Bacchanalia, of which the ancient authors have left such striking descriptions, degenerated, but the Dionysic cult persisted, even enjoyed a new period of prosperity: witness the renascence of Teos in Hellenistic and Roman times. Coins of this town which bear the effigy of Augustus give him the title of " founder," for he restored and embellished the city, rebuilt its temples, and under him the cult of Dionysos assumed a new splendour. Indeed this cult, one of the oldest of Greece, was among the last to disappear ; it survived the triumph of Christianity.

The bull-head ear-rings were probably worn by one of these worshippers of Dionysos who, like the women of Elis, each spring invoked the Dionysic bull, the generative animal, symbol of vigour, strength and energy. In the Orphic hymns the bull and Dionysos are synonymous. Euripides constantly associates the two ideas. A bull saves Dionysos from the hands of Pentheus in the pen in which the latter had imprisoned him ; the bellowing of the "horned bulls" awakens the sleeping Bacchantes in the wood of Cithaeron, and "at the height of Bacchic delirium," savage bulls, frenziedly sharpening their horns, are thrown to the ground by the hands of a thousand maidens. Elsewhere the chorus cries: "Appear, many headed Bull or Dragon." This is how Lucian depicts Dionysos: "His forehead is armed with horns and crowned with bunches of grapes, and his hair floats from under a circlet. He wears garments of purple, and golden shoes." Horace invokes him in the following terms: "Cerberus himself, disarmed at the appearance of thy forehead gleaming with horns of gold, gently brushed the ground with his tail, and when thou didst leave Hades, he licked thy feet with his limpid mouth." Herodotus tells us that from the time following the Trojan war Bacchus was represented by a bull with a human face which was called Nebo.

The bull's head of the ear-rings found at Teos is an exact facsimile of the bull's head of the famous stone of Hyllos. I have seen this figure on reliefs, black-figured vases, coins and carved gems, but never before visiting Teos had I seen it on ear-rings and I think they are unique. Perhaps they belonged to one of the maidens sung by Anacreon: "Heliconias holds the thyrsus, near her Xanthippe and Glauce approach, dancing. All three come from the mountain bringing to Dionysos ivy, grapes and

a large kid." These three young Bacchantes remind me of those of the bas-relief in the Naples museum, one of which has her left arm round the shoulder of the youth Dionysos, while with her right she holds the thyrsus ; the other plays the cymbals, and the third the double-reeded *aulos*, without which no Bacchic festival could take place. What chastity, what grace and what nobility there is in the attitudes of these young Bacchantes.

In style, this ornament bears the imprint of great antiquity and of the Carian art, whose influence was felt on the littoral of Asia Minor and in Greece. It was probably found in a sarcophagus. I have stated above that the feminine element held an important place in the Dionysic celebrations. The temple of Teos was served by priestesses, one of whom was even worthy to have a statue raised to her, the pedestal of which, deserted among the myrtles at Sivri-Hissar, bears the inscription : "The Senate and the people have honoured C. Tryphaena, the High Priestess (Ἀρκτερεα) of Asia and Priestess to Dionysos, the God of the City, daughter of Pherina Stratonice, High Priestess of Asia. Pisonius, the consul, erected to her this statue by reason of her merits."

The Persians are answerable for looting the riches of Teos and the treasure of Dionysos formed by the numerous offerings that had been brought to him through the centuries. On the fall of the Roman Empire, Teos became depopulated ; the monuments fell into decay, the necropolis was engulfed in the marshes. In time, the people of Samos and other neighbouring islands descended upon the dead town and looted the sarcophagi, and this went on for hundreds of years. There were pitched battles between the people who came to settle in the neighbourhood of Teos and the pillagers from the islands. Even to-day,

legend of hidden treasure haunts the imagination of the people of Sighadjik, Sivri-Hissar and Samos. Many discoveries of archæological interest might be made at Teos if the place were thoroughly excavated and the archaic stratum, under which the Teos of before the sixth century of the pagan era lies, were cleared, a task which hitherto has not been attempted. Three thousand years ago the Ionian colonists who set out from the Athens Prytaneum under the auspices of Artemis and the leadership of the sons of Codrus, landed at Teos, after a prolonged voyage. The colonists split into groups, each having its chief, and went from island to island, from shore to shore, searching for a place in which to settle. The enterprise involved great difficulties and the newcomers were not always kindly received. Only at Phocaea and Teos did they land unopposed. At Ephesus, on the other hand, the Asiatics offered a fierce resistance, and there was a stiff fight. Conquest was essential and conquest was difficult. For the first time the Ionians and barbarians came into contact. In the great duel between Asia and Europe it was always Europe that opened hostilities. The barbarians did not think of invading Greece until after the seizure by the Ionians of the Asiatic littoral from the gulf of Cyma to the gulf of Latmicus, which deprived the peoples of the interior of their best outlets. "The Greeks," says Curtius, "spread quietly over all the shores of the Mediterranean as if they were the only people in the world, and as if they had been endowed by the grace of God with the right of proprietorship over all the splendid shore, so rich in ports." Without knowing it, they were fulfilling a great historic mission. Apollo was their guide, the Apollo Delphinius, the god of navigators, who accompanied them as the dolphin follows the ship, the god of colonisation

whom the Ionians called Apollo Patroos, for it was under his ægis that they had placed their destinies. The maritime character of Apollo Delphinius was similar to that of Poseidon, the god of the ocean. They were often housed together, as at Aegina, where they had a common *temenos*, at Gythion, at Didymi, and in the Panionium of Mount Mycale, where the cult of Poseidon, the titular chief of the temple, intermingled with that of Apollo. The Ionians of Asia venerated Apollo at Didymi, Ephesus, Erythrae, Clazomenae, Claros, Colophon, Magnesia, Miletus, Smyrna, Priene, Teichinna, Teos, and in his temple called Apollo Koureas, which might have been that whose foundations, together with some fragments of Corinthian capitals, are still visible close to the sea shore.

On the coinage of Teos a griffin—a symbol of Apollo—appears crouching, the left foot raised. This figure, which also appears on the coins of Chios, recalls the myth that Apollo, in the last days of autumn, would leave Greece to winter with the Hyberboreans, beyond the Riphaei mountains, a mysterious region where the griffins fought with the fabulous Arymastes for the gold which abounds in the north of Europe.[1] The reverse of this coinage portrayed the Dionysic cantharus and above it was the word Massourius, the name of a magistrate.

The Ionians knew how to find a situation where nature offered them chances of prosperity. Herodotus[2] points out that they built their towns in the pleasantest country they knew from the point of view both of beauty of sky and clemency of climate. In the beginning the new cities were governed by princes of the house of Codrus. Then royalty was abolished and replaced by aristocracies, from which time liberty was endangered. In royalty there was

[1] Herodotus III., 116; IV., 13 [2] I., 142.

something paternal, deeply traditional, whereas the aristocratic régime gave rise to favouritism, rivalry and intestine discord. The bonds which united the twelve cities composing the Panionium were rather religious than political. The spirit of union was lacking ; nor was there any feeling of solidarity. Each town acted individually in its own interests. Partial understandings were occasionally established ; Teos, for instance, came to an agreement with Miletus for the foundation of a town, Pharagonia, at the entrance of the Cymmerian Bosphorus. In Egypt Teos joined with eight other towns, Ionian and Dorian, to create on the Nile delta the town of Naucratis, which preceded Alexandria. Yet when the Lydians assumed a resolute offensive against the Ionian colonies, the latter found themselves deserted, without power of resistance. " Croesus," says Herodotus, " was the first barbarian who subjugated the Greek towns." The Scythian invasion of Asia Minor put a stop to the plans of Croesus, but the Persian peril which arose later exercised no influence on the union of the Ionians. They saw the catastrophe approach but made no effort to avert it. Thales of Miletus proposed in the Panionium, before the representatives of the twelve towns, that they should abandon everything and go to found colonies elsewhere rather than become slaves of the Persians. Bias of Priene, who was in favour of defence, proposed a confederation, with Teos as its centre. Neither solution carried the day. Meanwhile the Persians laid siege to Miletus and this siege lasted eleven years. Harpagus, a general of Cyrus, attacked Phocaea, whose inhabitants, forced to surrender, evacuated their town in their boats. Harpagus, at the head of considerable forces, adopted means of warfare unknown in Greece—troops mounted on camels. He attacked

the fortified places by ordering legions of diggers to raise artificial mounds from which to attack the enemy fighting in the shelter of the walls, thus inaugurating war of trenches and tunnelling. The inhabitants of Teos, impotent to withstand these offensive measures, followed the example of the Phocaeans and fled. Teos nevertheless came into prominence at Abdera, and her ships took part in the naval battle of the Maeander. The town of Teos was rebuilt under Alexander and its Dionysic festivals once more drew crowds of visitors. In the war between Rome and Antiochus the Great, King of Syria, the Ionian city had to suffer much on account of its geographical position.

Livy relates very vividly the events which occurred at Teos on the eve of the battle of Myonnessos. The praetor, C. Aemilius, learning that the inhabitants had provided the royal fleet with provisions, and had promised a further five thousand measures of wine, made his way to the town to seize what had been prepared for the enemies of Rome. Having placed his boats in shelter in the harbour of Geraestus, the praetor sent his soldiers to pillage the district. Teos at once sent emissaries to beg him to suspend hostilities, and in the parleys it was agreed that Teos should supply provisions and a certain quantity of wine to the Romans. To facilitate embarkation the praetor took his whole fleet to the harbour of Teos, which was better equipped. Soldiers and sailors, pleased at finding themselves in a pleasant and friendly land, scattered over the town and its surroundings, and very quietly and deliberately the loading of the provisions was proceeded with. Suddenly a peasant came to give warning that a considerable naval force had been seen near the promontory of Myonnessos, behind the island of Macris. The praetor at once ordered

the alarm to be sounded. Indescribable confusion followed. The men dashed madly to regain their boats, struggling, jostling one another, and shouting. The shouts, mingling with the notes of the trumpets, drowned all words of command. When the tumult was at its height, Aemilius put out in the admiral's galley and disposed the remaining vessels as they arrived. Eudamus, commanding the Rhodian fleet, kept close inshore so as to check the disorder, hasten the embarking of stragglers, and get the vessels away as soon as they were ready. Once at sea, the fleet formed into line in good order, the praetor in the van and the Rhodians in the rear. As it proved that Polyxenidas, the Syrian admiral, was close to Myonnessos, C. Aemilius proceeded resolutely to engage him.

The battle of Myonnessos was the last great historical event connected with the town of Teos. To-day the scattered ruins still enjoy the same sky and climate so highly praised by Herodotus, but a deep sadness clings to the town, a memory of its vanished beauty. The soul of Ionia, moaning, haunts this scene of desolation. An unseen shepherd hidden by the orange trees among the asphodel and myrtle was playing the *aulos* as it must have been played by shepherds of other days. I could imagine I heard the modulations of an Anacreontic song. In the middle of this desolation it was good to be able to seize upon a few shreds of poetry; for without the help of the imagination it would have been impossible in this deathly stillness, in this ravished country, to evoke the solemn, noisy celebrations of Dionysos. Those blocks of greyish marble worn by the waters proclaim the tragic fate of a radiant city, the abode of voluptuousness, poetry and love, on the threshold of barbarian Asia. All this is covered in oblivion

as in a shroud. Nothing remains but dreary ruins of what once reflected the genius of a whole race. And the wine of Teos, that wine which spurted from fountains on the birthday of Dionysos, the liquor of the sacred libations which made the lyres of the poets throb, invited men to dance, exhaled joy and prolonged life, is now but a vanished dream, for the wine produced to-day on the hills of Teos is frankly bad.

CHAPTER X

THE CAYSTER GULF

LEAVING our anchorage at Sighadjik, we sailed straight into the gulf which the ancients called the Cayster Gulf and the moderns the Gulf of Tschamgali or Scala-Nova, one of the largest on the Anatolian coast. The curve formed by this gulf ends to northward in Cape Posidium in Chios and to southward in Cape Drecanon on the island of Icaria, the two being about thirty-five miles apart and the length of the gulf from east to west about seventy miles. This is the heart of Ionia. The territories of the seven Ionian towns—Chios, Erythrae, Teos, Lebedos, Colophon, Ephesus, and Samos—form the shores of the gulf. We left Mount Coryceus astern and passed round the mountain of Teos, setting our course for Myonnessos. First we passed Macris, which the Turks call Yalandji-Liman (The Port of Lies), for inexperienced navigators confuse it with the port of Sighadjik and enter it, not without risk, in search of shelter. The little peninsula of Macris, which is sometimes described as an island, is indeed similar to that upon which Teos stands, and the town of Macris had two harbours. The Greeks like to build towns on isthmuses allowing of a port on both sides, which can be utilised according to the direction of the wind. In the course of our cruise we had already noticed this characteristic at Perynthus and Cyzicus on the Propontis, Lympsacus on the Hellespont, Grynium

on the Gulf of Elaiticus, Phocaea, Mytilene, and Teos. Not far from Macris projects the imposing headland of Myonnessos, whose appearance corresponds exactly with the description given by Livy: "Myonnessos is a promontory between Teos and Samos, rising in the form of a cone on a rather broad base. On the mainland side it can only be reached by a narrow path. From the sea, rocks undermined by the waves bar the approach; in several places these rocks overhang the sea." This cliff contains two anchorages, which allowed the fleet of Polyxenidas to elude the Romans.

We have seen in the preceding chapter how the praetor C. Aemilius, after leaving Teos, went to meet the Syrian fleet. The latter ships, which had disposed themselves in a long line abreast, deployed into line of battle. As soon as they saw the Romans bearing towards them, they extended their left wing, in order to be in a position to turn and envelop the left wing of the enemy. Eudamus, who was in command of the Roman rear, realising that they would not be able to develop so wide a front, and that their right wing would therefore be in imminent danger, urged his galleys forward with all possible speed, and with his own ship vigorously engaged that of Polyxenidas. It was not long before the two forces were engaged all along the line and the battle was fought with implacable vigour. The Romans had at their disposal eighty ships, of which twenty-two were from Rhodes; the Syrian fleet consisted of eighty-nine units, including three light vessels and two heptera. The Romans, although numerically inferior, had an advantage in the strength of their ships, in the lightness of the Rhodian galleys, which were splendidly handled, and in the experience of their pilots, while the Syrians had an asset in their skill and courage.

The Rhodian vessels carried fire in their bows, and when they came to grips the enemy ships were set alight. The enveloping movement of the Syrians was successfully countered by a similar manœuvre on the Roman side. Polyxenidas, realising that he was lost, made off with all possible speed, abandoning his fleet. In this battle Antiochus the Great lost forty-two vessels ; thirteen captured by the Romans, and the rest burnt or sunk. The Romans had two ships disabled and one galley fell into the enemy's hands. The framework of mountains in the middle of which this battle was fought is truly superb ; and, following Livy's account, one can easily imagine the course of the struggle on these blue waters off the temple-crowned promontories.

Further to the south-east, at the inner end of another bay, are the ruins of Lebedos, a town celebrated for its *thermae*, which are still used by the inhabitants of the district. The town was depopulated by Lysimachus to repopulate Ephesus, just as the population of Canae in Chersonesus was drawn off to fill budding Lysimachia. After Lebedos we saw Claros, whose oracle of Apollo has gone ; the brilliant Claros of Homer[1], the country of laurels[2], whose plain Diana crossed in her chariot glistening with gold. In splendid weather, with the ship rising and falling smoothly to an unseen swell, we watched these shores of Ionia, so rich in memories, yet at the same time so sad and solitary. The sea was of extraordinary transparency, and near the surface shoals of tunny raced before the pursuing dolphins, the fish in their headlong flight leaping out of the sea, their silver scales glistering in the sunlight.

We stopped off Notium, the port of Colophon,

[1] Hym. I. 40. [2] Virg. *Aen.* III. 359.

two places which once formed a single town, Colophon, which was hidden from our sight by an eminence, being known as the upper town. At Notium we saw only hills and a deserted beach. When our boat ran ashore armed soldiers came up, one taking the precaution of loading his rifle.

Not a single town has survived of those which once stood along the Cayster gulf, and even the river Cayster is almost undiscoverable. It is useless to look for the estuary through which the galleys sailed up the river carrying merchandise to the port or pilgrims to the gates of the Artemision. The Cayster is now a wretched little stream losing itself in the mud and almost unrecognisable where it empties itself into the sea. Near this point are huts inhabited by a few fishermen whose work is the preparation of *boutargue*, or mullet caviare, a delicacy which commands a very high price in Constantinople, where it is called *mezé* (appetiser). Of Neapolis, another maritime outlet of Ephesus, only ruins remain, but quite near to them a Turkish town has sprung up, the Italian Scala-Nova which the Turks call Kouch-Adassi (Island of Birds), after the little island which stands sentry over the roadstead. Scala-Nova must have been a prosperous place before the laying of the railway from Smyrna to Aïdin, with its branch running along the Maeander valley to Sokia, for it was the real port of the *vilayet* of Aïdin. To-day there is still some export of small quantities of figs and tobacco, the tobacco coming from the country round Ephesus —this, it appears, was much prized in Smyrna a good many years ago but has now completely deteriorated in quality.

The *caïmacam* of Scala-Nova, a Bosnian Musulman, had received orders from the *vali* of Smyrna with regard to us, and he received us charmingly,

placing himself immediately at our disposal. In his company we inspected the town, which is not devoid of interest. It is situated in the form of an amphitheatre on a steep slope, so that, seen from the sea, the houses appear to be heaped up one upon the other. To the right, on an incline which runs down to the water's edge opposite the Island of Birds, the Turkish cemetery with its white *steles* occupies an extensive area of ground. The landing place is an old stone wharf of somewhat crude construction, facing which is a square with one building, a café. A little beyond is the encircling wall of the town, the gate of which leads straight on to the bazaar. This is typically Turkish ; a narrow street paved with ill-assorted cobbles ; plane trees ; men seated at the doors of their booths ; side streets apparently uninhabited ; a mosque ; a fountain ; and, here and there, marbles from the ruins of Neapolis. After a good quarter of an hour's climb, we reached the upper part of the town, which is brighter. The day was already drawing to its close. In the cafés and under the plane trees near a mosque the Turks were awaiting the supper hour.

In this quarter we were shown the spacious courtyard of a very fine-looking barracks, and then we descended again, passing through the Jewish quarter, where the houses are occupied by Musulman refugees. The Jews had not been forced to evacuate them ; they went of their own accord, during the war, as much to escape the bombardments as because they no longer had any means of livelihood. As for the Greeks, all without exception fled to the island of Samos immediately after the *débâcle* of 1922, so that since then the Greek village of Tchanagli, to the west of Scala-Nova and quite close to ancient Neapolis (of which it could justly claim to be the successor) has been completely deserted.

Before proceeding up the Maeander valley, we were anxious to revisit the ruins of Ephesus. A motor car, the only one in the district, drove us there in an hour and a half, crossing the Ephesian district at full speed.

I wonder whether any of those who lived in this region during the first centuries of Christianity would recognise it to-day ? The Cayster, which has dwindled to a mere stream, has changed its course several times since then ; it changes it constantly, for it flows at random. There is nothing to recall the dammed river, bordered with oleander, whose waters were led by a clever system of canals to the foot of the marble porticoes. Of its two tributaries, the Cenchryos and the Selinos, almost all trace has been lost. Without any data beyond the rather vague information supplied by Strabo, archæologists have produced conflicting theories. Some place the Cenchryos to the east, others to the west of the Cayster. And, as the Cenchryos ran through the sacred wood of Ortygia, the site of this wood is also changed according to the different views. Of course, such have been the ravages of time, there is nothing to show that wooded land, to say nothing of a delightful forest like that of Ortygia, as it was known to the ancients, ever existed at all in this desolate plain. The town bearing this name is the subject of equally ingenious theories. The three harbours of Ephesus are all silted up. For a long time it was thought that the sacred port was the basin to the south of the town, near the ruins of the Great Gymnasium, which was taken for the Artemision. But, after Mr. Wood's discoveries, this theory had to be given up and the basin in question regarded as the port of the commercial town. With regard to the port of Panormus, it appears impossible to come to agreement. The

port of the town was about 6.400 kilometres from the sea and the Sacred Port, to the south-west of the Artemision. Though for both there are two points of guidance (the town and the temple), calculation is more uncertain in the case of Panormus, which was 1.500 kilometres from the shore of the gulf; for the Cayster, the "worker" river, is continually winning land from the sea and everything that once stood on the old shore has been washed away or swallowed up. From the height of the road we saw to our left the outline of the coast, now deserted. There once stood a town, Marathesium, belonging to the Samians, who ceded it to the Ephesians in exchange for Neapolis. And while some confuse Scala-Nova with Marathesium, others say that Scala-Nova should be identified with Pygela, a town which, according to legend, was founded by Agamemnon and populated by the remains of his army; Dioscorides praises its good wine. There is no indication to show which of the three towns I have just named corresponds to the ruins scattered over the hills of the neighbourhood of Nova-Scala, and one is forced to be content with mere guesswork.

We saw again the walls of Lysimachia, crowning Mount Coressus, and our car drew up in the square of Ayassoulouk, near the sarcophagus fountain. On our first visit to Ephesus we entered the town through the north-west gate, leading to the Stadium and the Serapeum. This time we made for the Magnesian gate leading on to the sacred way to the Artemision. We had thus completed the circle of Mount Prion which rises in the centre of the town. These Hellenic landscapes can be read like a book, and Ephesus is one of the pages that one can read and read again, each time discovering something new. The *Empress of Ionia*, as Ephesus was called,

appeared at first veiled in cloud, but as we contemplated it the clouds dispersed and then, in spite of its decay, all the ancient splendour was revealed.

The evening star was shining in the twilit horizon when we set out on the return journey. The road was tolerable and our car had been running at fair speed without the slightest hitch, when, after night had completely set in and we had left the Cayster plain to enter the undulating country fringing the winding shore, the engine broke down. The chauffeur, a good-natured Turk but nothing of a mechanic, lifted the bonnet and began to fumble about with the engine, with tools as rudimentary as his knowledge. Our situation seemed a little awkward, for no help could reach us at that time of night. In Asia all movement on the roads, in fact all out-of-door life, ceases at sunset. No one travels at night. There was no way of communicating with the authorities at Scala-Nova, for at nightfall they at once shut themselves up in their harems and are cut off from the outer world. The chauffeur went on tinkering with the engine, but produced no effect ; the car remained glued to the spot. In desperation two of us decided to set out for Scala-Nova on foot, in the hope of finding some sort of vehicle to solve the difficulty, the other two remaining in the car with the gendarme and chauffeur. The latter was still patiently at work when we set off briskly towards the town.

The horizon was a mass of stars, the sky was luminous, the earth wrapped in darkness. After a day of fierce heat the freshness of the night was intoxicating. From both sides of the road perfumes arose, saturating the atmosphere and making the first few kilometres a delight. But we began to find that we had miscalculated ; the distance we

had gone was greater than we had imagined. The contour of the surrounding country held surprises for us. Behind each fold that rose in front of us, each promontory stretching towards the sea, the muffled roar of which broke upon the silence of the night, we expected to see the lights of Scala Nova ; but we surmounted hills only to find ourselves faced with fresh folds in the ground, fresh darkness. It was as though the goal we were seeking was drawing away from us. Then, to our left, we heard cries, human voices, which sounded strangely in the middle of this darkness and solitude. We went on through the black night, heady with the scent of the grasses and bushes we could not see, covering kilometre after kilometre blindly, and giving little thought to the stories of marauding refugees or night attacks. Our position was so unexpected that this very circumstance assured us to a sort of safety. Suddenly a vague, confused noise reached us from behind. There was no mistake about it, incredible though it was. The car had started at last. We saw it coming with excusable satisfaction, and another good half hour's run convinced us of the distance that had still lain before us. We passed through the side streets of Scala-Nova without encountering a living soul, though gendarmes were patrolling the quay where a caravan had unloaded some bales of figs. We returned on board, reflecting on the possibilities opened up by a motor breakdown on an Asiatic road.

Early the following morning, the same car was waiting at the wharf to take us to Sekia, but our departure was delayed by a minor incident. The body of a Turk murdered during the night had been discovered in a ravine on the outskirts of the town, near the road we had to take to get to Sokia.

The Mesoghis chain, which forms the northern

setting of the plains of Hierapolis and Tralles and which is pierced by a railway tunnel to the east of Ayassoulouk, turns southward from the plain of Ephesus and, dropping near the sea, rises afresh and takes the name of Mycale (the Samson-Dagh of the Turks). The ridge of this mountain forms an arc running from north to west as far as Cape Vogilium, and is continued by the islands of Samos and Icaria ; the map makes this formation very clear. The carriage road along the depression between Mesoghis and Mycale is perfectly planned and passes some very picturesque corners. Two hours after leaving Scala-Nova we began the descent to the Maeander basin. At each turn of the road were vineyards, orchards and farm-houses nestling in luxuriant vegetation. We soon came in sight of Sokia, the chief town of the *caza* of the same name. It is called Sokia (which means " cold ") because it is whipped by the north wind which blows straight into the valley at the extremity of which the town is situated. This must have been the approximate site of an ancient place called Meandropolis which is vaguely mentioned by authors of antiquity, some of whom identify it with Sokia. Mycalessos, once situated at the foot of Mycale, but the exact site of which is not known, might equally well be placed at Sokia. However that may be, Sokia remains the only centre of population in this district, which must once have been very popular, owing both to the richness of its soil and its proximity to the gulf of Latmicus. Judging by the number of burned houses, the Greek colony at Sokia (which had a population of about 10,000) must have been relatively numerous. The shops of the bazaar have in most cases been roughly rebuilt among the ruins. The town itself has nothing very interesting to offer. The surrounding country produces a large quantity

of liquorice which is exploited by the American firm of Forbes, well known in Asia Minor for many years. The Turks themselves pointed out to us the Forbes establishment as being the only resting place worthy of us, so we made our way there without hesitation, and were received with all possible cordiality, like old friends. Behind high white walls stretched an exuberant garden, hung with climbing plants and full of trees and flowers. The mere act of entering by the gate made us feel as though we had been transported from Asiatic Turkey to North America. The manager of the factory was delighted to have the opportunity of offering us hospitality, and it was there that we planned our excursion to Priene.

This gave rise to a good many difficulties. Our chauffeur refused flatly to drive us, giving as his excuse the bad state of the road. Others, indignant at the obstinacy of the chauffeur, assured us that the road was practicable, if not excellent. There had been talk of horse carriages, but no such thing existed in Sokia, not even the most modest cart. Our host gallantly offered us his dogcart and the gendarmes told off by the *Caïcaman* to escort us offered us horses. No one who has not travelled in Asia could have any idea of the obstacles which arise at every step even when things are going well. When a dispute arises there are plenty of interveners, but no one to find a solution, and one ends by arranging things somehow or other, for there is a special providence watching over travellers who venture on the execrable roads of Asia Minor.

We were just where the interesting part of the Lower Maeander begins, and we wanted to see it through to the end. From Sokia we could see the *Alan*, the great stretch of muddy alluvium which, brought down from Phrygia by the current of the

river, replaces the arm of the sea that once lay between the buttresses of Titanus and Mycale. This steppe, smooth and flat, and covered with grass browned by the sun, was spread before our eyes in all its immense desolation and monotony.

CHAPTER XI

PRIENE

THE road, if such it may be called, leading from Sokia to Priene, certainly dates from the earliest antiquity ; indeed there can have been no other. In the old days it followed the shore of the Latmicus gulf ; to-day it follows the edge of the Alan, or plain of the lower Maeander, with the latter river on one side and on the other the base of Mount Mycale. Its natural route could not be changed. It is very probable that in Hellenic times some effort was made to maintain it, but since the Maeander separated Priene from the sea and robbed it of all its strategic and commercial importance, the road has been left to itself, for it leads nowhere. The Turks left it as they found it, and the streams and torrents running down from the mountain played their part in rendering it impracticable. One finds oneself travelling, now over the remnants of paving, now in mud, now in unspeakable quagmires. Whether you travel on foot, in a cart, or on horseback, it all comes to the same thing. The chauffeur at Scala-Nova was certainly right in refusing to venture upon it.

After an hour's travelling the sight of a fountain prompted us to halt for lunch, and taking up our position close to a hedge in the shade of great plane trees, we got out our portable equipment and provisions and enjoyed a delicious meal. On the other side of the road, facing us, cool and sparkling water

flowed from a stone fountain into a trough from which it overflowed to become a stream. Cows came quietly up to it to drink. As I went to fill my glass at the jet of water a cow drinking at the same place raised her head, looked at me placidly, and discreetly moved away. In this country, worthy to be sung by Theocritus, classical memories crowded into my mind. I drank in long draughts of the pure water of Mycale, the sacred mountain, an old acquaintance from the days, already distant, when I was taught the history of Greece. The peace that enveloped the place contrasted with the difficulties we had to encounter during the rest of the expedition, for the road went from bad to worse. To the left a sort of steppe, covered with the accumulated silt brought down during thousands of years by the Maeander, stretched as far as the eye could see. The river could not be seen, but one could feel its presence. The whole valley is its work. It winds lazily and silently behind a curtain of tamarisk. The tall stems of liquorice cover the dry, sandy parts, and the swampy areas are shown by the presence of clumps of reeds and papyrus. Springs hide amid oleander, and tall grass serves as the lair of countless tortoises. Flocks of several kinds of waterfowl reveal the presence of stagnant lagoons.

As usual, we met no one on the road. For several weeks we had had a feeling that we were the only people travelling in this country. We had been told that the journey from Sokia to Priene would not take us more than two hours. In theory this may have been correct, but the snares of the road prolonged it indefinitely. At last, however, we came to a group of stone houses with a one-storeyed *khan* on the left, and on the right two Turkish cafés on either side of a fountain surrounded by plane trees. But the inn and cafés were empty and dilapidated

and the fountain dried up. Desolation has passed this way. A few miles farther on we began the ascent to the large village of Kelebech, paved and zigzagging; a stiff climb during which horses and men slipped constantly. Kelebech is perched on the edge of a precipice, its centre cleft by a deep ravine. All the streets are on a slope and the buildings rise in tiers up the rock. As Kelebech was inhabited exclusively by Greeks it was now completely empty. Those houses that were not burnt down had been simply deserted. To build them the marbles of Priene had been freely drawn upon.

Half an hour's journey from Kelebech, at the foot of the mountain to the southward, are the ruins of the Ionian town, the birthplace of Bias, one of the seven sages of Greece. The heights of Kelebech command the Maeander valley, Miletus on the other side, and, beyond, the gigantic pyramid of Mount Latmos.

This vast panorama reveals the work of the Maeander. The sea is far away, in the extreme background, and even then only visible on clear days. The islands of the gulf of Latmicus have become hillocks breaking the dreary flatness of the alluvial plain. Their identification is mere guess-work. It would be vain to look for Lade, the chief of the little Milesian archipelago, where the Ionians concentrated 353 triremes when Darius sent 600 sail to subdue Miletus, Priene and Myonta, and which was occupied by Alexander after he had put to flight the Milesians, who fled to their ships using their shields as boats. In allotting names to these mounds, which must once have been islands, one loses oneself in conjecture. The two shaped like the humps of a camel may perhaps have been the *Camelidae*. Might not that other be Asteria? The people of Miletus passed on the legend of Asterius, son of

Anax and grandson of Ge, whose skeleton, which could be seen from Asteria, measured ten cubits.[1] Pliny says : " Nature has removed islands from the sea and joined them to the continent ; such are Dromiscos and Perne, which have been joined to Miletus, and Hybanda, once an island of Ionia and now 250 *stades* from the coast." This Phrygian soil brought down to the Gulf of Latmicus by the Maeander was once tilled ; the steppe has not always been as it is to-day. The sophist Hemerius, quoted by Photius, states that the river had stolen the sea from the navigators to give it to the tillers of the soil. " Furrows take the place of the waves and goats leap where once the dolphins played. Instead of harsh voices of sailors torturing the ear, nothing was heard but the sweet notes of the shepherd's pipe."

The Greeks of Kelebech carefully tilled the land on the edge of the valley below the mountain. In the immediate vicinity of Palatia some agriculture is still carried on and there is pasturage, but the rest is mere wilderness. The mountain stream running through Kelebech must be the Scolopoeis mentioned by Herodotus (other authors take this to be the name of a locality), and it is from this that Kelebech takes its name. The descent from this village to Priene [2] is made by an ancient path east of the wall encircling the town. The country west of the town, where once was the port of Naolochos, corresponds exactly to the place where the battle of Mycale was fought in 470 B.C. The site is well defined by Herodotus : " The Persians, arriving close to the temple of the Eumenides on Mycale territory at the mouth of the Scolopoeis and the Gaeson, where

[1] Pausanias I, 33, 5 ; VII, 2 and 3.
[2] The Turks call Priene " Samsoum Kalessi," from Samsoum Dagh (Samsoum mountain, *i.e.*, Mycale).

there is a temple of Ceres Eleusinae built by Philistus, son of Pasicles, who had accompanied Neleus, son of Codrus, when the latter went to found Miletus, dragged their boats ashore and surrounded them with a wall of stones and wood, cutting down large numbers of fruit trees to consolidate the rampart. When the Greeks assumed the offensive the news spread among them of the victory won the same day at Plataea by the Greeks under Pausanias against the Persians commanded by Mardonius." The story as Herodotus tells it is, to say the least of it, strange: the result was known the same afternoon in Ionia of a battle which had been fought in the morning on Boeotian territory. How could that be? The case is not unprecedented; it is said that the news of the taking of Troy reached the Greeks in Europe within a few hours, thanks to the beacons lit on the summits of the islands and of Mount Athos. But Herodotus explains the example of Mycale otherwise. "That which happens by permission of the gods can be recognised by many signs. The same day that the Persians were beaten at Plataea they were to be beaten at Mycale, and this is due to the intervention of the gods, for the two battles were both fought near a temple of Ceres Elusinae." Emboldened by the news from across the sea, the Greek soldiers fought with exceptional vigour, and prodigies of heroism were performed on both sides, the price of victory being the final possession of the archipelago and the Hellespont. The Athenians, who composed half the effective force, spread along the shore where the land was flat, the Lacedaemonians undertaking a turning movement through the ravines and mountains. While this was in progress, however, the Persians and Athenians were already at grips. The rampart of shields removed, the Athenians hurled themselves in a mass upon the enemy, who

had no alternative but to withdraw hastily behind his entrenchments. The Athenians, Sicyonians, Corinthians and Trezenians followed them, and the second line of defences soon fell. The allies of the Persians took to flight, but the Persians themselves, though weak in numbers, continued to resist. The hand to hand fighting was terrible. The two commanders of the Persian fleet, Artayntes and Ithamitres, ran for their lives, whereas the leaders of the land troops, Mardontes and Tigranes, fell fighting. The Persians were still engaged when the Lacedaemonians appeared on the right flank and put them to the sword. The disarmed Samians, who had remained in the Persian camp, ran over to the side of the victors and seized the weapons of the dead. The Milesians, to whom had been allotted the task of guarding the Mycale passes, guided the fugitives into ambushes and slew them in large numbers. The Greeks also suffered heavy losses, and a considerable number of Sicyonians perished, together with their chief, Perilas. The man who most distinguished himself among the Greeks was Hermolycus, son of Euthynus, already renowned for his prowess at the Pancratium. After burning the Persian triremes, the Athenians set sail for Samos. The fields of Mycale, between Priene and the sea, were covered with corpses and trophies.

The site of this, one of the most famous battles of Hellenic antiquity, had been created, not by the Maeander but by the little river Goeson, which flows close to Priene. Herodotus felt little surprise that a river so large as the Nile should have filled with its alluvium the gulf which has become Lower Egypt ; but he did not fail to remark that, among other rivers that have produced similar phenomena, (the Cayster, Hermus, Maeander, Scamander, and Caïcus) there was not one that could compare in size with a single arm of the Nile. The walls of

Ilion were once washed by the sea, and the little Acheloos flowing through Acharnania absorbed half the islands that formed the Echinades group. The Maeander is no less threatening to-day; its delta stretches from Cape Trogilion (Hgaios-Nicolaos), the extremity of Mycale, to Cape Poseidon (Monodendri) to the south, the extremity of Latmus, and over this wide shore the mouth of the Maeander is now setting for the island of Tragia (Gaïdaronisi), as though it intended to absorb this too, as is bound to happen sooner or later.

In clear weather the great plain of the Alan, seen from the top of the acropolis of Priene, gives an accurate picture of the whims of the Maeander. At one time a river ran along the edge of Priene territory; now it washes the ruins of Miletus, and the one which touches the walls of Priene is only a tributary of the Maeander. These two rivers wind and twist in countless capricious curves like the coils of a serpent.

The old path from Kelebech is probably the ancient road of communication between Priene and Panionium and runs along the seaward slope of the mountain. It leads to the eastern gate of the town whose streets we were about to visit. English, French, and Germans have all contributed to the exhumation of Priene. The attention of archæologists was first attracted to the Ionian town of Mycale by the Englishmen Chandler and Revett, who were sent out to Asia Minor in 1765 by the London Society of Dilettanti, but did not undertake any excavation. A century later, in 1868, the same society sent out a mission composed of Messrs. Popplewell and Pullan, the latter already known for his reconstruction of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. In three months they had cleared the temple of Athena Polias, which

was the objective of their expedition. The marbles set aside on this occasion having been presented by the Dilettanti to the British Museum, the curator of Greek and Roman antiquities of this museum, Mr. Newton, went to Priene to make a selection, and many remains were sent to London. As soon as the Englishmen had left, the inhabitants of Kelebech descended upon the ruins of the temple, hunting for treasures, and, finding nothing more valuable, they carried off for their own building the marble paving of the base which had been cleared.

In 1870 Mr. Oakley Clark, managing director of the liquorice factory at Sokia, made an excursion to Priene. While examining the bed of the statue of Athena Polias, which had been turned upside down, he found an ancient coin, which, on cleaning it, he found to be a silver tetradrachma bearing the name of Orophernes. According to the chronicles, Orophernes II, son of Ariarathes IV, after consecrating the statue of Athena at Priene, placed some coins bearing his name under the pedestal. The discovery was therefore of interest. Mr. Oakley, with the help of workmen from Kelebech, raised the blocks ; under the two first he found two other tetradrachmas, under the third a gold ring with a garnet, and under the fourth a gold olive leaf, the objects being placed in little holes made for the purpose. Further search met with no result. But fired by these discoveries, which were exaggerated as the story spread, the inhabitants of Kelebech, flocked to Priene and stirred up all the débris of the Athenion, without finding anything. A few days later, however, some masons who had come to remove stones discovered by chance two other coins of Orophernes and a second olive leaf. In 1871 Newton unearthed a sixth tetradrachma, which he lost. In 1873 the French archæologists MM. Rayet and

Thomas[1] excavated the temple. In 1895 Herr Humann, the explorer of Pergamum, began methodical excavations at Priene on behalf of the Berlin museum. After his sudden death the work was carried on by his colleagues, Herrn Wiegand and Schrader, who published the results of their researches in an authoritative work.[2]

Up to 1895 the attention of archæologists had been chiefly concentrated upon the temple of Athena Polias, but what is of greatest interest at Priene is the town itself, taken as a whole. It is a perfect type of a Greek town, a small one perhaps, for it only contained some 4,000 inhabitants. Its development was contemporary with that of Pergamum, and it is curious to compare the two towns; one the royal city, filled with splendid monuments, magnificent houses, artistic masterpieces, great, opulent, envied, placed as it were upon a throne at the summit of a sheer plateau commanding the plain, the sea and the mountains; and the other, the little Ionian city on the banks of the Maeander, in no way arrogant, but proud of its liberty and municipal life, disdaining the heights to which it owed its origin to take up its position accommodatingly almost on a level with the alluvial plain. A small town, it is true, but one endowed with a grace and an exquisite charm produced by art, intelligence and harmony which the greatest modern towns might envy.

Priene did not make a great stir in the world. It remained to some extent aloof from the great events that were being enacted at its gates. Its most famous son was a sage, and it was sagely that the town played its part in history. To-day such a town would count for nothing, would drag out its life and disappear.

[1] *Milet et le golfe Latmique*, par Olivier Rayet et Albert Thomas. Paris 1877. (A book full of interesting information.)

[2] *Priene, Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen und Untersuchungen in den Jah.* 1895-1898 von Th. Wiegand und H. Schrader. Berlin, 1904.

View of Priene and village of Kelebesch (to the right).

p. 216

Temple of Priene. The Boulevterio

Temple of Priene Architectural details.

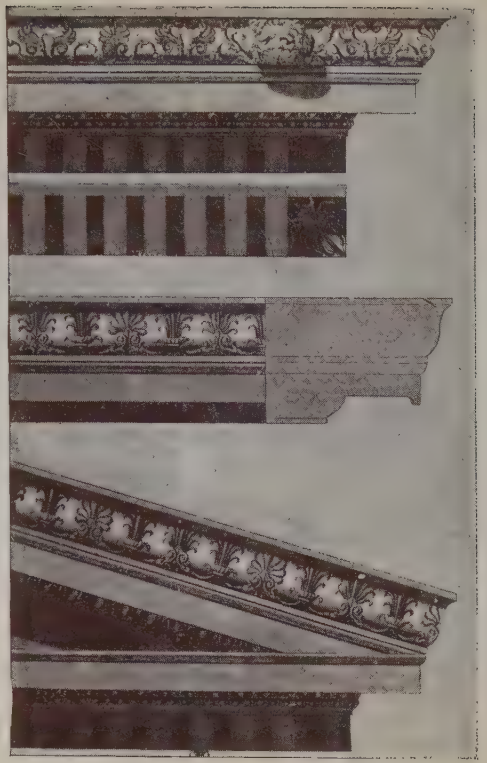
But the life of Priene was intense. Within its fortified belt of walls—it measured at the widest point from east to west 620 metres and from north to south 440 —were contained all the organs essential to the life of a state. The ruins of Priene are a striking reflection of a civilisation. Below the acropolis, at the foot of sheer rocks that might have been piled up by giants, are to be seen the remains of the archaic temple of Demeter, built by the son of one of Neleus' companions. The acropolis stands at a height of 381 metres, the temple of Demeter at 150 metres. South of the latter the town rises in a succession of terraces, its centre, the agora, with its monumental portico, standing at a height of 76 metres. The town is disposed according to a clearly defined plan. The streets cut one another at right angles, forming 80 blocks or squares about 47 by 35 metres. From east to west runs the principal street, 525 metres long. Above this way, on another parallel way, rose the temple of Athena Polias, protectress of the town ; one of the finest examples of Ionic architecture in Asia Minor. This is the work of Phyteos, the architect, in collaboration with Satyros, of the Halicarnassus Mausoleum ; he was also a writer and a sculptor. The temple of Priene was peripteral and hexastyle, with eleven columns on each side. The main entrance faced west and was reached by a terrace, in the middle of which stood an altar decorated with figures in high relief, separated by Ionic columns.[1] The paving of the portico is still in an excellent state of preservation. The walls were a masterpiece of building art ; two layers of tiles 0.69m. deep alternating with one of bond-stones 0.30m., and the dressing of the stone was carried to the same pitch of perfection as in the monuments

[1] For a detailed description of the temple *vide* Albert Thomas, *Milet et le golfe Latmique*, and the work by Wiegand and Schrader mentioned above.

of the Athenian acropolis. They did not adhere over the whole breadth but only on a bed of 1.13m., the central part remaining hollow and being rusticated at the top, thus allowing for almost invisible joints and a perfectly smooth surface, as if the wall were of one piece. The statue of the goddess, which was of colossal dimensions, is attributed to Phyteos, as also is the *quadriga* which surmounted the pyramid of the mausoleum. The polychromy of the temple was of great interest ; inside the mouldings, the sculptured sections and the sunk panels, two colours had been applied, either dark red, obtained from cinnabar, or light blue, from salicylate of copper, as in the Propylaea at Athens.

The theatre, situated not far from the temple of Athena, was not of outstanding dimensions. It contained only eight rows of seats divided by a *diazoma* 1.85m. wide, one row of seats of honour running round the orchestra. The proscenium measured 18.41 by 5.82m. Facing the proscenium in the centre of the orchestra, which measured 9.32m. in length, stood a marble altar with bas-reliefs. It was indeed the typical little theatre of a small town to which strangers did not resort in large numbers.

In the lower part of the town, touching the southern wall, were the gymnasium and stadium, the latter 191m. long with seats on the northern side only, which explains the aspect of the monument ; the architects had taken thought for the view. When the axis of the stadium was perpendicular to the landscape there were seats to right and left, as also in the *sphendone* (sling), the curve joining the two sides ; but when the axis was parallel to the landscape the *sphendone* was suppressed and the seats were only placed on the side from which the view could be enjoyed. The stadium of Priene was 30m. above the level of the plain, and the



Temple of Priene. Architectural details.

Halicarnassus ruins. Believed to be the Temple of Mars.

The Troad Valley.

spectators, seated several metres higher, could enjoy the splendid and extensive panorama of the Lower Maeander, including Miletus, Grion and Latmos. Adjoining the Gymnasium was a spacious hall for the athletes, with a row of washing places along the wall into which water spouted from the mouths of lions.

The sacred Stoa, Ionic in its columns and of Doric exterior, measured 116 metres in length and stood on a platform reached by two steps. Here business was transacted, and at the same time it was used as a meeting place by politicians, philosophers, poets, and artists ; here all subjects were discussed and all questions of local interest dealt with. It was in this place that the *stefanoforos*, the highest dignitary of the town, gave an annual banquet to all the citizens.

Next to the agora stood the Bouleutirion or *Ekklesiastirion*, a rectangular, covered building with ten rows of seats on the two lateral sides and fifteen at the far end, the fourth side being used as offices. In the middle there was an altar ornamented with reliefs. The hall contained 640 seats. This building, which dated from 220 B.C., was the most original and most interesting in Priene. In the Bouleutirion met the assembly elected by the vote of the people, to legislate, administrate and decide all the business of the city. This was the real government of the democracy of Priene ; and, to judge by the order which seems to have reigned in all branches of civic life (to which the inscriptions testify), by the organisation of the services of hygiene, embellishment, and education of which the ruins afford us adequate proof, and by the tact and firmness which characterised the town's relations with other towns, the *bouleutes* (or deputies) must have carried out their task very efficiently.

Many large modern towns (we will say nothing of small ones, for a small town on the lines of Priene is quite unthinkable to-day) would be only too glad to resemble this town I am describing (summarily, as the size of this work necessitates). There are many lessons of civic life to be learned from Priene. The plans of almost all the houses, as drawn by Herrn Wiegand and Schrader, reveal characteristic details of the domestic life of Priene. What we pompously call modern comfort already flourished in Hellenic days. There was hardly a house without a bathroom. Water flowed in abundance everywhere, the high springs of Mycale, by a generous system of canals, feeding the public fountains and baths, and supplying water for the bathrooms, kitchens and dressing-rooms of the private dwellings. These, their façades all alike and devoid of all external architectural ornament, were full of light and air intelligently distributed. The door opened into a corner of the building at the end of a corridor on which was a portico and a courtyard surrounded by columns. This courtyard communicated, on one side with the *exedra*, or visiting hall, and on the other with the *prostas*, or vestibule, leading to the *thalamos* and other private apartments. The walls were covered with a polychrome stucco ; among the débris of these walls decorative schemes of great delicacy have been found, such as carved friezes, and among the ruins of the houses have been found marble bas-reliefs, statues, statuettes in bronze and terra cotta, and a multitude of small articles and utensils of varied form, bearing the imprint of a taste and art which to-day are the exclusive privilege of connoisseurs and millionaires. One is left with an impression that the inhabitants of Priene enjoyed the most natural beauty in the world, and that in their midst there was no place for the ugliness

which modern culture is apt to regard with admiration.

The town was clean and well paved, streets built in steps giving access between the different levels north and south. It was a friendly, harmonious town, where the inhabitants had everything within their reach and where the family and patriarchal life must have flowed smoothly by. Here the feverish excitement of Miletus was not felt, there was none of the amusements to be found at Teos, none of the crowds from every corner of the world that flocked to Ephesus. The Panionium, the sanctuary of Ionia, was situated at Priene, but those who visited it had no need to pass through the town, and generally came by sea. The divinities venerated at Priene—Demeter and Core, Athena Polias, Cybele, Isis, and Asclepios—were all local and did not draw outsiders. If all the statues and reliefs, fragments of mural decoration, entablatures, friezes, terra-cottas, pieces of pottery, arms, tools of every description, marble vases, weights and measures, carved stones, inscriptions, glass work, medals, coins, etc., from this town, which have been scattered among the museums of London, Berlin, Paris and Constantinople, were collected together at Priene, they would constitute perhaps the most interesting museum of the classical Orient. We should have, grouped together, all the constitutive elements of a little Ionian town of 4,000 inhabitants, living on its own resources far from cosmopolitanism. It would have been easy to reconstruct on their original site cults, customs, tendencies and tastes ; it would have been possible to feel the soul of the place.

Priene, however, had a good deal to suffer from friction with the Samians ; the wars of Mithridates caused it serious damage ; and finally, submerged by events, it was annexed to the Roman province

of Asia, losing the absolute autonomy assured to it in 334 by Alexander the Great. Under the influence of Christianity its spirit was transformed. The pagan town rapidly declined. Three churches and three Christian chapels replaced the ancient temples, now deserted, though none was constructed on the site of the temples themselves. The cathedral, built facing the theatre, had its central nave supported by twenty Doric columns taken from the neighbouring gymnasium, and its paving was made from the marble *steles* of the temple of Athena. The place became a bishopric attached to the archbishopric of Ephesus, and the bishops of Priene took part in the councils. Near the summits of Mycale there were two small cloisters. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Andronicus Palaeologus, Priene fell under the power of the Turks, who ravaged it and then left it. The Greeks who managed to escape the massacre fled into the mountain, perhaps to the *Kalivia*, to which they climbed during the great heat, up in the gorges of the Scolopoeis, and thus the village of Kelebech (the Turkish Giaour-Kelebech) came into being. The Greeks who deserted this village in 1922 were doubtless the descendants of the refugees from Priene.

CHAPTER XII

THE MAEANDER

NEAR the Turkish village of Ketchebourlou on the Phrygian plateau, 900 feet above sea level, a spring rises from which a river flows to lose itself a little further on in the Hoiran-Gheul, a little lake to which, together with its surroundings, the ancients gave the name of Aulocrene, for it was there that the reeds grew from which the flutes, or *auloi* of pre-Homeric days, were made. Hardly has it left the lake when this river disappears underground, to re-emerge, five or six kilometres further on, on the plain of Dineir, a great dried lake in which once stood the towns of Peltae, Celaene, Eumenia, and Yrgalia. This river, the Maeander, passes through the ruins of Celaene, a considerable town (where the kings of Persia had built a palace for use when they travelled in Asia Minor) which became later the Apamea Cybotus of Antiochus Soter. Amid these ruins the Maeander is swollen by another watercourse, which falls in a cascade from a neighbouring height, a river which Herodotus calls "Catarrectes" and which all the authors call the Marsyas. A few rivers of minor importance, coming from the north and west from the mountains which border the plain of Celaene, join the main stream. A Byzantine author of the twelfth century, John Cinnamus, has given a very picturesque description of the sources of the Maeander: "A vast volume of water, spouted from a multitude of springs in the fissures of the rocks at

the foot of the mountains, spreads at first like a sea over the neighbouring fields, then concentrates in a lake, whence it plunges into a deep cleft to reappear again in the form of a river."

After leaving Dineir, the Maeander hides itself again, but soon reappears once more, heading down a rapid slope towards the marshy plain of Dineir-Ovassi, whence it traces a curve sixty kilometres long from east to west, the bend bearing north. At this section of its course its waters, of a pale green, are hidden from sight by a thick growth of rushes and reeds, and it is here that the river indulges in the succession of capricious twists which from the times of antiquity have been known as " meanders." The ancient geographers insist affectionately on this peculiar characteristic of the Maeander, which seems to turn back on its own course and make its way back to its own source. This river, which in a straight line covers a distance of 250 kilometres, in reality has a length of more than 400. After leaving the marshes of Dineir, it passes through a series of defiles, runs over sheer precipices, and flows to the foot of Dindymos, the sacred mountain of the Great Goddess of Phrygia ; then, between Mesoghis and the Carian range, the plain widens to eight or ten kilometres. The Maeander, free from restraint, describes curves, angles, and twists without number. Its waters are muddy, its banks high, its fords few and far between. And, shooting down declivities, sometimes eight in ten metres, it attains a remarkable swiftness which causes it frequently to change its course. This is the *Phrygia fallax Maeander* of Propertius, whose headlong stream moves the position of land ; the incorrigible river which, according to Strabo, was summoned before the courts for removing fields and destroying property boundaries, crimes for which the tribunal inflicted a fine upon it, to be

deducted from the toll fees. This was how the Maeander filled up harbours, wiped out islands, transformed a gulf into a steppe and pitted itself as a rival against the Ægean Sea. Tralles and Magnesia, which were once seaports, with navies, are to-day hundreds of miles from the sea. In the eighth century B.C. ships sailed almost up to Magnesia. The Latmic Gulf, which was about eight miles broad and ran inland in two branches—the broader, that to the north-east, thirty-five miles long—no longer exists. In its place is the desert of Alan, covered with tall grass and riddled with lagoons, where the old beds of the Maeander lie entangled; the Eski-Mendereler of the Turks, lair of wild boars and home of countless aquatic birds. There flourished the Ionian Myonte which, five hundred years before Christ, held the fleet of two hundred ships brought back by Artaphernes from the siege of Naxos. In the time of Strabo, the first century A.D., Myonte was thirty *stades* from the sea. Priene, facing it, also maintained a war fleet. Miletus, which in the third century A.D. was also a seaport, to-day displays its ruins nine kilometres from the coast. Five islands—Derandes, Sophonia, Dromisco, Perne, and Lade—have been buried in the silt of the Maeander.

Of course all these maritime towns were fated to be destroyed like so many others less prosperous, but, had it not been for the invading river, some of them would have survived under another form; modern towns would have sprung up in their place, as occurred in the case of Smyrna, Alexandria, Rhodes, Mytilene, and others. The Latmic Gulf, which penetrated into the heart of Asia Minor, would inevitably have preserved the populations living on its shores. Miletus, which was the real port of Phrygia, would have persisted as such, in spite of the events which brought about the complete

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upheaval of Asia Minor. The Maeander and the Latmic Gulf explain the historical rôle of Miletus. Previously to the fifth century of the Christian era, this town was the largest, most populous and wealthiest of all Greece. Miletus had founded seventy colonies on the Euxine, the Propontis, the Hellespont, the Archipelago, the western Mediterranean, and as far as the Atlantic Ocean. The merchant vessels of Miletus, Myonte, and Priene, the three Ionian towns of Caria, had made the Latmic Gulf the most important commercial centre of antiquity. Miletus, with its four ports and powerful fleet, was indeed the prototype of the metropolis, the great creative and enterprising city for which no horizons are too wide. Hecataeus of Miletus was the first of the logographers, the father of geography, the ancestor of the great explorers, the author of the first geographical maps. Cadmus, the earliest Greek historian, and Thimoteus, master of the dithryamb, great musician and lyric poet, were born at Miletus. Thales, also a Milesian, founded the school of philosophy called the school of Miletus, in which Anaximander and Anaximenes so brilliantly shone. Milesian also was Aspasia, the friend of Pericles, one of the most beautiful and remarkable women of her time, who, through the magic of her charm and talent, left an indelible mark upon the splendour of Hellenism.

The Maeander gradually gnawed at Miletus, taking away from it the sea, its *raison d'être*, its life, the vehicle of its force of expansion. Ovid included Miletus, the sea, and the Maeander in the same poetic fiction : " O Miletus ! Thy swift prow threatens the waves of the Ægean, and on the shores of Asia thou hast built a city which bears the name of thy founder. It is there that thou hast seen the daughter of Maeander, Cyano, wandering on the

banks of the paternal river which winds so many times upon itself."[1] The Ægean Sea drew away, the Maeander ceased to be navigable, and Miletus could only fall into decay. Already in the Hellenic period, Miletus had lost a large part of its importance and the commerce of Phrygia was carried on by preference through Ephesus. The dreary town of Palatia, haunted by malaria and mosquitoes, now stands in the place of the opulent city of the Ionians. All its harbours are silted up. About the middle of the fifteenth century Ciriaco of Ancona saw the theatre in a perfect state of preservation. To-day, thanks to excavation work, fifty-four tiers of seats can be seen. The remains are impressive, for this was one of the great theatres of Asia. Near the site of the southern harbour are the ruins of the agora and of great storehouses. In spite of its downfall the Romans endowed Miletus with splendid monuments, of which there still remain the ruins of the Nymphaeum, dating from the time of Titus ; of the Senate built on a level with the theatre ; of an altar of Artemis, ornamented with superb bas-reliefs and surrounded by porticoes ; of an agora ; and of strong walls rebuilt by Trajan. From the Didymi Gate a sacred way led to the temple of Apollo of Didymi, and among other buildings which have been revealed by excavation are to be noted the stadium, a shrine of Apollo Delphinius, which appears to have been the principal temple of the town, and an archaic temple consecrated to Athena. Palatia, a pretentious name for such a wretched little place, is administered by a mere *moudir*, a very worthy man who does not look as though he found life in this solitude very entertaining, and who kills time by fishing, in the muddy waters of the Maeander, for fish whose names he does not know.

[1] Ov. *Met.* IX.

Let us now go up to the sources of the river and see it from another point of view. The Maeander, according to Plutarch, was first called Anaboenon. King Maeander of Phrygia, just as he was setting out with his army to fight the Pessinontians, made a vow to sacrifice to the Mother of the Gods, in case of success, the first people who came to congratulate him. It happened that these were his son and daughter, but the prince, faithful to his word, at once sacrificed them to the goddess, an act of cruelty which plunged him into a state of remorse so profound that he threw himself into the waters of the Anaboenon, which from that time has been called the Maeander.

The river Marsyas, which joins the Maeander in Celaene, is also the subject of a legend which, though well known, is worth recalling in this connection. Marsyas, a satyr or shepherd, son of Hyagnis, Œagrus, or Maeander of Olympus, lived in the plain of Celaene, where he played the double-reeded pipe abandoned by Athene. There was a contest between him and Apollo, the player of the lyre, as a result of which the vanquished was to place himself at the mercy of the victor. The victory fell to Apollo, who tied Marsyas to the branches of a tree and flayed him alive. Some say that the blood of Marsyas gave rise to the river which bears his name ; others that Zeus metamorphosed Marsyas into a river. In the time of Strabo the plane tree was pointed out in Celaene from which, according to tradition, Marsyas had been hanged. The double pipe he used was hung in a temple at Sicyon. This fable condenses a whole literature. It is chiefly connected with the origins of Greek music, the competitions between the experts of the Phrygian school being represented by Marsyas and those of the Doric manner symbolised by Apollo ; and perhaps also with the festivals

of song held between Aulodia and Cytharoedia. Two cults found themselves opposed, that of Cybele and that of Apollo. The nymphs of Marsyas and Maeander are connected with the cycle of bloody myths of Phrygia which followed the north-eastward road to Thrace. The double-reeded pipe of Marsyas is inseparable from the Dionysic feasts. Marsyas was reputed to be a faithful servant of Dionysos, and it is his close connection with that divinity that has caused him to be considered as the personification of human liberty. On this account several cities raised statues to him in their agoras, that in the forum at Rome being especially celebrated. On a certain day of the year the courtesans held a festival in his honour and brought him crowns of flowers. For having appeared in public wearing on his head a wreath taken from the statue of Marsyas, P. Munatius was condemned to slavery by the triumvirs, and the tribunal of the people before whom he appealed refused to intercede in his favour.

The allegory of King Maeander fighting against the Pessinontians and sacrificing himself to Cybele takes us back to the fabulous times of the wars in which peoples of the same origin fought one against the other. The changing of Maeander into a river symbolises the first Pelasgian migration in the direction of the Ægean. The stream of the Maeander carried down with it land, men, gods and ideas, and opened up through the splendid Latmic Gulf new horizons and new ways. The Greeks, in their obstinate disavowal of their Asiatic origin, only half grasped the significance of the Phrygian myths. The erudite Fréret points out this ignorance on the part of the Greeks as follows : " The Greeks were completely ignorant of their primary origin because their traditions did not go back beyond the foundation of the Oriental colonies, and accepted literally the name

of *sons of the earth* and *autochthones* given by the poets to their first ancestors ; they frequently referred to these as coming out of the bosom of the earth. The Greeks were fond of fables, and the least ambiguity in a name was sufficient to make them conjure up stories which were at once accepted by everybody, however absurd they might be. One is continually coming across allusions to the fable of the stones changed by Deucalion into men to repeople the earth after the deluge. It is, however, obvious that it was merely founded on the resemblance between the word λᾶας (rock, stone) and λαὸς, a nation or corporate group of people. The time of Deucalion does not coincide with that of the birth of mankind, but with that of the formation of the first peoples or cities, of the first political associations in northern Greece." Indeed the evidence of the ancient Greek authors in connection with aboriginal peoples is always to be received with caution. The more prudent ventured upon this ground only with reserve, and their statements remained vague. Mythology was of great assistance to them in getting out of an awkward position in connection with this obscure problem of origins.

Fréret [1] tried to clear the matter up and, basing his argument on a wealth of documentation which has rarely been equalled, and on reasoning then irrefutable, prove that the peoples and civilisation of Greece proceeded in a direct line from Phoenicia and Egypt. To-day we are better informed on this point than the scholars of the eighteenth century. Our deeper knowledge of Sanskrit and the progress of the two sciences of comparative mythology and linguistic paleontology allow us to lay the course of

[1] *Observations générales sur l'origine et sur l'ancienne histoire des premièrs habitants de la Grèce :* Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, vol. 47.

our research with greater certainty and to tread on firmer ground.

Three thousand years before Christ, the Aryans established in Bactriana began their dispersal westward. They possessed culture, a perfect language, religious faith, clear notions of astronomy and the phenomena of nature ; they had poetry and law. The race had multiplied, and needed fresh territory. Their migration took place in successive waves and lasted for centuries. It is not until the year 2500 B.C. that we hear of them in Asia Minor. Which way did they come ? It is not possible in a brief glance like this to follow the various phases of the migration ; nor is it possible to condense within a few pages ethnographical and geographical data which would fill a large volume. I must of necessity restrict myself to generalities. The march of the Aryans on Asia Minor was made, after leaving Bactriana, through the plain of Herat at the foot of Paropamisus and northward of Persia. Two historic ways lead westward from Persia : one through Assyria and Mesopotamia and the other through Ururardu, or Armenia. The latter became later the royal road by which the Persian monarchs led their expeditions to conquer Greece. The Aryan tribes, avoiding contact with the Semitic populations who already occupied Chaldea and the valley of the Euphrates, made their way between the mountain group of Ararat and that of Kurdistan through the depression in which lakes Ourmiah and Van are situated. These passes, which I have myself had occasion to traverse, are easy ; indeed this ease of access had been the cause of continual frontier war between the Turks and the Persians, for the pastoral Kurd tribes passed to and fro between Turkey and Persia without realising that they were passing out of one country into another. The Aryan emigrants

were not, properly speaking, nomads. They settled with their flocks and herds in fixed abodes in which they remained so long as they were not dislodged by a stronger people, and whence they overflowed under pressure of their expanding population. It was in this way that they reached the sources of the Euphrates. When they crossed this valley they penetrated into the country which was eventually called Cappadocia, where it is probable that they had to fight. A glance will show that from the Gulf of Adana to Irak-Arabi stretches in an immense arc the chain formed by the Taurus and heights of Kurdistan, which was pierced by two defiles, the more southerly being the old royal road from Hamadan to Babylon and the more northerly passing through the gap of the Upper Euphrates. To southward and westward of this arc had been for many centuries the home of Armenian and Semitic populations, while to the west lay Iranian territory. The Aryans occupied the north. But Aramaean tribes came up the Euphrates and gradually invaded Cappadocia, a precarious immigration perhaps, but one which constituted an obstacle to the Aryans proceeding from east to west. Leaving the Euphrates basin, not without leaving behind them deep traces of their presence, the Aryan tribes entered the basin of the Halys and followed its left bank ; they were still in Cappadocia. At the point where the Halys makes a sharp turn to northward, the bulk of the emigrants left it, for a mysterious force was driving them westward and they followed this direction from the time of leaving central Asia. This brought them to the high plateau of Asia Minor, which became the nucleus of Phrygia. There they felt themselves finally at home.

This plateau has an average altitude of from 900 to 1,000 metres and an approximate area of 1,900

square kilometres. It was, and still is, the ideal pasturage. It has salt meadows and lakes, but is deficient in rivers, and wells of great depth had to be sunk. It is surrounded, especially to the north and east, by high mountains. Herodotus praises the sheep of Phrygia. The Aryans acclimatised their cattle and sheep from Bactriana and the kings of Phrygia drew the best part of their revenues from their flocks, of which it is said that king Amyntas possessed three hundred. This plain was named Lycaonia. In shape it represents a broad, truncated cone with wide indentations all round. The Lycaonian plain was for ancient Greece the great reservoir of the peoples, and for Asia Minor it continues to be a reservoir of life and wealth. From its sides flow all the rivers of the peninsula : towards the Euxine, the Halys, the Thermodon (river of the Amazons), the Parthenios, the Iris, the Sangarios ; towards the Propontis, the Rhyndacus, the Oesepus and the Granicus ; towards the Mediterranean, the Xanthus, the Kataractes, the Kaludadrios, the Kundos, the Pyramos ; towards the Aegean, the four rivers of classical memory : the Caïcus near Pergamum, the Hermus near Smyrna, the Cayster near Ephesus, and the Maeander near Miletus.

The mountain system of Asia Minor in itself explains much. The Aryan peoples were often at war amongst themselves on questions of their interests. Each of these peoples had its own personality, which expressed itself in a spirit of independence. According to M. de Saulcy it was frequently the Bryges who fought against the other Aryans. A Brighou promulgated the laws of Manou. Another kindled in the valley of the Indus the war in which the Kchatryas succumbed. Burnouf identifies the Brighous, or Bryges, with the Phrygians, who were

also called Brigues and Bebryces, a theory which is extremely probable. The Greek authors, who are unanimous in averring the great antiquity of the Phrygians, see an affinity between them and the Armenians, Herodotus going so far as to venture a statement that Armenia may have been a Phrygian colony. This is an arbitrary way of explaining the affinity which no one would dare to deny completely. The Phrygians stayed in Armenia before reaching the central plateau ; this is evident, as it was on their route. They brought with them their traditions and their language. As far as the traditions are concerned, is not the flood a purely Aryan tradition ? Its first form was the Hindu deluge, with the summit of the Himalayas emerging and the Indus at their feet. Then came the Armeno-Chaldean flood, with the mountains of Ururardu, and the Euphrates springing from their side ; then the Phrygian flood, foretold by an oracle, whose waters, receding, left the Celoene, from which the Maeander flows. Finally we have the flood of Deucalion with Mount Parnassus. Along the same line are Pamir, Ararat, Celoene, Parnassus, so many stages in the Pelasgian emigration.

And we are led back to the great problem which has always fired so many linguists and ethnologists. What were the Pelasges ? In my own opinion this name applied to no special race ; there was, properly speaking, no Pelasgian people, but the word was the generic name of various peoples who may have had only vague connections one with the other. Two distinct etymologies are applied to the word Pelasges. According to one, as Strabo points out, the word Pelasges has the same root as πεδίος meaning old, former. This would accord with the etymology of the Greek word, which, according to Hesychius, is derived from πεδάιον, old,

antique. It would be perfectly applicable to a people who, like the Pelasges, are considered to be the oldest in the world. It is true that beside the Pelasges we have the Yavanas, a people who also invaded Asia Minor in prehistoric times and manifestly came from Upper Hindustan like the Pelasges. Yavan is a Sanskrit word often met with in the *Maha-Bharata* and the *Ramayana*. In his edition of this latter poem Schlegel writes: *Apud Indus vocabularium Yavanus est antiquissimum.* A Yavana drew up the code in Manou. In Greece it has the form *Ianones* [1], a corruption of *Iones* (Ἴονες). In the Biblical tradition, Yavan is the son of Japhet, and father of Tharsis, Elisa, Kittim and Dodenius. The Russian scholar Chivolson revealed to us that under the name *Iunoje*, the Ionians figure in Babylonian inscriptions 2,000 and 2,500 years before Christ, whence he deduced that they may well have reached Asia Minor about the year 3,000.[2] In mythology they are connected with the Caucasian myth of Prometheus, father of Deucalion and grandfather of Hellen, a myth of essentially Aryan origin. Yavan, from the Sanskrit root *Yavan* (Latin *Juvenis*) would mean "Young." It appears from this that the Pelasges and Yavonas, or Ionians, belong to the same category. Herodotus, who was ignorant of their true origin, tells us that the latter were the ancestors of the Ionians and Aeolians, who, before they assumed this name, bore that of Pelasges. There is nothing surprising in finding in one people the categories old and young. To justify this division Pictet states that by Yavanas were probably meant the Aryan tribes who emigrated to Europe, as opposed to those earlier ones who remained in the

[1] Homer Il., XIII., 685; Hymn. in. App. 147, 152.
[2] Chivolson, *Uber die Uberreste der altbabylonischen Litteratur.* Essai de paléontologie linguistique. Paris, 1842.

common cradle. All the evidence points to both being collective names given to peoples of the same origin.

One detail ought not to be overlooked: where as the word Pelasges has remained exclusively confined to the domains of history and ethnology, and has passed out of the idiom of the populations of Asia Minor, the word *Younâv* is the only one used by the Turks, both past and present, to signify the Greeks, which would prove that the first Seljuk tribes which reached the Taurus in the Middle Ages found this word in current use among the people of the country.

Let us now examine the second etymology. According to Ekstein, Pelasges derives from the Sanskrit root *Pe*, which implies the idea of movement towards or from, i.e., *those who march in one direction or the other* and by extension *nomads* or *wanderers*. On the other hand Yavan, Yavana, contains the Sanskrit root, *Ya* (to go), consequently indicating the idea of *a people going from one country to another*. The word Yanoes contains the Sanskrit root *Ya*. The double etymology of the two words Pelasges and Yavanas leads to logical conclusions concerning the common origin and general characteristics of the two peoples.[1]

The Yavanas, in Vedic literature, are mentioned under the same heading as the Cambogas, Sakas and Pahlavas, Brahman names of tribes belonging to the group of the Kchatryas, degenerate warriors. Remembering that these succumbed to the attacks of the Brigous, the ancestors of the Phrygians, let us set this episode of ancient Hindoo history side by side with the struggle between King Maeander and the people of Pessinus. Would it not be a continuation of the struggle between these Phrygians (Pessinon-

[1] F. G. Bergmann, *Les peuples primitifs de la race de Japhet.*

tians) and the Yavanas (Kchatryas)? Might not this century-old rivalry have determined the separation of the Aryans who had emigrated to Asia Minor? The chain of mountains separating the Euxine basin from that of the Ægean Sea would have served as a frontier. The Yavanas, forced back by the more numerous and more firmly established Phrygians, into Celoene, the south-western projection of the Lycaonian plateau, followed the course of the Maeander and, through a genial climate and fertile valleys full of light and poetry, reached the sea, of which they had no experience. For the primitive Aryans, Ogen (the ocean) was a mass of water contained in the atmosphere, the assemblage of clouds descending in rain, in the heart of which lived the god Savitri, "armed with a trident." And as soon as they came to know the sea the Aryans applied their myth to this liquid mass. Ogen took the form of Ægens, Ægean. The Aryan Yavanas became a maritime people. Henceforward their natural divinities became Poseidon, god of the waters, and Apollo, god of the navigators. Passing from island to island of that part of the Archipelago which has so often been compared with the piles of a bridge, the first Aryan emigrants reached the Sinus Pagasaeus Gulf. In the shape of those promontories stretching far into the sea and indented with broad gulfs and bays, Greece offered them a welcome. In the islands of the Archipelago the Aryan colonists came into contact with the Semitic colonists; Egypt and Phœnicia brought their contribution to the nascent Hellenic civilisation. The four great Greek families, Ionians, Achaeans, Dorians and Aeolians, took shape in the valley of the Maeander, being, so to speak, the four southern branches of the Pelasges.

On the high plateaux there remained the Phrygian family, the heirs of the traditions, customs, beliefs,

art and ideas of the Aryans. They continued to live in dwellings hewn out of the rock with a constructive genius of which the Hellenic monuments still bear the imprint. The art of carving stone and adapting it to concerted structure gave rise to those walls, known as Pelasgian, or Cyclopean, of irregular blocks which have defied the centuries. The lions of the Mycenae gate are directly descended from those which ornamented the entrance of some troglodyte palace of the Phrygian monarchs. For the first time the windings of the Maeander were introduced into the ornamentation of early Phrygian monuments.

The Pelasgian emigration to the Ægean quickly shed its Asiatic character and created Hellenism. The Pelasges, descendants of Prometheus, spread over the islands Peloponessus, Illyria, and Greater Greece. The other Pelasges, those who lingered in the wild regions of Phrygia, slowly, and in proportion as their numbers increased, advanced along the upper Sangarius and the Rhyndacus, but kept away from the sea and, always urged westward, passed into the Troad and over the Hellespont into Thrace ; whence the name Thraco-Phrygians. Thrace became an extension of Phrygia. The famous Thracian cavalry were descended from the Phrygian horsemen who had already won fame in their war against the Amazons.[1] It was from Phrygia that Europe received the orgiastic cults, the Orphic traditions, and the great religious mysteries.

The Thraco-Phrygian expansion broke upon the ramparts of the Hoemus, which were defended by the Getae. Driven back to the north-eastward, the Phrygians founded Dardania ; but strong Pelasgian populations, descended from those who had come over the Ægean Sea, barred the road to Illyria

[1] Homer, Iliad, III., V. *et seq.*

and over the Pelagonian plateau, and it was then that the Thraco-Phrygians came down the valley of the Axius, reached Pieria, at the foot of Olympus, and penetrated into Greece by Tempe. The two Pelasgian branches which had separated in Lycaonia near the sources of the Maeander met again in Boeotia. This meeting, or rather fusion, was in accordance with the destinies of the race.

CHAPTER XIII

DIDYMI

From Priene we returned to Sokia, where we spent the night in the hospitable American house, which had for us all the charm of an oasis. The Asiatic night does not need the moon to be luminous. By the light of a myriad stars we strolled in the garden filled with luxuriant growth, and after a hard day this walk was restful. As we retired to the apartments reserved for us, we noticed in the hall, at the foot of the staircase, an amazing collection of eggs of all sizes and tints, taken from the trees and rocky hollows of Thorax and Mycale and from among the reeds of the Maeander plain. This collection, which was the work of one man, the American manager of the liquorice factory, testified to rare energy and perseverance. Unfortunately some specimens, and those amongst the rarest, were missing, for certain officers of the European troops of occupation had not scrupled to carry them off as souvenirs.

Early the next morning we set out again along the Scala-Nova road, which wefound still deserted, and as soon as we were on board the yacht weighed anchor. After rounding the Island of Birds and losing sight of the district of Ephesus, we cruised southward amid the delight of the blue sea glittering under the naked sun. On our left we caught glimpses of the smooth plain of ancient Anaea ; in the distance Thorax raised its powerful silhouette ; to southward Mycale, with its twin summits like

the humps of a camel, and the mountains of Samos barred the horizon. Through the breach known as the Samos Channel we entered the Icarian Sea in which the Asiatic Sporades are situated.

This majestic promontory of Mycale has played a great part in the history of Ionia. Upon one of its heights near the coast was situated the Panionion, a sacred place which was the political centre of the Ionian confederation, with its sanctuary of Poseidon and Apollo set in a bower of trees. Here were celebrated periodically the national assemblies of Ionia which were the occasion of festivities and games. Two chapels dedicated, one to Panaghia and the other to Aghios Nikolaos, are situated close to the site of the temple. Ascending the valley, which terminates at this place, one comes upon the ancient cloister of Panaghia Kourouniotisa, on the ridge along which runs the road leading from Priene to the Panionion. This ridge commands a view of the Cayster gulf to the north and, to the south, the plain of the Lower Maeander. Round the promontory at the water's edge there is nothing to be seen but, at frequent intervals ruins, both ancient and modern, and deserted fishing hamlets.

The Samos Channel in its narrowest part has a width of from two to two and a half kilometres between Capes Posidion and Narthekis, and this channel is further narrowed by a small islet. Near Trogilion, the extremity of the promontory, opens the little harbour of Hajios Pavlos, shielded from the winds of the open sea by the Diapori rock. Inside the harbour are further chapels of Hajios Nikolaos and Panaghia, and similar chapels recur again and again round the Mycale heights, where obviously Panaghia and Hajios Nikolaos, the protectors of sailors, must have been held in great veneration. On one of the summits of the mountain Hajios Elias was worshipped,

and on the other Hajios Antonios. Between Sokia and Trogilion there are no traces of Islam to be seen. The geographical nomenclature, apart from the transformation of Mycale to Samsoun-Dagh (Mountain of Samson), and a few other exceptions, is purely Greek; one comes across Trapezakia, Caloyeros, Monovasi, Kemapitza, Spilia, Psili-Vigla, Rhodia, Trogilia, Monodendri, etc. Often the old Greek name has been simply modernised. The Turks call Miletus Balat, which is the Palatia of vulgar Greek. Lost in the plain on the road from Miletus to Didymi is the miserable Turkish locality of Ak-keui, a blot on the heart of Greece.

After passing the little harbour of Aghios Pavlos we cruised alongside the fishing lagoon of Karina, where the Maeander delta comes into view. The mouth of the river forms a projection slightly curving like a beak over a length of four kilometres, and facing the island of Tragia (Gaidaronisi). This island recalls the naval battle in which, about the middle of the fifth century, the Athenians, with forty vessels, under the command of Pericles and nine other generals, defied the Samian fleet, seventy ships strong.[1] Further south we reached Panormos (now Kovello), the port of Didymi, where the three columns still standing of the temple of Apollo can be seen from the sea. In the year 412 B.C., the Athenians vanquished the Milesians off Panormos and stayed in this harbour for two days before opening the siege of Miletus. The Spartan commander Chalcideus, believing that the Peloponessian fleet after its rout had taken refuge in Panormos, hurried overland to join it. But he found the Athenians there and was at once killed.

A house surrounded by tall weeds and a group of trees indicates the wharf of Kovello (Panormos).

[1] Thucyd., I., 116.

Through our glasses we caught sight of a man on horseback, so, as there was someone we could talk to, we put off a boat and went ashore. The man proved to be the *moudir* of Palatia, a Musulman *Epirot* who, having been warned of our arrival by a telegram from the *caïmacam* of Sokia, had come to meet us. At Kovello a mass of seaweed serves as a landing-stage, quite close to which there is a well of doubtful looking water. A starved black cat, its coat erect, was prowling about this scene of desolation. Walking over the swampy ground and forcing a way through the rushes and reeds, we came upon a path which corresponds approximately to the ancient sacred way connecting Miletus with Didymi, which, after leaving the south gate of Miletus, bends towards the coast on the fringes of Panormos and then continues towards Didymi. According to the rediscovered milestones, the distance between Miletus and Didymi was 11 miles (more than 16 kilometres), and according to Strabo that from Panormos to Didym was less than 20 *stades* (3,068 metres). This way was laid at the cost of the Emperor Trajan in the year 100 A.D. under the proconsolate of Q. Julius Balbus, who appointed L. Passerius to supervise the work. The old road in the time of the Branchides only comprised the Panormos-Didymi sector and was reached by sea ; but as embarkation became increasingly difficult at Miletus owing to the silting of the harbour, to say nothing of the risks of the crossing in the season of bad weather, it was decided to extend the sacred way as far as Miletus. According to inscriptions referring to this way, the country offered various obstacles ; valleys had to be filled, hills levelled, and slopes made less steep. On both sides of the road were *steles*, statues and other monuments ; the statues standing at the approaches to Didymi recalled

the avenues of certain Egyptian temples. Pausanias states that the tomb of Neleus was between Didymi and Miletus.

The way was scrupulously maintained and was used by Hadrian. In the fourth century A.D., Julian had it relaid over a length of four miles. It ran along the north side of the temple, and ended at the principal façade, following the line of the present main street of Hieronda. On our journey from Panormos we did not notice the slightest trace of antiquity, but some of the archaic statues which were still to be seen there in 1858 are to-day in the British Museum. In the fields one could just distinguish tobacco plantations, now overgrown with reeds, while here and there a broken oak trailed its boughs on the ground.

A surprise awaited us when we entered the Greek village which surrounds the Didymeion. We were about to visit one of the most famous ruins of Asia, and our eyes fixed themselves on the three Ionic columns which dominate the landscape. But at Hieronda our vision of antiquity was for a time dispelled, for we were overwhelmed by the sight of the reality. The village, which is of modern aspect, owed its existence to Didymi. Whereas at Ephesus, Sardes, Hierapolis, Laodicea, Aphrodisias, and other places, the Autochthon population has completely disappeared, the Greeks who lived near the oracle of Didymi did not finally desert their territory. On the day of the *débâcle* they fled to the islands—Samos, Leros, Kalymnos, Carpathos, etc.—precisely as they did in 1922. But at the first opportunity they returned, and the inhabitants of Hieronda who since 1922 have taken shelter in the Archipelago certainly hope to return to their homes sooner or later. Hieronda was thoroughly Greek, the Turks only intervening there to collect the tribute. Of

old, Musulmans arriving in this district were careful not to enter the *giaour* village, but camped some kilometres away in the place called *Muslim Hieronda*. When we arrived the Greek locality was not in ruins, it was simply deserted. Its houses were empty, but a good deal of the furniture was still in position, though the place was littered with wrecked boxes, ripped-up mattresses, broken floors. The interior of the houses afforded a heart-rending spectacle ; the looting had left a deep trail.

The people of Hieronda led a comfortable life, peaceful and hard working, and enjoyed a certain degree of comfort. The houses were clean and well kept. We found cupboards, sofas, shelves, and broken petroleum lamps ; children's toys, sewing-machines, gramophone records, and household utensils lying about in the corners, while in a drawer left half open were a box of face powder and other articles of feminine toilet. Sad at heart, we went from house to house, from room to room, contemplating the disaster. The flight must have been headlong, panic-stricken. There had been no time to carry anything away. The counters and windows of the shops and taverns were still intact, but torn account books lay scattered about among fragments of bottles and débris of all sorts. A tragic silence hovered over the whole scene, the silence of a necropolis.

The sacred way led us round the north of the Didymeion to the square *platea*, which is to modern Greeks what the *agora* or *stoa* was to the ancients. On one side is the Hellenic wall of the temple peribolus, on the others the large church, the school, an inn, and a café with a terrace under a veranda. In the centre of the square stands a well, surrounded by ancient marbles and shaded by plane trees.

I could easily imagine the scene before the exodus of 1922. The people would be gathering to discuss

business and sip coffee, a yard or so from the temple of Apollo. On moonlight nights the columns of the Didymeion must have thrown a spell of enchantment over this delightful spot. But to-day the well is dry, the houses open to every wind, the tables and benches smashed to pieces, the *cafeneion* is no more ; only the plane trees still offer the shade of their boughs. In the school-house the looters seem to have been attacked by a sort of frenzy, for everything was smashed, torn, trampled upon. We picked up some leaves of a book in Greek telling of the story of Saint Thyrsus, a Christian of Didymi, who suffered martyrdom at Miletus. Pictures, exercise-books, breviaries, all were torn to shreds. The houses in the square had gardens planted with flowers and shrubs, and on one of the shrubs were red paper roses, relics doubtless of a family festivity. The vegetable life went on in the midst of death ; the myrtles and oleanders brightened the little gardens ; bunches of grapes hung from the trellises ; the fig trees yielded their fruit. In the churchyard lay several trunks which the refugees had carried there, thinking they would be in sanctuary ; but the lids had been torn off and nothing was left of the contents ; even the locks had been removed. We went into the church, and I hardly know how to describe the scene of devastation that met our eyes. We had to make our way over heaps of boards, seats, ornaments, ikons, crosses, lamps, lecterns, all in pieces and thrown about anyhow. From the wooden ikonostasia, crudely carved and painted in various colours, the sacred images had been torn away ; the marble altar was split in two. We extracted from the ruins a few Byzantine panels, some leaves of liturgical books, in-folio pages of the New Testament, all torn and dirty.

But we have come to Didymi to behold the past,

so let us turn aside from these witnesses of a painful present to more distant and more glorious memories. What we saw of the Apollo temple represents only the second phase of its history ; before taking the name of Didymeion it was called Branchidae, after the sacerdotal family who exploited the oracle. This family was descended from a man called Branchos, a mythical personage said to be the son of Apollo, or else loved of Apollo. In any case, for one reason or another, Apollo endowed him with the gift of prophecy which he exercised in his country in support of the oracle. The origin of Branchos having been established in this form, people were ready to put faith in the results, but apparently these were not adequate, for the oracle of Delphi offered formidable opposition to the other oracles of Apollo and therefore, perhaps, this second version of the origin of Branchos was thought of ; he was said to have been the son of Smicros the Delphian by a Milesian woman descended from the priest of Delphi who sacrificed Neoptolemus, a legend which indicated that Branchos, though born at Miletus, was Delphian through his father and Milesian through his mother, and so established affinity between the two oracles.

The ancient writers are somewhat restrained in their references to the Branchidae, whose oracle, however, enjoyed a great reputation in Asia. If it did not surpass that of Delphi, it occupied the first place among those of Asia.[1] We know nothing of its dimensions or architecture, but its destruction by Darius is the most celebrated event of its history. At that time the Branchidae had a lamentable reputation, so that all the stories spread about to

[1] There were in all twenty-nine oracles of Apollo in the world : nineteen in Europe and ten in Asia. At the head of them all stood Delphi. The Asiatic oracles were at Didymi, Claros, Cyanea ,Grynium .Hylae, Patara, Seleucia, Thymbra Chalcedon and Zeleïa.

their discredit, particularly the ceding to Xerxes of the treasures of the temple, met with ready acceptance. I will confine myself to transcribing what Quintus Curtius says upon the subject in his story of the expeditions of Alexander. After leaving Bactriana, the Macedonian conqueror " entered with his flying column the Sogdian deserts, over which the army only marched by night. There was no water. The men were dying of thirst and heat. In 400 *stades* not a single spring was found. The heat of the sun scorched the sands. Everything was burnt up as though fire had passed over the country." In the heart of Sogdiana Alexander's army arrived before a little town inhabited by the Branchidae. The Latin historian writes : " This was a family of Miletus which Xerxes had once brought to Asia when he came from Greece (after the battle of Salamis), because they had pillaged the temple called the Didymeion to please him, and they had settled down in their new country. They retained many of the habits of their native land, but gradually they degenerated and already spoke a debased language, a mixture of Greek and barbarian words. They received the king with great joy and surrendered to him themselves and their town. The King summoned the Milesians of his army, who still cherished an hereditary hatred against the Branchidae because of their perfidy, and left it to their discretion to remember either the injury done them by these people of old or their common origin. As they hesitated as to which decision to make, Alexander told them that he would himself consider what was to be done. The following day he entered the town with his phalanx and troops of cavalry who, on a given signal, sacked this nest of traitors and put all to the sword. The wretches, who made no attempt

to defend themselves, were slaughtered in the streets and in their houses. Even the foundations of the walls were torn up that no vestige of the town might remain, and not only was the sacred grove cut down but the trees were uprooted. Had all these things been inflicted upon the authors of the treachery it might have been called a just revenge, and not an act of barbarism, but the descendants were suffering the penalty due to their ancestors, although they themselves had never seen Miletus, much less could they have betrayed it to Xerxes."

For one hundred and fifty years the Didymeion was merely a mass of ruins in an abandoned district. But Miletus found it hard to do without its oracle. In 334, after Alexander had restored the Ionian democracies, Miletus concentrated all its resources on re-establishing the temple of Didymi. The work was to begin the following year when, after the battle of Issos, a period of peace seemed to be beginning. But the town was in debt ; the siege to which it had just been subjected had cost it heavy sacrifices, and the Milesians were crushed under the weight of tribute. It is true that as soon as the work of reconstruction was begun the oracle began to function again, and this assured revenue. In the year 331, a Milesian embassy bore to Memphis oracles in honour of Alexander, son of Zeus, which won the favour of the king and secured his support. Forty years later Antiochus, son of Seleucus I, paid for the construction at Miletus of a toll-gate, the revenues from which were to be devoted to the work at Didymi. Seleucus II restored to the Milesians the statue of Apollo by Kanachos of Sicyon, which Darius had removed to Susiana. In Asia the oracle won back its old prestige, and people came to consult it while the building of the temple was in progress, hardly fifty years after its resurrection. M. Bernard Haussoullier,

the eminent Director of Studies at the *École des Hautes Etudes*, to whom we owe the clearing of a part of the Didymeion and the excavation of the principal façade, places vividly before us year by year, without omitting the slightest detail, the progress of the work at this time ; he in his turn restores the temple with the collaboration of the architect, M. Poutremoli, and through him this splendid monument appears before our eyes in all its greatness and magnificence.

The Milesians, like good Asiatics, felt the need to build on a large scale, and, this idea taking the first place in their minds, they undertook a work out of all proportion with their material resources. Nevertheless they went forward, unchecked by the obstacles of every kind that opposed their efforts, being absolutely determined to possess the largest temple in Asia. They did not trouble themselves greatly over the sculptural side of the work and did not approach the greatest artists of Greece, as was done by Ephesus and Halicarnassus for the Artemision and the Mausoleum. Unable to eclipse Delphi, they contented themselves with surpassing all other competitors. "Even to-day," writes an author of the time of Augustus, "it is certain that by universal consent, the oracle of the Branchidae surpasses all other Greek oracles, excepting that of Delphi."

Under Caligula the Didymeion took a considerable leap forward ; the right of asylum was extended to within two miles of it and fresh subsidies flowed in. But the reign of Caligula was of short duration. After the death of this emperor, the province of Asia sent no further contributions, and the work at Didymi ceased, never to be resumed. The suspension of the work did nothing to prevent the celebration of festivals, games, and ceremonies of all kinds to attract the pilgrims who were already coming back in crowds.

Temple of Didymi. Columns of principal façade.

p. 250.

Temple of Didymi. The Naos (east side).

But henceforward the downfall of the oracle continued unchecked. Miletus followed the fate of the other Ionian cities, and Didymi was not to survive the death of the ancient world.

In their present state the ruins of the temple allow us to appreciate distinctly what a great oracle must have been. The clearing to the north by German experts, following that of the west front and the *pronaos*, has completed the excavations, revealing the interior details of the edifice. We walked upon the paving of the basement ; we entered the hall with three doors and the precincts of the *naos*, which was open to the sky. Strabo states this detail in support of the great dimensions of the building. " So vast," he says, " that it had to be left roofless." A puerile remark, for the architects of the period would have had no difficulty in roofing such a space. In reality, if the *naos* of Didymi lacked a roof, it was because a roof would have required expenditure beyond the means at the disposal of Miletus ; it was for the same reason that other parts of the temple remained unfinished.

The Didymeion had no *opisthodomos* ; it was approached from the west. The steps—the centre of which was divided by two pylons, probably intended to support groups or statues, which never materialised—gave direct access on to the portico with its double row of columns and to the majestic *pronaos* or *prodomos*, twenty-seven metres wide, with a depth of fifteen metres, and divided into five naves by columns in rows of three. Even in its present state of ruin the effect of this colonnade, following upon that of the outer portico, is striking, and it is easy to imagine what it once was. A monument such as the Didymeion only admitted of one such vestibule. A monumental door in the centre of the wall raised more than two metres above

the level of the *pronaos*, communicated with the *chresmographion*, and was probably only opened to allow the priests to pass out on the occasion of certain ceremonies. On each side of the great door, near the corners of the *pronaos*, there are two small doors opening into two vaulted corridors, on an inclined plane, which lead to the *naos*, which is five metres below the level of the peristyle. Along these corridors, the walls of which are covered with marble slabs, the consultants made their way to the *adyton*, which, however, they did not enter. A staircase of fifteen steps, the central part divided into thirty half-steps, gave access to the great hall on to which the principal door opened. This was 14.60 m. wide by 8.80 m. deep. In the walls of this room were built two narrow staircases, leading, within the thickness of the wall itself, to a storey contrived above the *chresmographion* which was known as the labyrinth. One of these staircases, that on the left, is open to about half the height of the façade, and on emerging from it one finds oneself on top of the wall, from which the whole building can be viewed. The *naos*, or *cella*, is 56m. long and 25m. broad. In the centre, in a rectangle on the naked soil, was the *adyton* with the prophetic source, the *omphalos*, and the sacred laurels. It was here that the prophetess delivered the oracles. At the far end stood the colossal statue of Apollo of Didymi—called also Philesios—the work of Canachos, the Sicyonian sculptor.

The labyrinth, the lateral corridors, the difference of level between the peristyle, the *chresmographion* and the *cella* were characteristics peculiar to Didymi ; but the functioning of the oracle differed little from the usual. Delphi, Cyzicus, Claros, Rhodes, Aphrodisius and Didymi were all served by prophetesses, of whom the most famous was without dispute the one of Delphi. The priestly castes which for centuries

Temple of Didymi. (Assemblage of Ruins.)

p. 252.

Temple of Didymi. Interior of Naos.

had charge of the oracles of Delphi and Didymi—the Deucalionides for the former and the Branchides for the latter—each claimed seniority over the other. No one contests the fabulous origin of the alleged descendants of Deucalion, and as for the Branchidae who, as has already been said, drew for their ancestry upon Apollonian legend, they might well have been the offshoot of a Brahman family that had come westward with the early Aryan migrations. Someone has regarded the word Branchos as a transformation of the Sanskrit *Brahma* or *Brahman*. It was obviously at a very obscure period in the history of the Branchidae that the reputation of the Didymeion was made, but the prophets of the Hellenic period did not succeed in restoring it completely, and the Branchidae, even though discredited, incarnated the oracle which was their creation, their property and their secret, whereas, with the destruction of the temple and the flight of the Branchidae, the tradition was broken and the priests of a later age were elected annually by the town of Miletus, which appointed them according to a list drawn up by the assembly of citizens. The candidates secured the post from time to time by means of presents, and the successful candidate continued the same practice to profit by his right of re-election. His purely temporal functions diminished his sacred standing. In addition to the personage entitled to comment upon and decipher the oracle, *chresmologoi* were trained who traded in consultations, apparently an extremely lucrative profession.

The oracle of Didymi defended its existence to the last breath. Christianity was triumphing in Asia Minor ; Christian chapels were rising round the Didymeion on the site of modern Hieronda, and still the oracle persisted. The town of Miletus took no further interest in the affairs of Didymi ; the work

of completing the temple remained suspended and the monument, for want of repair, was falling in ruins ; but still the oracle held out. It disappeared gradually before a process of attrition. From time to time the pirates descended upon it, but when the alarm was over the oracle resumed its functions. When the hour of its final pillage struck there was nothing left in the sanctuary worth taking away. Utterly abandoned, the prodigious colonnade crumbled, the beautiful marbles, which were buried in the ruins, being used to build the Christian village, while, thanks to the nearness of the sea, some were carried far away. On the *cella*, which the débris filled, forming a mound, a Byzantine *kastro* was built, on the ruins of which quite recently a windmill turned and houses stood. Three Ionic columns remain standing, two of them fluted and the third with flutings beginning in the upper part of the shaft.

What the excavations revealed is astonishing. The Didymeion still compels admiration. Even its uncompleted parts, those occasional blocks scarcely dressed, those column bases on which the sculptor had not time to finish his work, are in some way profoundly suggestive.

These solitudes are guarded by a gendarme officer, born in Bagdad, with two men. He has taken up his quarters in a deserted house over the front of which the Turkish flag floats. And it was he, together with the *moudir* of Palatia, who did us the honours of the Didymeion. Accompanied by the latter we retraced our steps along the Sacred Way. Our two visits to the ruins and the oracle of the Branchidae left us with an impression which will never fade from our minds.[1]

[1] The plans for the reconstruction of the altar of Zeus and the exedra of Marcus Aurelius, as also the drawings of the Gigantomachy and the plan of the Acropolis of Pergamum are taken from that remarkable work, *Die Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen zu Pergamon?* By A. Conze, C. Humann, R. Bohn, H. Stiller, G. Lolling and O. Raschdorff (Berlin 1880, Weidmannsche Buchhandlung). The photographs of the ruins were taken by the *Catalonia* expedition.

CHAPTER XIV

HALICARNASSUS

The road from Didymi to Panormos, which we used again for the return, was obviously the Sacred Way of the Branchidae period. Trajan altered it by ordering the laying of the sector between Panormos and Miletus, to meet the ever-increasing difficulty of the sea passage, the silt of the Maeander having invaded the harbours of Miletus. The statues lining the ancient way, which was like the avenues of certain Egyptian temples, were of very great antiquity. Some were still in position, though more or less mutilated, in 1858, when Mr. Newton removed them and had them taken to the British Museum, where they are to be seen to-day. They are twelve in number and recall Egyptian models in the way the figures are seated with the legs adhering to the seats, the arms pressed against the body and also in their rigid, almost hieratic attitudes. Seen from a distance they look very similar, but on closer examination it will be found that there are no two alike. These monuments represented anonymous personages, perhaps petty kings or Carian satraps whom the Branchidae wanted to flatter or thank for their favours. Along this Sacred Way, stripped of its statues and reduced to a rough track running through practically untilled fields, we returned to Kovello. We wanted to do something for the *moudir*, who had gone to so much trouble to do us the honours of Didymi, but he forestalled our intentions by asking us to give him, as his sole reward,

some fishing tackle which he was unable to obtain in Miletus, and we very gladly did as he asked. The Maeander is full of fish and it appeared our friend was a devotee of river fishing.

The little bay of Kovello is picturesque and pleasant, like all the bays and gulfs we had visited after leaving the Bosphorus. On the slope of the promontory which protects it on the south side, we saw a modern building. This was where the traders of Hieronda store their stocks of tobacco awaiting shipment, and quite close to it is a small café. The place was, of course, entirely deserted at the time of our visit: houses without inhabitants, shops without goods, land without labourers, a sea without fishermen; such was the spectacle this region afforded us. As we were leaving, we took a last look from the coast at the three columns of Didymi, and the two windmills of Hieronda with their broken sails. This is the most broken part of of Asia, the most indented, the most bristling with cliffs and islets.

We were now in the Icarian Sea, over which the Asiatic Sporades are scattered. The gods passed over it on their way from Asia to Europe, and on their return from Europe to Asia. Each island is an altar, and day and night the waves sing their hymns to Apollo and Dionysos.

All the coast towns are separated by headlands. Beyond the one which protects on the south side the roadstead of Panormos, opens the Gulf of Jassos (now called the Gulf of Mendelia or Asin), which contains five other little gulfs, some islands, and numerous coves and creeks. It is here that the river Sari-Tchai (Yellow River) empties itself, whose basin, limited as it seems, is full of ruins. First, about ten kilometres from the sea, there is Mylassa, the old capital of Caria, on a fertile plain overhung

by a mountain rich in marble quarries; a town famous for its two temples, the one consecrated to Zeus Osogos, the other to Zeus Labrandeos in the village of Labranda on a hill connected with the town by a sacred way, as Didymi was with Miletus. Next there is Physcus—the port of Mylassa—with a grove consecrated to Latona. In the same region flourished the maritime town of Jassos, an Argive colony which, being exposed to continual attack from the Carians, called to its aid Neleus, the Ionian coloniser; Jassos, whose fame rests on its sanctuary of Hestia, its deposits of red marble, and, according to Atheneus, its fish. At the foot of a sheer declivity of Mount Grion, near the modern Mendelia, are still to be seen the remains of a Corinthian temple belonging to ancient Euromus. At the water's edge, in one of the natural harbours which bound the gulf of Jassos, scattered ruins indicate the site of Caryanda, the birthplace of Scylax. The immediate neighbour of Caryanda was Myndos, a colony of Trœzene, the most northerly of the Dorian towns of Asia, whose hills produced a wine which Atheneus stated to be excellent as a digestive. In another bay, Bargylia, founded, according to a legend quoted by Strabo, by Achilles, was proud of its statue of Artemis Cnydia. This Carian district, from Latmos to the Ceramic gulf, was very populous and of remarkable fertility. The quarries within easy reach furnished marble; safe harbours facilitated commerce, and there was abundance of water and a genial climate.

To the south of the Gulf of Jassos, the peninsula of Halicarnassus towers like a gigantic fortress. Its extremity is rounded, split by fissures, rendered inaccessible by its sheer cliffs, and protected to seaward by dangerous shoals and shallows. We passed round to southward of it through the channel between the mainland and the island of Cos, which is

closed on the north by the promontory of Termerio (Cape Petra) and on the south by that of Scandarion (Kara-Bournou). We then found ourselves in the Ceramic Gulf. To the north-east of the point running out from the peninsula we could distinctly see on an eminence the ruins which are said to be Termerio. Boudroum [1] is in the middle of a bay to northward, and to get there it is necessary to pass the island of Arkonessos, which name the Turks have transformed into Orak-Ada. Between Arkonessos and Boudroum we cruised as though on a lake. The town displays its white buildings along the shore ; minarets stand out in relief ; a mediæval castle stands at the entrance of the natural harbour of ancient Halicarnassus, of which there is nothing visible to awaken memory, a small town having replaced the Carian metropolis. In the old days the *quadriga* surmounting the pyramid of the Mausoleum must have been visible from the sea ; to-day there is nothing in this landscape to attract attention, nothing of interest apart from the topography of the neighbourhood brightened by memories of antiquity.

As soon as we appeared off Boudroum, a little boat flying the Turkish flag and manned by two men put out to meet us, then turned about and guided us to the harbour entrance. We anchored a short distance from the quay, where some small sailing vessels were already moored. The captain of the port and the sanitary officer received us when we landed and accompanied us to the terrace in front of the office of the port authority, a small cottage built against the castle, at the top of an incline. The *caïmacam*, an Epirote Musulman with the bearing of an European, welcomed us with all sorts of attentions ; he had been warned of our arrival by the *vali* of

[1] Boudroum is a corruption of Petrus, the name of the town at the time of the Crusades.

Smyrna. While we were taking the inevitable coffee, we looked at the panorama of Boudroum, with its houses built in terraces up the hillside and ranged along the water's edge. The situation corresponds exactly to that of Halicarnassus, according to the description of Vitruvius: "This place was like an ampitheatre. The lower part, near the harbour, contained the Forum. Half way up the hill, which was of rounded form, there was a spacious square on which was built later the admirable Mausoleum which has been numbered among the seven wonders of the world. The highest part was crowned with the Temple of Mars, on which could be seen a colossal statue called the Acrolithos. On the western point of the hill were built the temples of Venus and Mercury, on a height at the foot of which was the Salmacis fountain. At the eastern extremity Mausolus had his palace. Apart from the monuments, which have all vanished, the topographical arrangement is as the Latin author has described. In place of the agora or forum, there is—near the harbour—the modern agora, or *tacharchi* of the Turks. The town spreads in an amphitheatre in rounded form surmounted by a summit, and flanked, to east and west, by two promontories. Upon the eastern one stands the castle of the Knights of St. John, from which we were viewing the landscape.

We were anxious to visit, as soon as possible, the site of the Mausoleum, which was so to speak the focal point of Halicarnassus, although we already knew that nothing remained of the monument. The *caïmacam* took us through a labyrinth of side streets lined with Turkish houses hidden in gardens, and in this way we reached the middle part of the mountain slope. Suddenly a man who was following

us went ahead and opened a door. He was the proprietor of the house, built upon the site where the Mausoleum used to stand. There was not the least vestige of the old buildings; only a field planted with fig-trees and, in a corner, a nondescript erection of stonework pierced by two windows with wooden bars. Our guide ran on towards the house to warn his harem that strangers were about. Judging from the whispering which we could hear through the *moucharabieh*, our presence seemed to be creating quite a domestic upheaval. We looked at the site and at the fig-trees, saying to ourselves: "Here stood one of the seven wonders of the world"; and indeed it required a certain effort of the imagination to evoke such a memory. When one is in the presence of ruins one has something tangible upon which to build; but here, the last stone of the Mausoleum had vanished into oblivion, and the fig-trees, all laden with fruit as they were, did nothing to help us. The master of the house emerged with a dish on which were cups of Turkish coffee, a pot of preserves, and glasses of cold water. Standing in the shade of the fig-trees, we took a spoonful of the *confiture*, drank a glass of water, and tasted the coffee, which we found delicious. The finishing touch came when our host offered us a plate of figs of his own growing, half dried. Such refreshment is not to be met with every day, for these figs were from trees growing in the soil where Queen Artemisia had built the most amazing sarcophagus of classical antiquity. This unusual feast remained engraved upon our memories as one of the strangest episodes of our expedition.

With many salaams the good Turk conducted us as far as the gate of the enclosure, while behind the barred windows his wives and daughters and women servants fluttered inquisitively. We went down again

to the lower town, where the *caïmacam* was insistent that we should see some *antika* ; but Mr. Newton had carried off absolutely everything. The Turks of Boudroum have probably never heard of the Mausoleum, but on the other hand they know all about Newton, the Englishman who sixty years ago came to carry off the stones, after digging up the country. The bazaar of Boudroum is very quiet, the Greeks, who made for Cos, Carpathos and other islands, having abandoned their shops, which have remained closed. A seaport inhabited exclusively by Turks is of necessity condemned to the minimum of trade. The *caïmacam* took us into the courtyard of a house in course of building, where a sarcophagus had been found. In the communal school a few stones bearing inscriptions and the débris of bas-reliefs formed an embryo museum. It is obvious that conscientious excavation would bring fresh discoveries to light, but for that it would be necessary to demolish the town. When all is said and done the discoveries made up to the present, apart from those of the Mausoleum, themselves very incomplete, are quite insignificant ; and yet before the building of the Mausoleum, Halicarnassus possessed some magnificent monuments.

Mausolus was possessed of great riches, which he was not content to accumulate and hoard in fortresses like Lysimachus. He displayed his treasure in the open, employing it for the embellishment of the town he had chosen as the capital of his kingdom. He was bent on making a show, to astonish his contemporaries, and in this his widow proved a worthy successor. When one remembers that the first Queen Artemisia of Harlicarnassus, a bitter enemy of the Greeks, sent her best ships to Salamis to fight side by side with the Persians, it is surprising to find, three or four generations later, an Artemisia II,

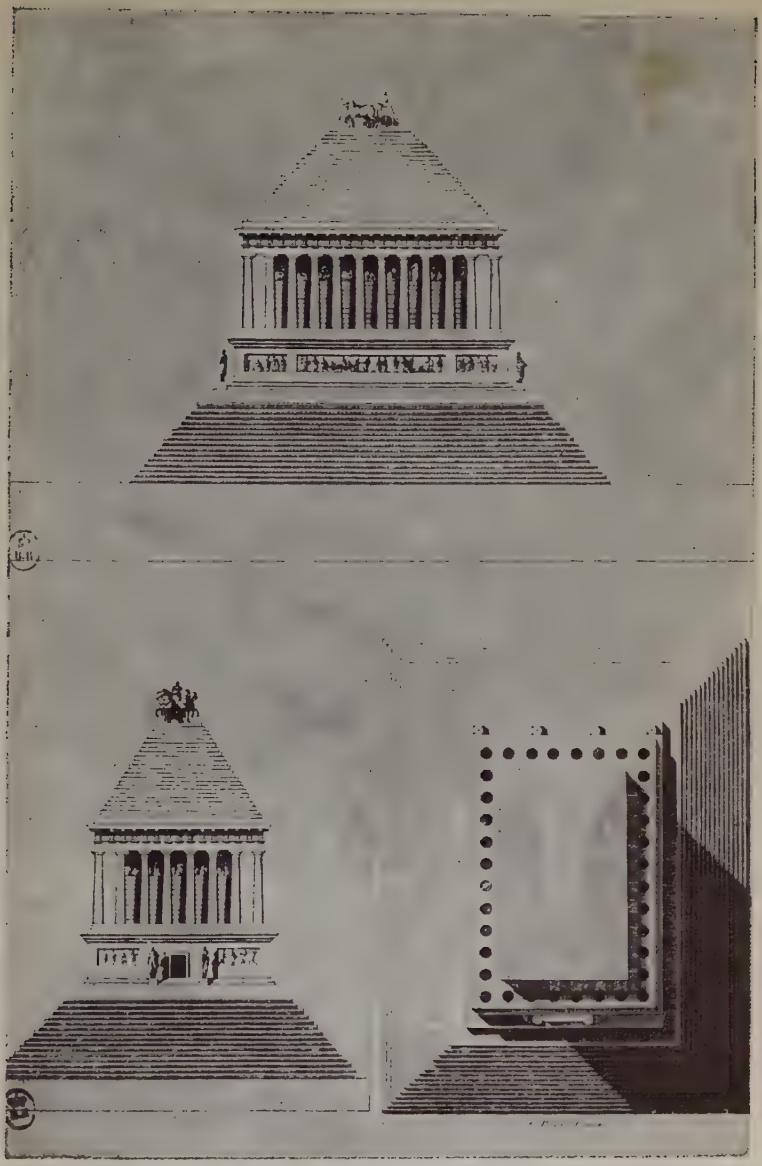
completely Hellenised, summoning to her service the first artists of Athens ; for Halicarnassus, transformed by the Mausoleum into a home of art, never succeeded in producing artists of its own. To explain this phenomenon of spontaneous Hellenisation, it may perhaps be worth while to recall the legend. I have mentioned, in connection with a passage from Vitruvius, the Salmacis fountain at the foot of the hill upon which stood the temples of Aphrodite and Hermes. This takes us back to the richest period of Hellenic mythology. This spring had an evil reputation. It was said that its waters softened and made effeminate men who drank them. Ovid tells us that of the union of Hermes and Aphrodite a child was born who was nurtured by the Naiades in a cave of Mount Ida. At the age of fifteen this boy fled his native country and began to wander in unknown places. In the course of these wanderings he came to Lycia and Caria, where he met a nymph named Salmacis who lived in a lake formed from a spring. The boy fell in love with Salmacis, and, drawn towards her, lost, in contact with these waters, all his virile vigour. " He was neither man nor woman, while being something of both."[1] From the bosom of the lake the unhappy wretch cried : " Oh, father, oh mother, grant me a boon : may every man who bathes in these waters have, when he emerges, only half his sex ; may they, as they touch him, destroy all his vigour." To console their son Hermes and Aphrodite granted this prayer and spread over the waters a mysterious essence ; the Latin poet has his reasons for calling the Salmacis spring " infamous." This story, with all its ingenuousness, shows us that the ancient Greeks regarded Caria as the source of hermaphroditism, and the shrines of Aphrodite and Hermes erected above the Salmacis

[1] Ovid, *Met.* IV. 302.

fountain—which, by the way, still exists—only serve to confirm the strange belief. Strabo regards this legend as an interpretation of the softening effect produced by the mild climate of Caria. But Vitruvius, who devotes so much attention to all that concerns Halicarnassus, gives another version, which deserves consideration. "What is said concerning the properties of this fountain—that it renders effeminate and lascivious those who drink of it—can only be founded on the fact that its water is of great clearness and exquisite flavour. Now, when Melas and Arevanias brought people from Argos and Troezene to found a joint colony in this place, they drove out the barbarian Carians and Lelegians, who, after taking refuge in the mountains, raided and ravaged the district. One of the colonists, in the hope of making money, built a tavern by the side of the fountain whose excellence he had discovered, and in due course he succeeded in securing the barbarians as his clients. At first they came timidly, one by one, but later they mingled in the Greek gatherings and, throwing aside their hard wild nature, adapted themselves freely to the gentle manners of their enemies. It is not fair then to attribute the celebrity of this fountain to corrupting influences ; rather was it due to the fraternisation to which it gave rise and which inoculated the softened souls of the barbarians with the charms of civilisation." This paragraph will appeal to anyone who knows the East. The Orientals love water. They appreciate the purity and limpidity of springs. To this very day they profess a sort of cult of these same fountains which the ancients at times deified. This story of the water of Salmacis acting as a bond to unite Greeks and barbarians, bears every mark of probability.

Without ceasing to fight the Greeks who invaded

their country, the Carians gradually came to admire the Dorian culture, though doubtless a long period of preparation was required before the Mausoleum was arrived at. Mausolus, who was as completely Hellenised as the Attalides of Pergamum, copied the Greeks and spared no effort to surpass them. Caria is rich in marble ; the quarries of red and green marble near Mylassa had a great reputation ; but Mausolus had a poor opinion of coloured marble. Following the Greeks, he preferred white, free from marking or tint, and to build his palace and the other monuments of Halicarnassus he used that of Proconesus. Artemisia, his widow and also his sister, shared his tastes. The twofold love, fraternal and conjugal, of this queen for her brother and husband drew the wit of the ancient writers, who say that she reduced to fine dust the ashes and bones of Mausolus, perfumed them, mingled them with water, and sipped them with unction. It can hardly be that all the monarch's remains were drunk in this way, for otherwise there would have been no reason for the sarcophagus built to contain them. To build the funeral monument, Artemisia brought in the most fashionable artists of Athens. The architect intended to astonish the people by the size and originality of his work without keeping too closely to recognised forms though respecting the architectonic eurythmics and perfect symmetry in which the secret of the harmony characterising Hellenic monuments lies. He had the audacity to superimpose one upon the other four monuments of different style, themselves forming parts of a single whole. First came the basement containing the mortuary chamber and comprising the actual sarcophagus, and above this was a quadrangular temple flanked by columns, over which again stood a truncated pyramid composed of twenty-four steps. At the



Halicarnassus. The Mausoleum.

p. 264.

Region of Halicarnassus.
(From French military map, 1/1,000,000.)

top of all stood a *quadriga* drawing a chariot in which stood Mausolus and Artemisia. If we are to believe Pliny, the east face of the monument was carved by Scopas, the north by Bryaxes, the west by Leochares, and the south by Timotheus. The author of the *quadriga* is said to have been Pythios, who, in collaboration with Gatyros, drafted the plans of the Didymeion.

When all the Greek monuments of Asia Minor lay overthrown, some by enemies, others as the result of seismic shocks, the Mausoleum still resisted the assault of nature and man. The Macedonians who burnt the town respected it, as did also the Romans. Martial is pleasantly witty at its expense ; he preferred the amphitheatre of Cæsar in Rome to the barbarian Memphis, the walls of Babylon, the temple of Diana Trivia at Ephesus, and the altar of Apollo at Delos, made with the horns of animals, and adds : " Let Caria cease to laud to the skies her Mausoleum and let her speak less emphatically of this tomb hanging in the air." [1] The building indeed was a *tour de force* such as had never previously been attempted. M. Beulé, in his very apt commentary, states : " The idea especially of taking an Egyptian pyramid, powerful, unshakable and firmly rooted in the ground, and suspending it in the air upon the slender walls and frail columns of a periptera excited the Greeks to the point of frenzy." [2] In my opinion the Greeks of Pericles' time would have been less impressed. Those of the fourth century, and especially those who lived in Asia, were more sensitive to bold innovation. This mingling of Hellenic art and Asiatic taste, this assemblage of heteroclite elements, piled one upon another apparently at will, and yet harmonious and subject to the rigorous law of proportion, aroused admiration as much by its boldness

[1] *Aere nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea.* [2] *Dial. des Morts*, 24.

as by its novelty. Lucian puts into the mouth of Mausolus the words: "I have at Halicarnassus an immense tomb more splendid than any dead man ever had. The horses and men carved upon it are so admirably made, and in such beautiful marble, that no temple even could be found so magnificent. Do you think now that I have no reason to be proud?"

The Byzantine Christians who demolished so many pagan monuments left the Mausoleum untouched. Gregory of Nazianzus saw it, as also did Nicetas of Cappadocia, Constantine Porphyrogeneteus, and Eustathius. It was still partially intact in 1406. Its downfall was due to earthquakes. The *quadriga* had been thrown down and its fragments had rolled to the foot of the hill. Then the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem arrived. Having established themselves at Halicarnassus, they felt a need to fortify their position. One of them, an architect of German origin called Schlegelholt, undertook to build a fortress on the site of the palace of Mausolus. To obtain lime the knights used "certain steps of white marble which stood, in the form of a stone staircase, in the middle of a field near the harbour." [1] The stone proved so good that they used it "also for building." After four or five days' work the men engaged on pulling down the building noticed an aperture and "descended into it," to find a large and beautiful square hall "embellished all around with marble columns, their bases, capitals, architraves, friezes, and cornices carved in demi-relief." These were obviously the reliefs carved by Scopas and his colleagues. Our narrator then says: "Which having admired closely, and after having considered in their

[1] Guichard, *Funérailles des Grecs et des Romains*. Lyons, 1581. In this book will be found the account (of which I give extracts) given by *commandeur* de la Tourette to d'Alechamps, the editor of Pliny. Newton has published the text in full in his work quoted above.

imagination the singularity of the work, at last they pulled down, cracked and broke up to use as they had done the rest." It would be difficult to describe a labour of destruction with greater frankness and lack of embarrassment. It would be going too far to blame these worthy champions of the faith, ignorant in matters of art and having no suspicion of the value of what they were destroying. But that is not the end; through another low door they entered another apartment, where they found "a sepulchre with a vase of white marble, very beautiful and shining marvellously, which, for lack of sufficient time, they did not disturb, as the retreat had just sounded." The following day they returned, but in the interval others had pillaged the tomb. "The ground was strewn all around with little pieces of cloth of gold and spangles of the same metal." Presumably pirates arriving during the night had "raised the lid of the sepulchre, and it is believed they found there great riches and treasure." Unfortunately this fortress did not prevent Suleiman I from taking the place, which offered no resistance. The Turks are proud of the castle of Boudroum, ceded to them by the Knights of Jerusalem, quite new, just built, and certainly not lacking in style.

We walked from end to end of the great arc formed by the shore of Boudroum between the two extremities of the harbour. It was a pleasant walk on which we met few people. On one side stretched the sea, on the other stood empty houses and gardens surrounded by high walls. To westward a little mosque and café at the water's edge give a picturesque touch. All at once there was a little scene of bustle near a Turkish *konak*; a flutter of veiled women, chattering and laughing. It was apparent that we were far from Stamboul, for the Turkish woman does not laugh when she is unveiled, though under her

tchartchaf she becomes herself again and her chatter and pearly laugh can be heard. We were told there was a wedding afoot. The *caïmacam* talked to us in Greek about his cordial relations with the Italian authority of the island of Cos, which lay facing us. The barques lying alongside the somewhat primitive moles of Boudroum are precisely similar in build and tonnage to those which in Byzantine times must have maintained connection between the islands and the continent of Asia. Once a week an old Turkish steamer puts into Boudroum, whose commerce is insignificant. In Asia Minor we had visited ten maritime localities: Moudania, Ghemlik, Tchanak-Kale, Behram, Dikeli, Smyrna, Sighadjik, Scala-Nova, Kovello (Hieronda), and Boudroum, and each had only ruins to show, not one revealing any signs of resuscitation. Smyrna, still inhabited by thousands of people, and at the head of a railway running into the interior, is almost dead. From the Bosphorus to the Gulf of Adalia, along this littoral, which is nothing but an unbroken succession of gulfs and bays into which all the rivers of the western basins of Asia Minor empty themselves, and of natural harbours which form the goal of all the roads of Bithynia, Mysia, Lydia, Phrygia, Caria, and Pamphlagonia, one finds nothing but squalor, desolation and ruins—everywhere ruins.

It was not without a twinge of sadness that we left this land of Anatolia, where nature seems to have accumulated all her riches, and which the human mind has chosen to be the setting of its most beautiful creations. Seated again under the trellis of the little terrace near Schlegelholt's castle, we once more contemplated the town of Halicarnassus. Our hosts, while regaling us with the farewell coffee, *loucoum*, and cold water, praised the excellence of the climate, neither too warm in

summer nor too cold in winter. The orange and lemon trees are lavish of their fruit, the landscape is adorned with palms, roses bloom throughout the year. It is the land of eternal spring, for which reason the original name of Halicarnassus was Zephyria, from Zephyr the wind of spring, lover of Chloris the nymph of the flowers, whose union gave birth to Carpos the god of the fruits. Memories, poetry, a gentle sky ; that is all that remains of the strong and populous city whose harbour once attracted the ships of the world, whose three powerful *arces* stopped the phalanxes of Alexander, and whose Mausoleum was the wonder of Asia and Europe. Like so many other towns no less famous, Halicarnassus, masked by a barbarian name, still lives in her past. The present is death. Asia is merely a vast necropolis ; but above the crumbled temples and buried civilisations the soul of antiquity hovers imperishable.

CHAPTER XV

THERA

Outside the Ceramic Gulf there stretches a string of islands which seem to have been planted there like the *propylaea* of a temple. At the entrance of the gulf, between Termerion, on the peninsula of Halicarnassus, and Tropion, on the peninsula of Cnidus, lies the island of Cos. Cnidus, which has a great history, is especially resplendent through the memory of its Aphrodite of Praxiteles. Few works of art have been the subject of so many stories. One, concerning the origin of the Aphrodite Cnidia is somewhat piquant. Praxiteles, while travelling in Asia, went to see the work that was being done on the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus (he did not take part in it as some have stated). His presence in Ceramicus did not fail to attract the attention of the neighbouring towns, and Cos and Cnidus, constant rivals, desired to possess a work by the famous sculptor. Cnidus ordered a nude Aphrodite ; the people of Cos an Aphrodite fully draped. Praxiteles fell in with the wishes of both and, as was to be expected, produced two masterpieces. The two towns were both equally proud of their purchases. But the nude carried the day over the veils of modesty. Cnidus grew rich through its Aphrodite, whose temple eclipsed all those of Caria ; pilgrims flocked to it. Cos, on the other hand, fell into debt, and was even unable to raise the means of liquidating the full price of its draped Aphrodite.

Aphrodite of Cnidus (Vatican Museum).

p. 270.

The Death of Protesilaus (bas-relief).

Halicarnassus. Boudroum Castle.

As we left Boudroum harbour the Cnidian mountains were straight ahead of us. It was dark when we passed through the Straits of Cos and we could distinctly see the lights of the town. A few names among the legion of remarkable men who have come from this island forced their way into my memory: Ptolemy Philadelphos, son of Ptolemy I and Queen Berenice, was born in Cos during a naval enterprise undertaken by his father. Philetas the grammarian of Cos, one of the founders of the Alexandrian school, was his preceptor. Apelles and Hippocrates were born on Cos, where the cult of Asclepios and Hygieia was practised. We were now in the middle of the Asiatic Sporades. The block of porphyry we could see eight hundred metres above sea level was Nisyros. We passed to the southward of Calymnos, which belongs to the Homeric group of the Calydnoe, the *silvisque umbrosa Calymne* of Ovid, famous for its honey. We left astern the chaplet of islands extending from Samos to Rhodes; we saw Amorgos and Astypalaea, originally called Stymphalaea; then islets upon islets, some famous for their temples, others for their fruits, and all having their place in history. Daedalus and Icarus flew over this sea; the Argonauts left traces of their cruise here. A few miles from Thera the tiny Anaphe[1] reminded us that Membliarus, son of Cadmus, landed there when he set out to find Europe. A furious storm arose in the darkness of the night, and Apollo pointed out to them with his golden bow this place of refuge, in memory of which the Argonauts founded there the cult of Apollo Aegletes (*shining*). Nor

[1] "This name was given to the island because it did not contain any snakes. It is composed of the privative particle α and ἀφίς. Indeed, if a snake is taken there, it dies immediately; further, if the soil of Anaphe be removed elsewhere and if a snake be placed within a circle of this soil, it dies at once."—Buondelmonti, *Iles des Archipel*, 41).

should the story of the partridges be forgotten: someone brought a brace of these birds from Astypalaea and they multiplied to such an extent that the island became completely covered with them.

At daybreak we were in the waters of Santorin, following closely the eastern side of the island, which at first sight revealed nothing of special interest. Like the majority of the islands of the Archipelago, it appeared arid, mountainous and sparsely populated. At its northern extremity a village, called on the marine charts Coloumbo, drew a white line over the crest of a sheer headland. In the north the island takes the shape of a hook, the bend being to westward. Following this curve we entered a channel between two high cliffs, the one on the right belonging to the island of Therassia and that on the left to Santorin. This extremely picturesque channel, which leads to the bay of Santorin, is the breach through which the waters plunged into the vast crater which from prehistoric times the Bay of Thera has been. In early antiquity the island was called Stronghila (*round*) and Kallista (*beautiful*); to-day it is not one, but a group of six islands, the chief of which, Thera, stretches north and south in the form of a crescent. Facing it to westward are the islands of Therassia and Aspronisi, and in the centre stand three islets: Palea Caïmeni, Nea Caïmeni, and Mikra Caïmeni. The sight of this basin is terrific, terrifying. The villages stand on the edge of towering black cliffs, over this bay which in certain parts has never been sounded.

The formation of the island is described by Apollonius of Rhodes. The Argonauts, returning from their voyage, had just left the island of Anaphe, when a handful of earth, given by Triton to Euphemus and thrown by the latter into the sea, gave rise to the island of Callistra, which the descendants of

Euphemus colonised until they were driven out by the Tyrrhenians of Lemnos, when they retired to Sparta. They later returned under the leadership of Theras, son of Antesion, who changed the name Callistra to Thera. The prodigious aspect of the island evokes in the mind some phenomenon of nature, and the mythological story is not without a foundation of reality. The geological upheaval which raised Callistra from the depths of the sea was later the cause of a contrary effect. This was studied on the spot by the geologist Jouqué,[1] according to whom, during the quaternary period which followed the pliocene tertiary period, the island only grew to completion as the result of frequently repeated eruptions and by the superposition of fresh layers of lava and ashes. But the sort of dome which formed the central part and stood on a subterranean cleft had its foundations undermined and would soon collapse without warning, which, indeed, is what actually happened. Nothing was left of the island but Thera (Santorin), Therassia, and Aspronisis. Jouqué estimated that the event occurred about two thousand years before Christ. No part of the world has ever recorded such a titanic collapse. This, if we wish to interpret the legend, is what is represented by the flight of the "descendants of Ephemus," who were not long in returning. The discoveries made in the island of Therassia are evidence of a civilisation similar to that revealed by the traces of a subsequent period discovered in the large island. The people who suffered the disaster were the same as those who repopulated the country by bringing the Lacedaemonians there. A long period of somnolence followed. The birth and collapse of Thera date back rather to the period of tradition and even legend. About 146 B.C. a new

[1] Jouqué, *Santorin et ses eruptions*. Paris, 719.

island rose from the bottom of this Bay of Thera. The authors of the time make little mention of it, apart from Posidonius, in the following passage of Seneca: "Posidonius tells us that in the time of our ancestors an island appeared in the Aegean Sea. For a long time previously the sea foamed, and smoke rose from the depths. Then fire became visible, but remained intermittent, spurting up from time to time like flashes of lightning. . . . Then stones were thrown whirling into the air. Finally an eminence was seen to emerge, having a burnt appearance. This continued to grow in height, and in the end became an island." Strabo gives the following version: "Between Thera and Therassia flames were seen rising from the sea for four days; the whole bay seemed on fire. The fire gradually drove upwards, as though under pressure of a lever, an island composed of incandescent matter and having a circumference of twelve *stades*. The Rhodians, who then held command of the sea, were the first who dared to land on the island; they raised there a temple in honour of Poseidon Asphale." This no doubt explains why it was called Hiera. Pausanias did not fail to note the unusual phenomenon, this spectacle "more moving than that of the good or ill fortune of cities; an invasion of the sea which plunged the island of Chrysus beneath the waves, while another island, called Hiera, emerged from the bosom of the waters."[1]

During the first centuries of the Christian era fresh eruptions occurred, followed during the Middle Ages by a period of calm. With the fifteenth century came another outburst of volcanic energy. In the sixteenth, submarine eruptions lasting for three years brought Mikra Caïmeni to the surface. And at the beginning of the eighteenth Nea Caïmeni

[1] VIII, 34, 4.

made its appearance. Various second- or third-hand accounts describe this event for us, but there is in the archives of the Catholic Mission of Santorin the manuscript of a Jesuit who was an eyewitness of the phenomenon, which he describes from day to day. Beginning on May 23rd, 1707, at dawn, rocks emerged from the waves and between the great and small Caïmeni, about three miles from Santorin, a new island, which was called Nea Caïmeni, took shape. Six days later earthquake shocks were felt, and during the following days further rocks appeared, to the great terror of the sailors. Land emerged on the surface to disappear again shortly afterwards. For the first time the new island began to vomit smoke ; and out of a part of the sea that had never been fathomed arose black rocks which at once joined themselves to Nea Caïmeni, of which they became the centre. From these new rocks arose dark, thick smoke which, driven by the wind, penetrated into the houses of Scaro, while on the night of 19-20th July tongues of flame spurted from its midst. A great number of the inhabitants fled, carrying away their belongings. The panic was terrible. Turkish officials stationed at Santorin to collect tribute exhorted the Christians to pray and to organise processions of children singing the *Kyrie Eleison* ; for the children, not having yet had time to sin seriously, were more likely to bring about an appeasement of the divine wrath." Meanwhile the island of Nea Caïmeni continued to shake. The column of smoke thickened and was seen from Candia and Naxos. The sea became covered with a reddish matter which exhaled a sickening smell, and fierce flames consumed the best vineyards of Santorin. Throughout the month of August the sea was oily, and at intervals boiling ; thousands of dead fish floated on the surface, the beaches being

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covered with them. Then, suddenly, peals of thunder crashed out and at the same time the flames were extinguished. The column of smoke, which had turned a bluish colour, then rose straight into the air and vanished in space. The sound of the thunder continued to increase. It was terrible. Men and beasts were overcome with panic. The smell grew more and more unbearable. Thus, day by day and hour by hour the Jesuit father notes his impressions. In a single September night, following submarine rumblings, brilliant sheaves "of a million lights followed one upon another, to fall again in a rain of stars on to the island, which was illuminated in its entirety." The fire was belched forth from four openings, with a noise like the hissing and roaring of wild beasts. Earthquakes were felt in Scaro in the second half of September. Houses were shaken by the detonations and shocks; stones flew through the air like cannon balls. Mikra Caïmeni, hitherto inactive, threw out three great shafts of light which reached the horizon and with them burning rocks of prodigious weight. In the end of September the fire broke out more formidably than ever in the new island. The great rock of Scaro tottered. The panes of windows were shattered. Doors opened of their own accord. Everyone ran to the churches, believing that the world was in its death agony.

The eruptions and earthquakes continued into the month of April of the following year. On May 23rd, the anniversary of the birth of the island, a lull appeared to have set in, and on July 15th some ecclesiastics, with the Bishop, Mgr. Crispo, ventured to land on Nea Caïmeni, not without risk. The author of the journal makes this remark: "All the wines of Santorin have the taste and colour of sulphur and are as a rule very potent, which shows that they are filled with the spirit of fire." This

Plan of Thera.

A. Sandbank formed by submarine volcanic eruption in 1650.
B. Mouth of crater.
C. Mount Elia.
D. Mesovoumo and ruins of a city, probably Thera.
E. Submerged ruins at Kamani, probably Oea
F. Ruins at Perissa.
G. Cape Exomiti.
H. Ruins, probably Eleusis.
J. Modern capital of Thera or Thira.
K. Promontory of Skaro.
L. Merovouli.
M. Epanomeria.
N. Cape Coloumbo.
1. Mea Caïmeni.
2. Palea Caïmeni.
3. Mikra Caïmeni
4. Therasia.
5. Aspronisi.

p. 276.

View of the Santorin Islands.
(From an old print)

story, of which I have given the substance, has all the interest of a *chose vue*, which is not true of the earlier accounts. On the occasion of the volcanic manifestations, which continued for five years, from 1866 to 1870, scientists from all over the world flocked to Santorin. At that time there were not the travelling facilities that would to-day permit of the mobilisation of crowds of sightseers from all over the world, should an opportunity occur of seeing sheaves of fire rising to the clouds, showers of stars, the sea on fire, giant rocks hurtling through the air ; incandescent nature submerging districts, opening chasms, forming islands and, at once creator and destroyer, shaking all the elements that compose it. Various islands of the Archipelago have been assumed to have possessed active volcanoes because they are covered with lava, but it is now proved that this lava simply came from the eruptions of Santorin. In the 1866-1870 period the ashes rose to a height of 1,700 metres, and this continued without pause for five years ; they spread into clouds and the wind drove them long distances.

When we reached Santorin we were impressed with a sense of contrast : the deep calm which reigned over land and sea, amid the threatening craters. In the little white villages hanging on the edge of the precipices, from Epanomeria to Akrotiria, people were going about their business heedless of the fact that the phenomena that broke out four thousand years ago, and of which the original causes are not extinct, might easily break out again. The missionaries catechise, the vinegrowers gather their harvests, the market gardeners send their produce to Piraeus, the fishers set their nets, the politicians argue in the cafés ; it was in this same indifference that the descendants of Eulpemus, the Argonaut lived. Why worry about the inevitable ?

As we rounded the promontory of Scaro, on which the Dukes of Naxos established their residence after the Fourth Crusade, we sighted Thera, the old capital of the island of Santorin. (The whole island is called Thera by the natives.) Thera, like the other localities we had recently seen, looked like a line of white buildings on the edge of a cliff three hundred metres high; but in this case there were churches, towers and cupolas rising from among the usual buildings of an administrative and ecclesiastical centre. The maritime quarter at the foot of the cliff is called Scala and consists of a narrow quay, bordered by a few shops, white-washed, vaulted buildings with convex roofs; for lack of building space certain merchants have fitted their shops into the cavities of the mountain like troglodytes. On the quay, in the midst of baskets of fruit and barrels of wine, are herds of donkeys, which constitute the sole means of locomotion possible in this place. The donkey drivers flock round you, pestering you and fighting over your person in a deafening hullaballoo. They do not demand a fee, for if you are a stranger tariffs do not exist. "You pay what you like," they shout. It is no use your striving to be generous; they are never content. The road is good and well paved and its broad windings modify the severity of the slope. The town is built in terraces superimposed one upon another. The streets are narrow and clean.

We arranged to be taken to the college of the Lazarist Fathers to obtain some information as to means of getting to ancient Thera. The Catholic Mission has been established at Santorin since the seventeenth century, the first to establish themselves at Scaro being the Jesuits, who were succeeded by the Lazarists, the latter being still there. The Father Superior put us into touch with

one of the lay professors, a Greek, who piloted us through the population and facilitated the hiring of horses which were to await us at Kamari, on the east side of the island, at the foot of Hagios Elias, to which point we were to make our way by sea. We visited the archæological museum, which is very well arranged and contains a collection of the statues, bas-reliefs, vases, terra-cottas, and inscriptions from the excavations of Therassia and Thera, after which we returned to Scala. This country, where one is always climbing up and down a succession of peaks and precipices, forces one to cover a lot of ground in order to traverse a short distance. Everything seems to lie vertically, and we were anxious to be able to walk straight ahead again.

The *Catalonia* emerged from the crater through the passage between the little island of Aspronisi and Cape Akrotiria, above which the village of the same name traces its white line. The appearance of the mountain is indeed fantastic, and cannot be described ; I cannot remember ever having seen anything like it. We then coasted along the southern part of the island where the village of Exomiti is perched on an eminence, immediately below which can be distinguished the ruins of Eleusis, one of the maritime towns of ancient Thera. Following a northerly course we saw, on a wide uncultivated plain close to the sea at the foot of Hagios Elias, the Byzantine church of Stavros, with its great central cupola, flanked by four others within the angles of what in section is a cross, eight flying buttresses completing the building whose white marble mass is visible from a long distance. On this plain once stood ancient Perissa. Beyond Stavros, a spur of the great Hagios Elias juts into the sea and divides Perissa from Camari, whither we were heading.

We landed, our boat grounding on a beach of fine, blackish-grey sand, and found the man with the horses punctual at the rendezvous. Kamari, which consists of a few scattered houses surrounded by kitchen gardens, is the headquarters of the Catholic bishop of Santorin, with a Greek chapel consecrated to Saint Nicholas not far away. We got astride the animals placed at our disposal—which, incidentally, were of forbidding aspect—as best we could, set our feet firmly in the ropes which served as stirrups, and began the ascent. Our mounts proved to be of exemplary docility and were perfectly acquainted with the route. We had to clamber up a steep zig-zag path which was hardly distinguishable. Until we reached a height of a hundred metres all went well, the horses being sure-footed and the ground fairly firm. It was when we reached the pumice-stone that the excitement began. The track now became completely invisible ; the light, rounded stones rolled away from beneath the horses' feet. The horses went forward by instinct over shifting ground into which their feet sank, but we were making headway over the vast heap of pumice-stone, and the mountain with its nooks and windings seemed to be growing wilder and wilder. After a good hour of painful and dangerous climbing, we reached the plateau of Messovouno, half-way up Mount Saint Elias, and the pumice-stone gave place to rocks, out of which steps had been hewn. An old peasant was watching us from above, and introduced himself as the keeper of the ruins. We dismounted close to a white chapel, known as Hagios Stephanos, and a few yards further on we were treading the pavement of the ancient town whose name has not yet been determined with certainty. For want of better it has been called Chera. It would be difficult to

imagine a site less suitable for the building of a town with large buildings, but in this island everything is unexpected. Its former capital, built in the midst of volcanic rocks and pumice-stone, a town without a name and almost without a history, is in itself an astonishing place. I will not describe it. It was strong, by reason of its position, and an observation post of the first order.

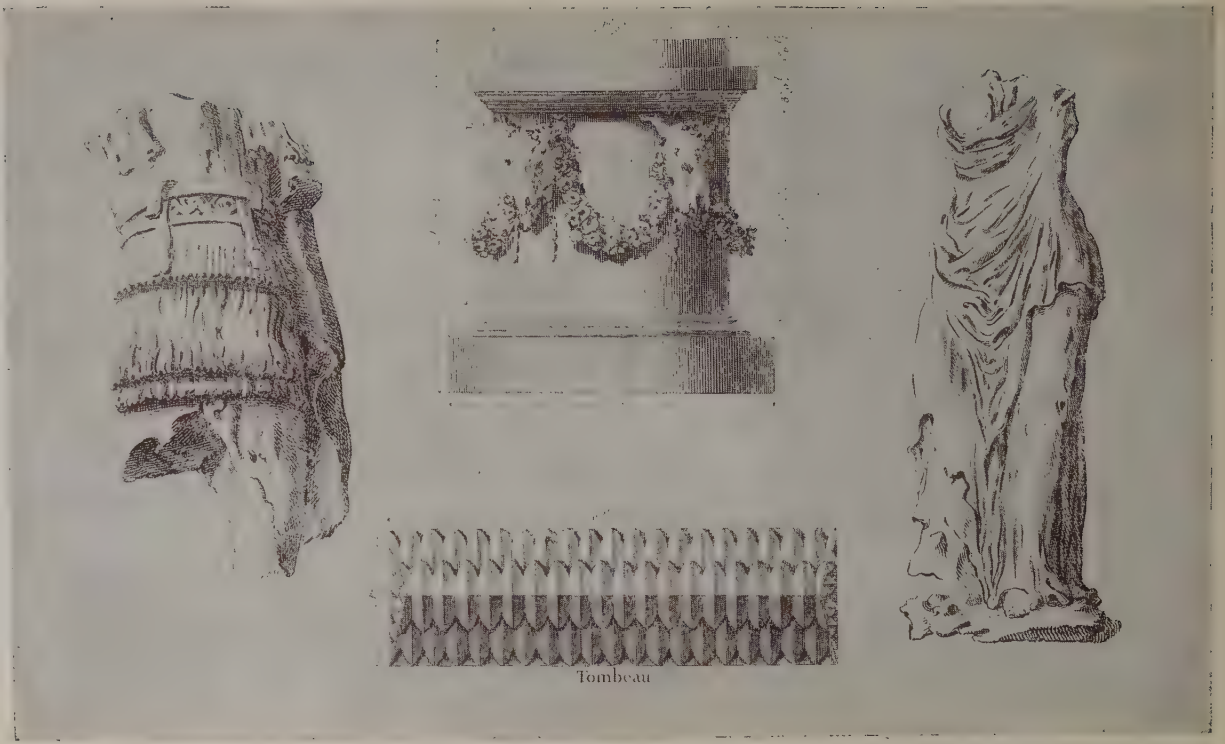
From this height one commands a considerable part of the Archipelago, and the principal routes between Asia and Greece. Thera is famous in antiquity only by reason of its volcanoes ; the only interest which it has attracted has been geological, archæology occupying a comparatively secondary position. Our surprise, therefore, was extreme when, on inspecting the splendid ruins of Messovouno, we found walls built of great blocks, like boulders, piled one on another by people who had not the least notion of geometrical rules ; walls of polygonal courses, perfectly adjusted, and recalling those of Tyrinthus and Mycenae ; Hellenic walls of admirable finish. Alongside the town, running from north to south, is a road on which stand the Royal Portico, the terrace of the Temple of Dionysos, the agora, the gymnasium, the public baths, and private houses which the interior arrangement and vestiges of ornamentation show to have been of importance. All this side of the town, with its shrine of Dionysos Kanareos and the theatre, situated on the edge of the precipice, takes us back to the time of Ptolemy Soter. The cult of Apollo Careion was probably imported into Thera by the Lacedaemonian colonists, and the temple dedicated to this divinity seems to have been the most important of the city. There was an immense sanctuary of Apollo Pythios, on the foundations of which a Christian church was built, in addition to sanctuaries of Demeter Cora, the

Dioscuri, Hecate and Priapus ; the gods of Egypt were worshipped there in a temple hewn out of the rock. All the Ægean cults were represented in this town, at once religious and military. Ptolemy built in the highest part of the town a barracks, of which one can still see the gates, the arrangements of the rooms, the corridors, and the staircases cut from a single block. The place was impregnable ; what enemy would have dared to climb the precipices which engirdled it or mount to the assault up those sheer slopes ?

Town and mountain formed as it were a single mass. There were no trees, no vegetable soil. Drinking water was obtained from cisterns. The people lived in stone, surrounded by stone. The only view was that of the sea, and as soon as the eye left the sea it met the sombre, rocky sides of the wild mountain.

From the steps of the theatre the *Catalonia* looked like a miniature boat stuck on a silver surface. Sky and sea stretched into the infinite distance under the blinding glare of the sun whose heat was tempered by the breeze. Through a luminous mist could be seen the Cyclades. We were in European waters, for the island of Thera, which it has been attempted to class with the Asiatic Sporades, in reality marks the limit of the two archipelagos. For those who come from Caria, Thera is a sort of outpost of Europe.

We went the round of the ruins, passing on the south side, over the cliffs that overhang the plain of Perissa, and climbing via the west to the northern part along a wild defile in which the tumultuous accumulation of huge rocks conjures up the picture of a battle of Titans. In a recess to our right we came out upon a little square which the old custodian told us was the " Christo." A rectangular room cut



Thera. Fragments of sculpture and architecture.

The yacht "Catalonia" in the Propontis. Mount Olympus in the background.

out of the rock and entered without stepping up or down through a low door, contains a Christian chapel which is the goal, it appears, of an annual pilgrimage. Within, there is nothing unusual apart from the place itself, where a cult, perhaps of Artemis, has been practised from time immemorial, the place being admirably adapted to such a purpose. The "Christo" is a pagan grotto Christianised by the Byzantines. From there we returned to Hagios Stephanos, where the horses were awaiting us.

To our left stretched the plain of Kamari, in which the broad eastern slopes of the island terminate. This is the fertile part of Thera; upon these hills the vines grow from which the Vino Santo is made. The ashes and volcanic detritus, rich in alkaline oxide, which form the surface layer of the soil, assure its fertility. But the land of Thera is subject to unfortunate alternations, for it is defenceless against drought. In addition the winds sometimes displace the covering layer of vegetable soil, and the owner of a field which provides him with an ample living will suddenly find himself in possession of a mere bare rock, his soil having gone to enrich the land of his neighbour.

Here we remounted our horses ready for the descent. So long as we were going down the stone steps which begin immediately after leaving Hagios Stephanos we felt safe, for the horses of Thera are incapable of slipping; their hoofs grip the rock like clamps. But once on the pumice-stone the soil began to slide away from under us, and we came down vertically in a most exciting manner. The horses and guide, however, seemed to feel no anxiety, though the rest of us did not feel reassured until we reached the black landscape of the beach. We had had enough of pumice-stone, lava, eruptive rocks, chaos, and were anxious to get back to our

floating home. The Hellenic sea was caressing the ship's white hull. Tea was ready on the deck. The Hadji-Bekir's *rahat loucoum* and the honey of Hymettus seemed more delicious than ever. We cruised slowly along as near to the coast as possible. We were on top of Oea, the town swallowed by the sea, which is mentioned by Ptolemy. We steamed over the temple, the gymnasium, agora, quays, and houses that had become submarine tombs. In the old chapel of Hagios Nicolaos at Kamari an inscription in vulgar Greek recalls the catastrophe :

> " A place is seen below Kamari
> Where the bottom of the water is filled with marble.
> The port and town lie in this place
> Like Sodom and Gomorrah engulfed and lost."

Our visit to Asia was drawing to its close. The *Catalonia* set her course for Cape Sunion. To our right we caught a glimpse of the island of Ios where, according to the ancients, Homer died, on his way from Athens to Smyrna. To our left was Milos,[1] which Pliny describes as *insularum rotundissima*, famous for its apples and kids, which are praised by Atheneus. Next came Syphonos the opulent. This town had a treasury at Delphi into which it poured a tenth part of the product of its gold and silver mines and which, according to Pausanias, was equal to that of the richest town in the world.

Night fell and myriads of stars were reflected

[1] Aristotle calls it Melida because, I believe, of the quantity of honey which, according to Pliny, was to be found in the mountain caves. Gorgias calls it Zephyra, owing to the prevalence of the west wind. Callimachus calls it Mimallus from the name of a woman who was its queen. Heraclides calls it Syriphos from the word *συριγμός* (hissing), because the waterfalls produce a hissing sound. To-day it is called Milos, which means in Latin *molendinum*, because millstones are found there in large quantities.—Buondelmonti, *op. cit.*, 37.

upon the surface of the sea. We carried with us westward a cargo of memories. Asia Minor in ruins had caused us to re-live the past; but we had also lived a little in one of the most stirring phases of contemporary history. The disappearance of the Greeks from Anatolia is a catastrophe for both civilisation and the Turks themselves. The Hellenic element exercised a decisive influence, as well upon the economic as upon the intellectual life of the provinces. It is not only business houses, factories, and arable land that have been abandoned; schools, Christian temples, and sanctuaries are to-day mere ruins. Asia Minor has gone back five hundred years. The battle of Eski-Cheir marks for Hellenism a more fateful date than that of the fall of Constantinople in 1453. Long before that date the Turks had conquered Anatolia, but somehow or other, at the cost of countless vicissitudes, the Greeks had remained. These Greeks were descended, in part from the Dorian and Ionian colonists, in part from the ancient Asiatic populations which had become Hellenised. Theirs was pure Hellenism of indisputable authenticity. It is nearly four thousand years since the Greeks established their shops and the temples of their gods in Asia. "Like the clever traders they were," writes Ernest Curtis in his history of the Greeks, "the Greeks made a point of living on good terms with the Asiatics and winning their confidence. They attended their markets, bought their produce, accepted all sorts of commissions, and established themselves in the country with a view to giving a yet further stimulus to their commercial relations with the places on the coast. By sheer cleverness they managed to make themselves agreeable, useful, and finally necessary."

The Greeks have always employed these methods in Asia. They succeeded in making themselves

a useful and necessary element in Turkish life. Before the disaster of 1922 there were still to be found in Anatolia groups of people who bore a striking resemblance to the old Greek colonists. M. Haussoullier found an example at Hieronda, an essentially Hellenic town whose life, culture, and individual institutions are faithful reproductions of those of the Greek towns of olden days. The people of that district, usefully installed in a region of which the Turks would never have taken any advantage, developed its natural resources beside the ruins of Didymi and in the shadow of their church dedicated to the Panaghia. They were on the best of terms with their rulers, who allowed them freedom to live in their own way. The exodus of the Greeks from Asia Minor has left a void which it will be vain to try to fill. The site of the ruins of classical antiquity is a vision of beauty which brings exquisite delight to the spirit. That of the modern ruins produces an entirely different effect. They are not beautiful, not even simply picturesque ; they excite no admiration, they are heart-rending, and they touch the civilised people of to-day too nearly for us to avoid recalling them uncomfortably as one remembers a bad dream. But the shadows always scatter. The dawn throws its light over the mountains of Argolis. Our eyes search the summit of the island of Aegina where the columns of the temple of Aphaea defy the centuries. We are in the waters of Salamis. Before us, like a pyramid, rises Mount Pentelicus. To our right the grey mass of Hymettus slopes gently down to the headland of Sunion. Before us, on the plain, is the Acropolis of Athens. The silhouette of the Parthenon reminds us that in the life of races the one eternal thing is beauty.

THE END

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